

By
JOHN LEECH
FROM THE COLLECTION of *W^o PUNCH*.

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PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(FIRST SERIES.)



ALARMING SYMPTOMS AFTER EATING BOILED BEEF
AND GOOSEBERRY PIE.

Little Boy. "OH, LOB, MA, I FEEL JUST EXACTLY AS IF MY JACKET
WAS BUTTONED."



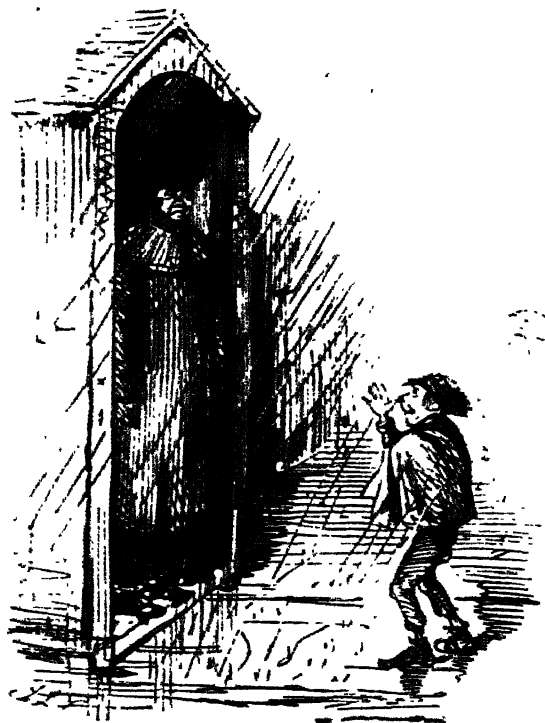
THE PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING, AS EXPERIENCED BY MR. BRIGGS.

THE COOK SAYS THAT SHE THINKS THERE'S A SLATE LOOSE ON THE ROOF OF THE
HOUSE, FOR THE WATER COMES INTO THE SERVANTS' BEDROOM. MR. BRIGGS REPLIES THAT
THE SOONER IT IS PUT TO LIGHTS THE BETTER, BEFORE IT GOES ANY FURTHER—AND HE
WILL SEE ABOUT IT.



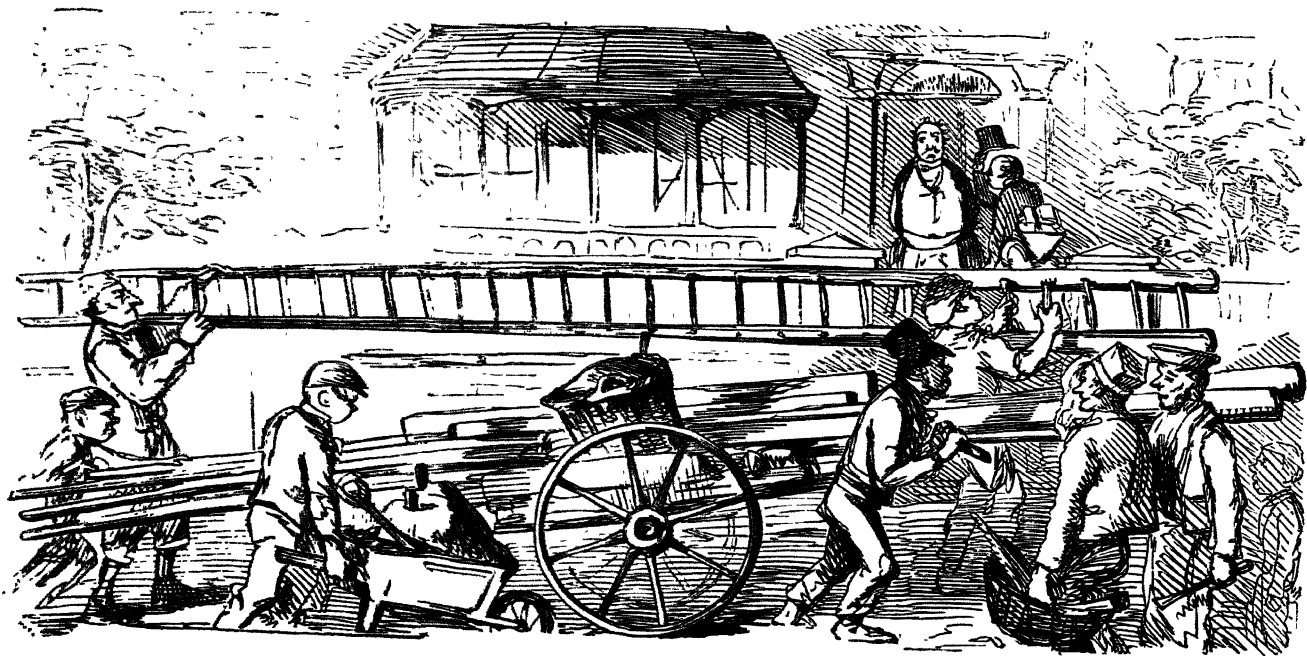
AWFUL OCCURRENCE AT AN EVENING PARTY.

"MY GOODNESS, EMILY! THEY'RE BEGINNING THE QUADRILLE, AND HERE'S ALL MY 'BACK HAIR'
COMING DOWN!! WHATEVER SHALL I DO?"



GREAT WANT OF VENERATION.

Puer loquitur. "I SAY, LOBSTER, SHALL I GO AND FETCH
YOU A CAR?"



MR. BRIGGS HAVING BEEN TOLD BY THE BUILDER THAT A "LITTLE COMPO" IS ALL THAT IS WANTED, THE FIRST STEP IS TAKEN
TOWARDS MAKING THINGS COMFORTABLE.



SOMETHING LIKE A HOLIDAY.

Pastrycook. "WHAT HAVE YOU HAD, SIR?"
Boy. "I'VE HAD TWO JELLIES, SEVEN OF THEM, AND ELEVEN OF
THEM, AND SIX OF THOSE, AND FOUR BATH BUNS, A SAUSAGE ROLL,
TEN ALMOND CAKES—AND A BOTTLE OF GINGER BEER."



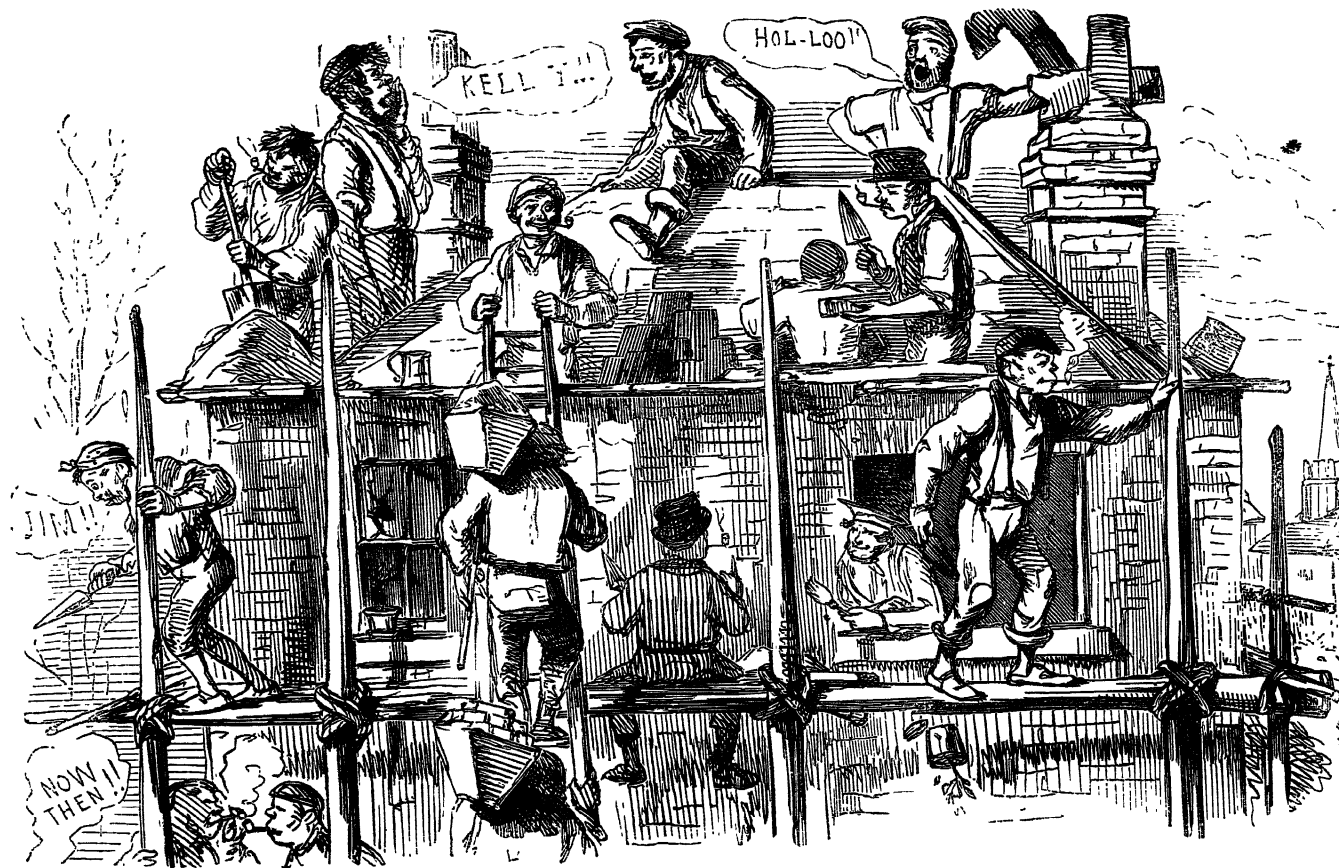
PROPRIETY.

PERSONS REPRESENTED. SARAH-JANE. MATILDA.

SCENE—Camblin Town.

Sarah-Jane. "OH! YOU 'ORRID DREADFUL STORY! I DIDN'T."

Matilda. "YOU DID NOW, FOR I SEE HIM. I SEE HIM KISS YER. AND HERE HAVE I BIN ENGAGED TO TOMMY PRICE FOR YEARS, AND NEVER SO MUCH AS WALKED ARM-IN-ARM WITH HIM!"



THE PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

NO TIME HAS BEEN LOST. MR. BRIGGS FINDS, ON GETTING OUT OF BED AT FIVE A.M., THAT THE WORKPEOPLE HAVE ALREADY COMMENCED PUTTING THE ROOF TO RIGHTS.



LOVE ON THE OCEAN.

"OH! IS THERE NOT SOMETHING, DEAR AUGUSTUS, TRULY SUBLIME IN THIS WARRING OF THE ELEMENTS?" BUT AUGUSTUS'S HEART WAS TOO FULL TO SPEAK.—*MS. Novel by Lady ***.*



AN AFFAIR OF IMPORTANCE.

Harriet. "OH! I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE COME, BLANCHE! I'VE BEEN SO PERPLEXED I COULD SCARCELY SLEEP ALL NIGHT."

Blanche. "WELL! WHAT IS IT, DEAR?"

Harriet. "WHY, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO HAVE MY NEW MERINO BROCK VIOLET OR DARK BLUE!"



A PHILOSOPHER.

Harriet. "ST, ST, ST, DEAR ME, NOW, I'VE BROKEN MY COMB, AND A MY BACK HAIR'S COME DOWN. WHAT WITH BRUSHING, AND DRESSING AND CURLING, AND ONE THING AND THE OTHER, WHAT A PLAGUE ON HAIR IS TO BE SURE!"

Young Fellow. "WELL, HARRIET, WE ARE ALL BOTHERED WITH SOMETHING. LOOK AT US MEN; WE HAVE TO SHAVE EVERY MORNING, SUMMER AND WINTER!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



THE DERBY EPIDEMIC.

GENTLEMEN,

OWING TO SUDDEN AND VERY SEVERE INDISPOSITION, I REGRET TO SAY THAT I SHALL NOT BE ABLE TO ATTEND THE OFFICE TO-DAY. I HOPE, HOWEVER, TO BE ABLE TO RESUME MY DUTIES TO-MORROW.

I AM, GENTLEMEN,

YOURS VERY OBEDIENTLY,

PHILIP COX.



FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE INDIVIDUAL WHO SENDS A FIFTY-POUND NOTE FOR UNPAID INCOME-TAX TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.



A VALUABLE ANIMAL.

Gentleman (*fowl of dogs*). "SAGACIOUS? OH, VERY! WHY, HE NEVER SEES AN OLD GENTLEMAN, BUT HE PULLS OFF HIS HAT AND RUNS AWAY WITH IT. HE'LL FETCH A DUCK OFF A POND; AND HE'S SUCH A NOTION OF TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF THAT HE COSTS ME FULL A GUINEA A WEEK FOR THE LEGS OF MUTTON HE STEALS."



THE PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

JUST TO SHOW HOW ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER—MR. BRIGGS (WHO HAS COME OUT ON THE LEADS WHILE THE MEN ARE GONE TO DINNER) IS SHOWN BY THE BUILDER HOW IT WOULD BE THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD TO "THROW" HIS PASSAGE INTO HIS DINING ROOM, AND BUILD A NEW ENTRANCE HALL WITH A SLIGHT CONSERVATORY OVER IT.—TO THE RIGHT OF THE CARTOON IS MRS. BRIGGS (!) WHO THINKS MR. B. HAS TAKEN LEAVE OF HIS SENSES.



INNOCENT AND AMUSING LITTLE TRICK FOR LITTLE BOYS.

An old lady is crossing the street, when a little boy shouts out—"Hi!" at the top of his voice. The old lady (although indeed there is no real cause for alarm) starts, and becomes greatly agitated, and imagines that she is run over by an omnibus. This is an exceedingly pleasant trick.



ANOTHER.

This, although differing somewhat from the former, is equally diverting. A little boy (who should be clever at imitating the noises of animals) rushes by an old gentleman and "yowls" like a dog, as though he were trodden upon. The old gentleman is terrified beyond measure, and exhibits the most fantastic and ludicrous signs of fear. If at the same time he "yowls," the little boy should also pinch the leg of the old gentleman, the force of the joke is much heightened; but then indeed he must have courage, and must be very adroit, or he may chance to get a great bang from an umbrella or stick.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PUNCH.



VERY FINE FRUIT.

Newspaper-boy (reads). "A GENTLEMAN IN THE N-E-I-G-H-NEIGHBOURHOOD OF —, HAS AT THE PRESENT TIME SEVERAL E-NORMOUS GOOSEBERRIES IN HIS GARDEN, WHICH MEASURE TEN INCHES IN C-I-R-C-U-M-CUM F-E-R-F-E-R E-N-O-E-ENCE CIRCUMFERENCE, AND ARE OF THE A-S-AS ASTON ASTONISHING WEIGHT OF THREE HOUNCES HEACH."

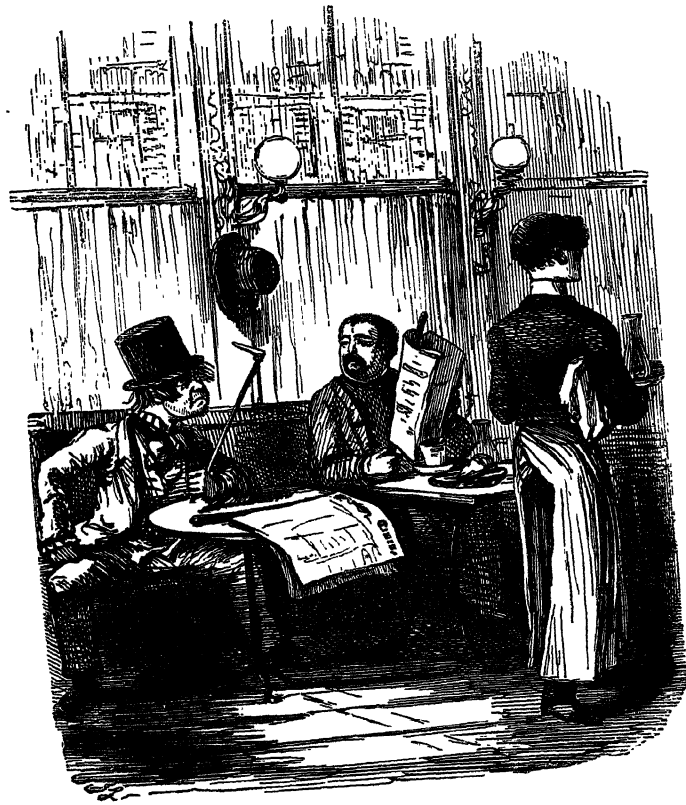
His Friend. "OH, WHAT WHOPPERS! WOULDN'T I LIKE A PINT."



THE PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

TABLEAU, REPRESENTING FURTHER IMPROVEMENTS IN MR. BRIGGS'S HOUSE—DESTRUCTION OF THE WALL WHICH SEPARATES THE PARLOUR FROM THE PASSAGE.

(N.B.—As the wall is only lath and plaster, of course little or no mess is made. Mrs. Briggs says she hopes Mr. B. is satisfied now.)



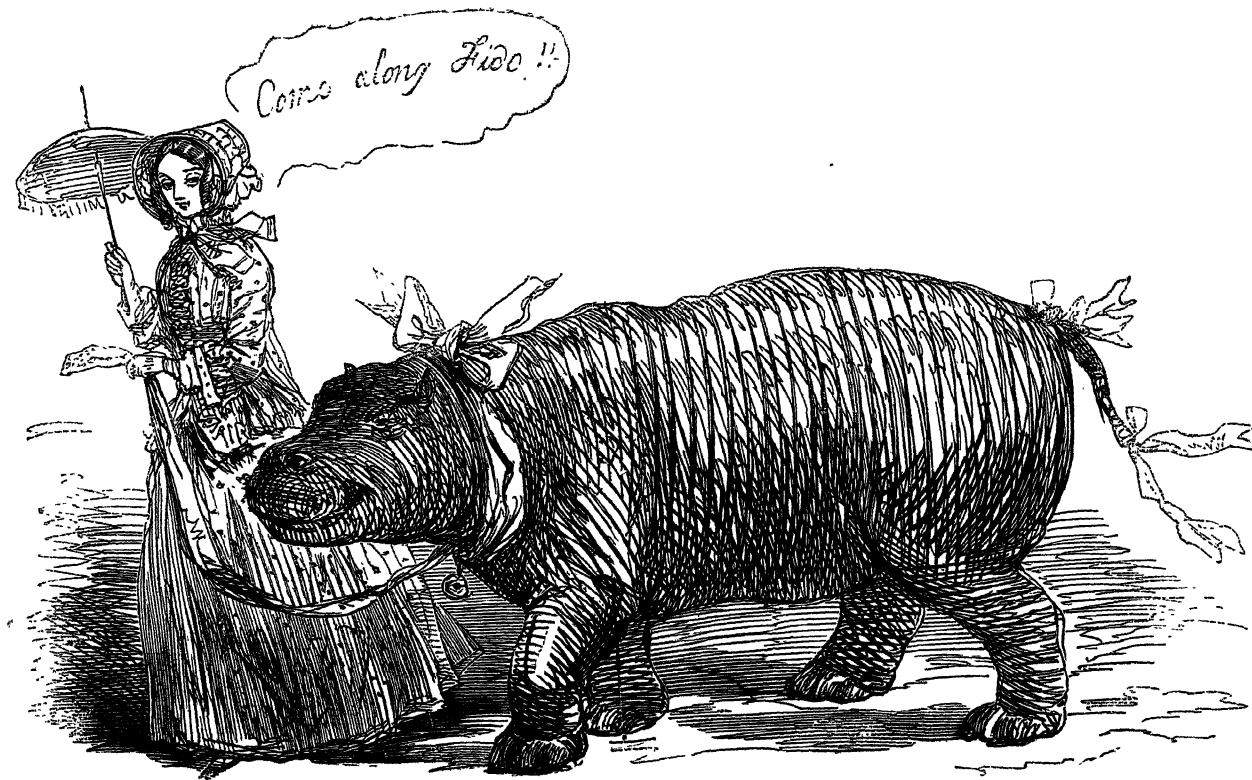
A LONDON GENT ABROAD.

SCENE—A CAFÉ IN PARIS.

London Gent. "GARÇON! TAS DE CORFEE!"

Garçon. "BIEN, M'SIEU"—WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE ZEE TIMES?"

London Gent. "HANG THE FELLER! NOW, I WONDER HOW THE DOOSE HE FOUND OUT I WAS AN ENGLISHMAN!"



A PET.



THE PROGRESS OF SLANG.

"WHY, WHAT A PRETTY NEW FROCK ALFRED HAS!"
Prodigy (who picks up everything so readily). "AH, AIN'T IT A STUNNER?"



MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

Mamma. "GEORGINA! GEORGINA!"

Georgina. "WELL, MA. HOW YOU DO FIDGET ONE!"

Mamma. "SHOULDERS, MY LOVE; SHOULDERS! PRAY HOLD YO SELF UP. YOU'RE STOOPING AGAIN DREADFULLY."

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

Scene—Principal barricade at Mr. Briggs's House.

OWING TO THE INCOMPLETE STATE OF THE ALTERATIONS, MR. BRIGGS IS OBLIGED TO ENTER HIS HOUSE THROUGH THE PARLOUR WINDOW. THE POLICEMAN MISTAKES HIM FOR A BURGLAR, AND ACTS ACCORDINGLY. IN MR. BRIGGS'S HAND MAY BE OBSERVED A FINE LOBSTER, WHICH HE HAS BROUGHT HOME TO CONCILIATE MRS. B.



MELANCHOLY SCENE AT THE OPERA ON A JENNY LIND NIGHT.

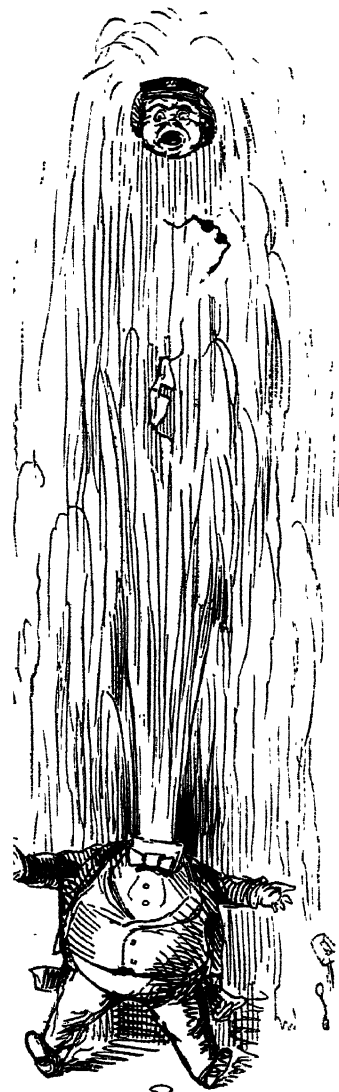


A FRIENDLY HINT TO YOUNG LADIES WHO WEAR THOSE DEAR DELIGHTFUL BARÉGE DRESSES. ALWAYS LET THE SLIP (OR WHATEVER THE MYSTERIOUS GARMENT IS CALLED) BE AS LONG AS THE OUTER DRESS!



RATHER SUSPICIOUS!

Sentimental Young Lady. "WILL YOU BE SO OBLIGING, MR. TONGS, AS TO CUT OFF A LONG PIECE OF HAIR WHERE IT WILL NOT BE MISSED."



ALLING RESULT OF INCAUTIOUSLY
ING TOO MUCH SODA TO CORRECT
ACIDITY.

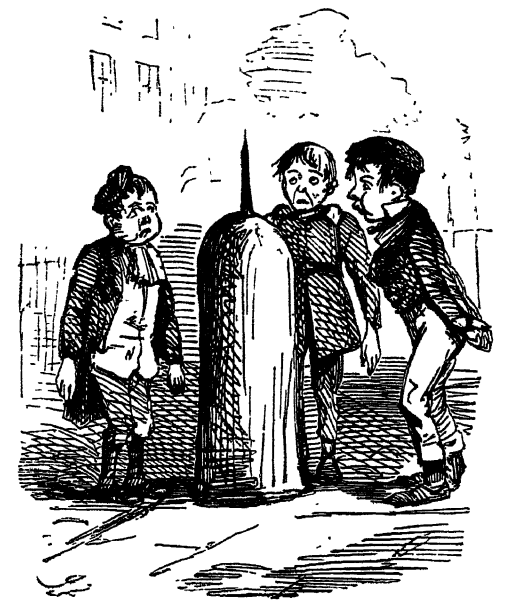


UNFEELING OBSERVATION.

Vulgar Little Boy. "OH, LOOK HERE, BILL! HERE'S A POOR BOY SIN AND HAD THE HINFLUENZA, AND NOW HE'S BROKE OUT ALL OVER BUTTONS AND RED STRIPES."



Smith. "WELL, BROWN! THIS IS BETTER THAN BEING STEWED UP IN A RAILWAY! EH?"
Brown (faintly). "OH—IM-MEASURABLY SU-PERIOR."



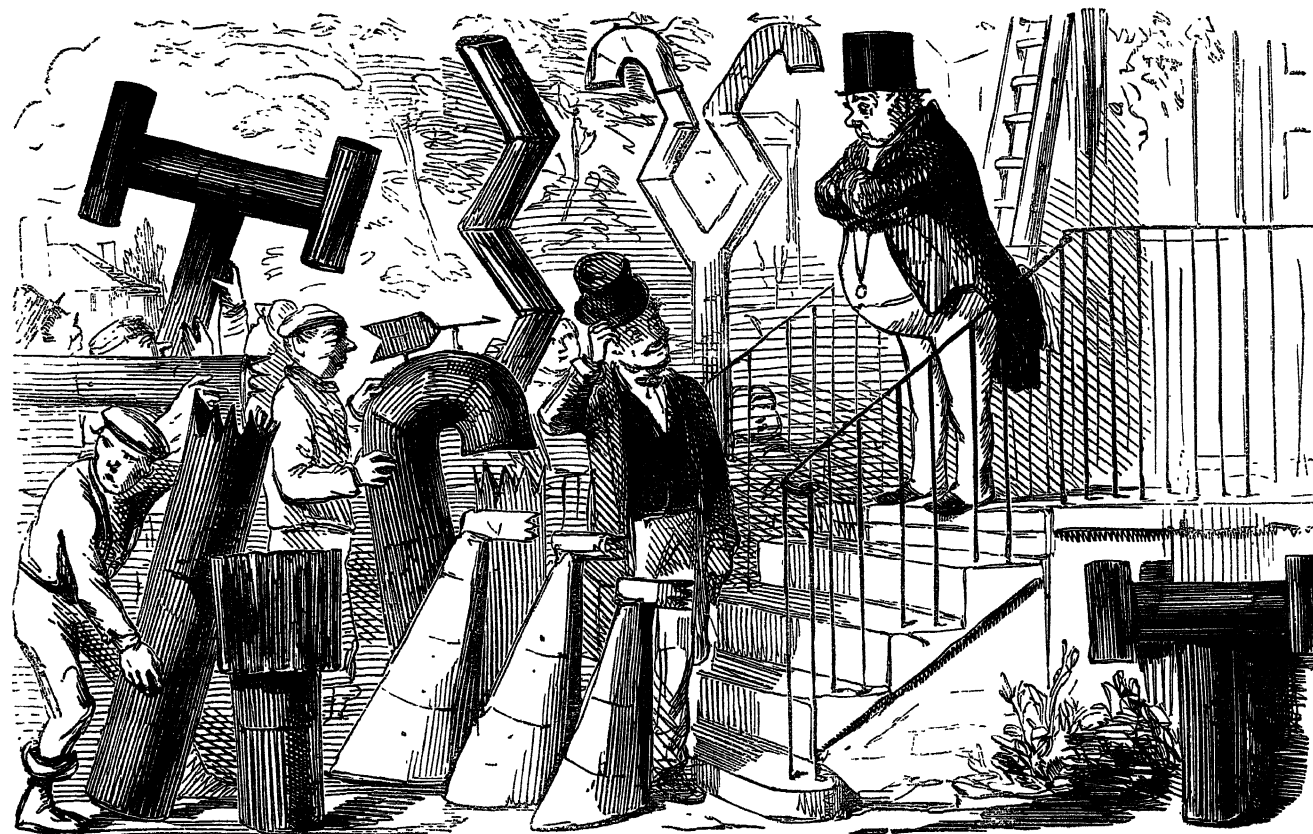
SKETCH NEAR BURTON CRESCENT.

"OH! WOT A SHAME! THEY'VE BEEN AND SPIKED ALL THE POSTES."



INNOCENCE.

"OH, SIR! NO, SIR! PLEASE, SIR, IT AIN'T ME, SIR! IT'S THE OTHER BOYS, SIR!"



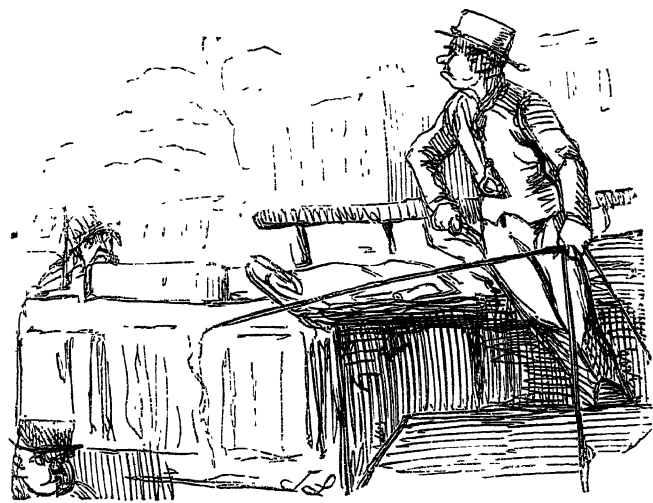
PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER, EVER SINCE THE ALTERATIONS, THE CHIMNEYS HAVE TAKEN TO SMOKE INTOLERABLY. THE BUILDER IS ASSURING MR. BRIGGS THAT BY SOME VERY SIMPLE CONTRIVANCE THEY CAN BE EFFECTUALLY CURED.



NEVER SATISFIED.

Old Gent. "GOOD GRACIOUS ME! WHAT WITH ORANGE-PEEL AND SLIDES, THERE'S NO PEACE IN THIS LIFE."



A SUGGESTION.

Driver. "WHERE DID THE OLD GENT WANT TO GO TO, BILL?"
Conductor. "VY, HE WANTED TO GO TO BLACKWALL IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR."
Driver. "OH! DID HE? THEN HE'D BETTER ORDER A BALLOON!!!"



PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.—MR. BRIGGS TRIES HIS HORSE.
STRIKING EFFECT ON MEETING ONE OF THOSE NASTY OMNIBUSSES.



A PUZZLING ORDER.

"I'LL TROUBLE YOU TO MEASURE ME FOR A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS."

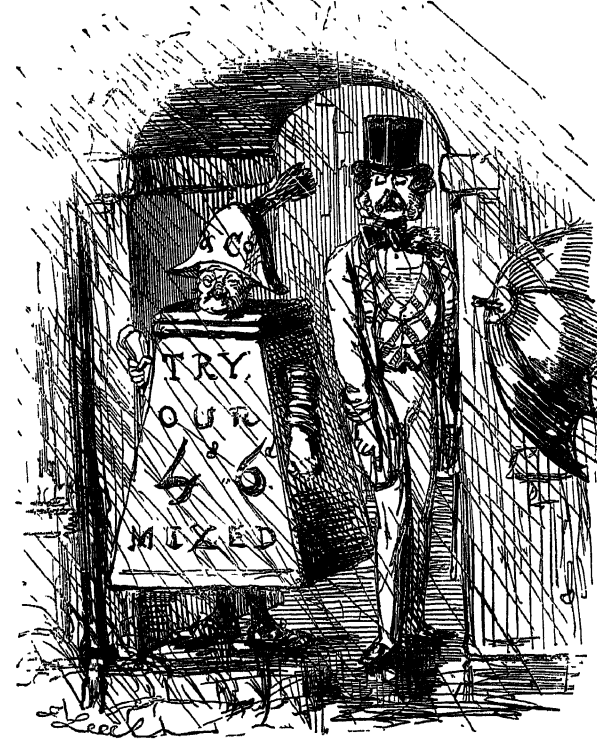


A FRAGMENT.

"AND WILL YOU ALWAYS—ALWAYS, DEAREST ALBERIC, LOVE ME THUS?" SAID CONSTANCE.
"EVER, WHILE THIS HEART BEATS WITH LIFE!" PASSIONATELY EXCLAIMED ALBERIC.
"THEN COULD YOU LEND ME FIVE POUNDS?" MURMURED THE LADY; "FOR REALLY THINGS ARE SO BAD IN THE CITY, THAT I," &c., &c., &c.



MASTER JACKY HAVING SEEN A "PROFESSOR" OF POSTURING, HAS A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE OF HIS OWN IN THE NURSERY.



AWFUL POSITION DURING A STORM.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



HOW TO GET RID OF A GRATIS PATIENT.

"SO YOU'VE TAKEN ALL YOUR STUFF, AND DON'T FEEL ANY BETTER, EH? WELL, THEN, WE MUST ALTER THE TREATMENT; YOU MUST GET YOUR HEAD SHAVED; AND IF YOU WILL CALL HERE TO-MORROW ABOUT ELEVEN, MY PUPIL HERE WILL PUT A SETON IN THE BACK OF YOUR NECK."



PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

MR. BRIGGS (*at an alarming sacrifice*) GETS RID OF HORSE NO I., AND GOES OUT FOR A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY UPON NO. II. *Carman.* "FELL DOWN, HAS HE, SIR? AH, HE LOOKS AS IF HE COULD BE WERRY CLEVER AT THAT.—WERRY ORKED THING, SIR, FOR A OSS TO FALL DOWN, SIR. OSSSES COSTES A GOOD BIT O' MONEY—LEASTWAYS, GENTLEMEN'S OSSSES DOES.—NOW, JIST LOOK AT MY LITTLE OSS, SIR, AND HE'S A POOR MAN'S OSS, HE IS. HE DON'T GO FALLIN' ABOUT." (*Exit.*)



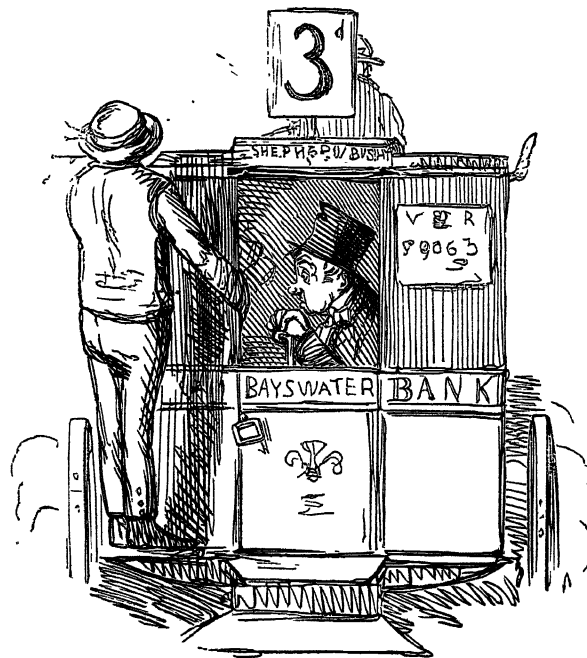
A FAULTY MIRROR.

"LOR! WHAT A MOST ABOMINABLE GLASS—I DECLARE IT MAKES ONE LOOK A PERFECT FRIGHT!"



A VERY OLD SOLDIER.

"SPARE A COPPER FOR A POOR OLD SOLDIER, MY NOBLE CAPTAIN! SURE IT'S YER HONOUR'S FACE I RECOLLECT IN THE PENINSULAR?"



MR. BRIGGS RIDES (!) HOME, AND WONDERS WHAT MRS. BRIGGS WILL SAY.



EVENING PARTIES.

"BILL, YOU GOES OUT A GOOD DEAL.—TELL US, IS IT THE KERRECT THING TO TAKE ONE'S 'AT INTO A HEVENING PARTY?"



THE ATTENTIVE HUSBAND IN HOT WEATHER.



PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

MR. BRIGGS, DETERMINED TO HAVE NO MORE INFERIOR HORSES, GIVES A GOOD ROUND SUM FOR "A CLEVER COB—UP TO GREAT WEIGHT—AND THAT A CHILD MIGHT RIDE." HE HAS SOME FRIENDS (WHO REALLY KNOW WHAT A HORSE IS) TO DINE WITH HIM, WHOSE OPINIONS HE WISHES TO HAVE.

First Friend. "AH—VERY NICE—VERY NICE—BUT NOT MY SORT—BEEN KNOCKED ABOUT A GOOD DEAL, I SHOULD SAY—DRIVEN IN A BUTCHER'S CART, PERHAPS, AND SOLD BECAUSE HE WASN'T FAST ENOUGH."
Second Ditto. "HE HASN'T BEEN DOWN, BRIGGS, HAS HE? IS THAT A SCRATCH, OR IS IT ONLY THE LIGHT?"
Third Ditto. "DOES HE SHY AT ALL? HIS EYES DON'T LOOK QUITE THE THING."
Fourth Ditto. "I TELL YOU WHAT, BRIGGS, YOU MUST HAVE HIM LOOKED AFTER A LITTLE BETTER, OR HE'LL VERY SOON HAVE A CRACKED HEEL."
Fifth Ditto. "THAT HOOK SEEMS RATHER QUEER," &C., &C., &C.



A GAY YOUNG FELLOW.

Young Rapid. "YOU ARE QUITE SURE THIS IS THE CORRECT DRESS FOR A YOUNG FELLOW OF THAT PERIOD, EH?"
Mr. Noses. "OH, PERFECTLY CORRECT, SIR; AND REALLY LOOKS SPLENDID ON YER!"



A COURT DRESS.

"OH! JUST AIN'T PEOPLE PROUD WHAT HAVE GOT PAIRASOLES!"



HOOKING AND EYEING.

Angelina (the Wife of his Bussum). "WELL, EDWIN, IF YOU CAN'T MAKE THE 'THINGS,' AS YOU CALL THEM, MEET, YOU NEED NOT SWEAR SO. IT'S REALLY QUITE DREADFUL."



IN FOR IT.

"HALLO, SIR! ARE YOU AWARE YOU'RE TRESPASSING THERE?"

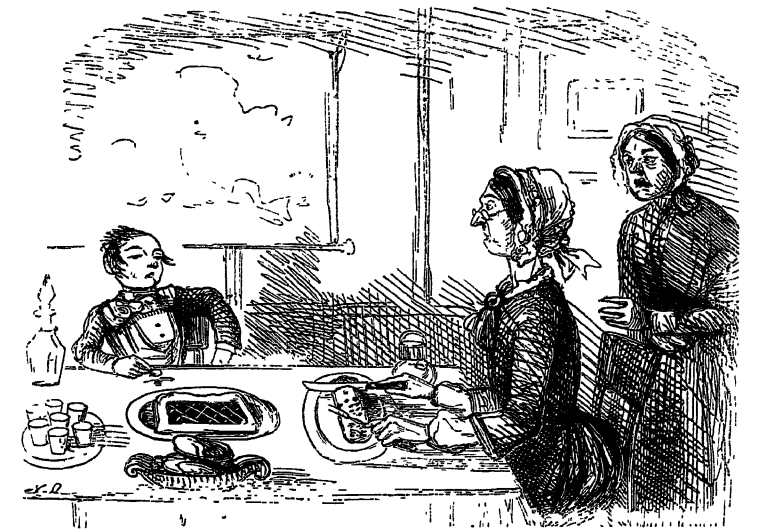


A SKETCH TAKEN AT GREENWICH FAIR.
"AND MELANCHOLY MARK'D HIM FOR HER OWN."



PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

MR. BRIGGS HAVING PARTED WITH HIS LAD FOR MISCONDUCT, SOME YOUNG MEN WITHOUT ENCUMBRANCE APPLY TO "LOOK AFTER HIS HORSE."



BLESS THE BOY!

Old Lady. "NOW, ARTHUR, WHICH WILL YOU HAVE? SOME OF THIS NICE PUDDING, OR SOME JAM TART?"
Juvenile. "NO PASTRY, THANK-YE, AUNT. IT SPOILS ONE'S WINE SO. I DON'T MIND A DEVILLED BISCUIT, THO', BY AND BY, WITH MY CLARET."
[*Old Lady turns all manner of colours.*]



PLAIN SPEAKING.

Amiable Young Lady, No. 1. "PRETTY! OH, DEAR NO—DO YOU?"
Amiable Young Lady, No. 2. "LAW! NOT AT ALL. BESIDES, HOW ABOMINABLY AFFECTED SHE IS!"



SYMPTOMS OF WET WEATHER.

Tom. "HOLLO, SAM, WHAT THE JUICE ARE YOU CARRYING OF?"
Sam. "'CLARISSA ARLO,' FOR MISSIS."



"DE GUSTIBUS," &c., &c.

Snip. "THAT'S A SWEET THING FOR A WAISTCOAT, SIR, AND WOULD LOOK UNCOMMON WELL UPON YOU, SIR!"



PREMONITORY SYMPTOMS OF MR. BRIGGS'S HUNTING FEVER.

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, THERE'S A YOUTH IN THE PASSAGE AS WANTS TO KNOW IF THESE TOP BOOTS IS ALL RIGHT."



CONFOUND THE SHOPS!

Mrs. — "OH! DO LOOK HERE, DEAR! HOW EXTREMELY PRETTY THE AUTUMN FASHIONS ARE, TO BE SURE. WHAT A PERFECTLY LOVELY LITTLE CLOAK!"

Mr. — (*rapidly changing the subject*). "YES. YES! BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL! BUT SEE, LOVE, WHAT A MAGNIFICENT BROWN HORSE, AND HOW SPLENDIDLY THAT FELLOW SITS HIM!"

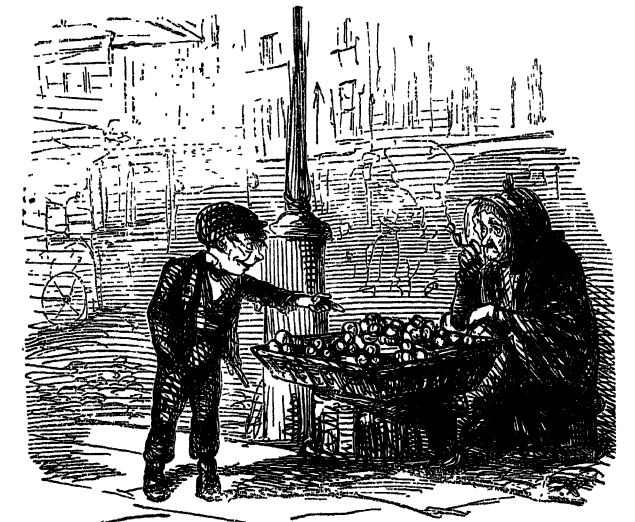


"JEMMY! WHAT'S A STALL AT THE HOPERA?"
"WELL, I CAN'T SAY, NOT FOR CERTAIN; BUT I SUPPOSE IT'S WHERE THEY SELLS THE HAPPLES, HORANGES, GINGER BEER, AND BISKITS."



PITY THE SORROWS OF THE POOR POLICE.

"LOR, SOOSAN! HOW'S A FELLER TO EAT MEAT SUCH WEATHER AS THIS? NOW, A BIT O' PICKLED SALMON AND COWCUMBER, OR A LOBSTER SALAD MIGHT DO."



MUCH TOO CLEVER.

Sharp (but vulgar) Little Boy. "HALLO, MISSUS, WOT ARE THOSE?"

Old Woman. "TWOPEENCE."

Boy. "WHAT A LIE! THEY'RE APPLES."*

[*Exit, whistling popular air.*]



"PLEASE, SIR, WILL YOU PUMP FOR ME?"



PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

MR. BRIGGS, PERSUADED THAT "A GOOD HORSE CAN'T BE A BAD COLOUR," HAS PURCHASED A SPOTTED AND HIGHLY TRAINED STEED FROM A CIRCUS; BUT THE WORST OF HIM IS, THAT AMONGST OTHER THINGS, HE HAS BEEN TRAINED TO SIT DOWN ON HIS HAUNCHES WHEN HE HEARS A BAND PLAY, AND YOU MAY IMAGINE HOW DISCONCERTED POOR OLD BRIGGS WAS THE FIRST TIME HE DID SO.



PRODIGIOUS!

Schoolmistress. "YOU SEE, MY LOVE—IF I PUNCTURE THIS INDIA RUBBER BALL IT WILL COLLAPSE. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?"
Child. "O YES, I UNDERSTAND—IF YOU PRICK IT, IT WILL GO SQUASH."



SPECULATORS.

"THIS AIN'T SUCH A WERRY BAD IDEA, IS IT, JIM? HERE'S THE GREAT DIDOLESEX WRITES TO ME FOR FIVE BOB ON A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY SHARES; AND, TO SAVE TROUBLE, WANTS THE NAME OF MY SOLICITUR."



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

"OH! IF YOU PLEASE, ZUR, DOAN'T YOU WANT ZOME FINE ACTIVE YOUNG MEN FOR THE FOURTH TIGHT DRAGOONS?"



A FASHION IN 1845.

"A PIN FOR YOUR SCARF, SIR? HERE'S AN ARTICLE WE HAVE SOLD A GREAT MANY OF."



THE STARVED-OUT ALDERMEN.

DREADFUL CASE OF DESTITUTION.



THE TROOPS AND THE WEATHER.



FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

Policeman. "HA! THAT'S THE WAY YOU DRINK THE BEER WHEN YOU'RE SENT OF A HERRAND?"
Genius. "AND THE RIGHT WAY TOO—AIN'T IT?"



Old Gentleman. "I WANT SOME SHAVING SOAP, MY GOOD LAD."
Boy. "YES, SIR, HERE'S AN HARTICLE I CAN RECOMMEND, FOR I ALWAYS USE IT MYSELF!"



PREPARATIONS FOR HUNTING.

MR. BRIGGS'S HUNTING CAP COMES HOME, BUT THAT IS REALLY A THING MRS. BRIGGS CAN NOT, AND WILL NOT PUT UP WITH.



MAY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION NEVER ALTER FRIENDSHIP.

Dumpy Young Lady. "WELL, FOR MY PART, MATILDA, I LIKE LONG WAISTS AND FLOUNCES."

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.



MR. BRIGGS, ON HIS WAY TO THE "METROPOLITAN STEEPLE CHASE," TRIES WHETHER HIS HORSE IS A GOOD ONE ACROSS COUNTRY. HE IS REPRESENTED RIDING AT A BROOK (!).



A LUMPING PENNORTH.

"NOW, MY MAN, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY, IF I GAVE YOU A PENNY?"
"YV, THAT YOU VOS A JOLLY OLD BRICK!"



SHAKSPEARE A LITTLE ALTERED.

"HE LIVED NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL."



A FINE DISPOSITION.

Affectionate Husband. "COME, POLLY, IF I AM A LITTLE IRRITABLE, IT'S OVER IN A MINUTE!!"



THE TEST OF GALLANTRY.

Conductor. "WILL ANY GENT BE SO GOOD AS FOR TO TAKE THIS YOUNG LADY IN HIS LAP?"



JUST THE MAN.

"PLEASE, SIR, DID YOU WANT ANY BODY TO KEEP ORDER ON THESE
HERE HUSTINGS ON POLLING DAY?"



THE CORRECT MODE OF RIDING IN ROTTEN ROW.

GALLOP AS HARD AS YOU CAN AMONGST THE LADIES. IT CREATES A SENSATION!!



INTERESTING SCENE DURING THE CANVASS FOR MR. —
NOT A HUNDRED MILES FROM —.

Wife of Free and Independent. "OH! AIN'T HE A HAFFABLE GENTLEMAN,
TUMMUS?"

Free and Independent. "AH! JUST AIN'T 'UN. I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF
I WARN'T ABLE TO PAY MY RENT TO-MORRER!"



PROPER PRIDE.

A SKETCH AT A RAILWAY STATION.



MR. BRIGGS GOES OUT FOR A DAY'S HUNTING, AND HAS A GLORIOUS RUN OVER A SPLENDID COUNTRY.



WHOLESOME PREJUDICE.

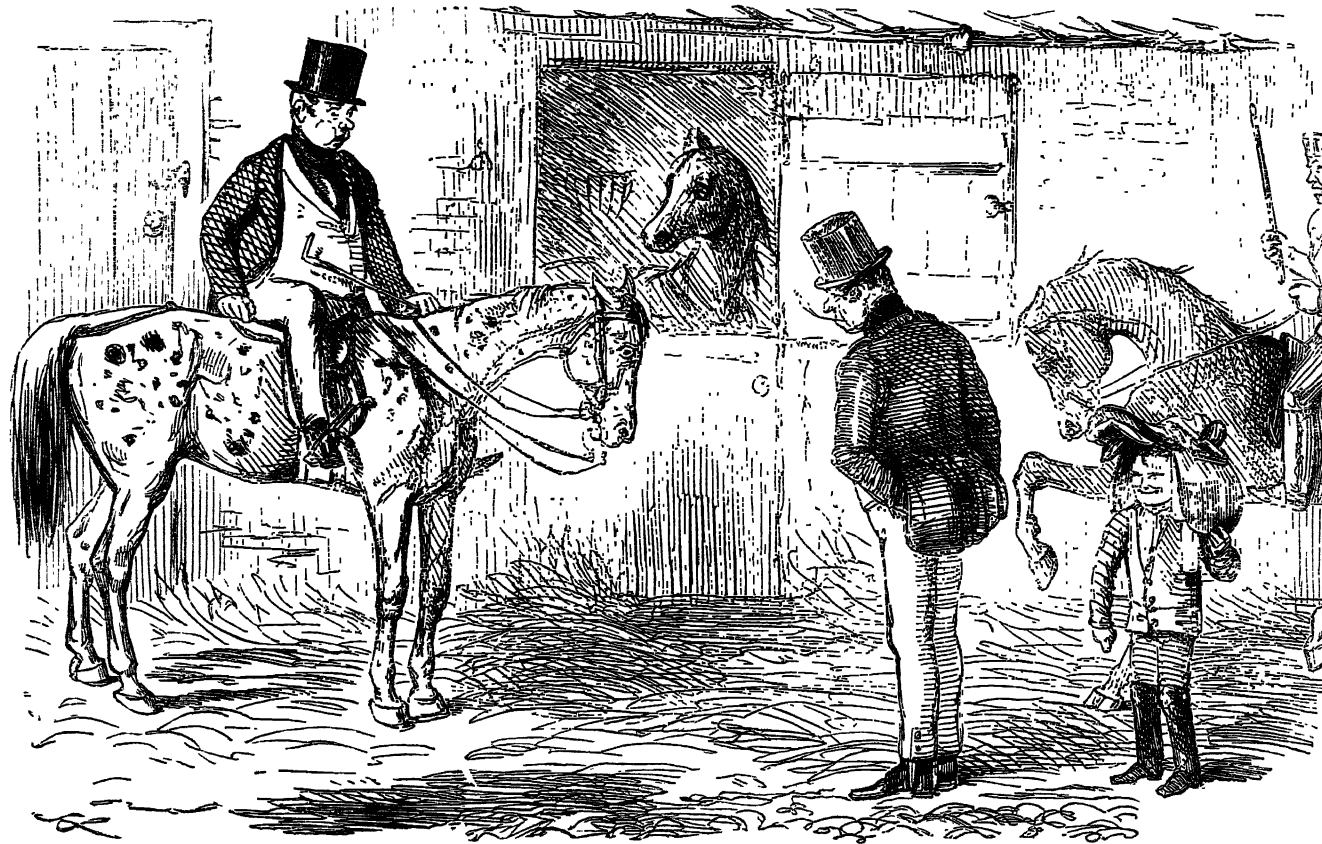
"RAILROADS, SIR? I HATE RAILROADS, AND I SHALL BE VERY
GLAD WHEN THEY'RE DONE AWAY WITH, AND WE'VE GOT THE
COACHES AGAIN."



MAL-APROPOS.

Gentleman (in Shower-Bath). "HOLLO! HOLLO! WHO'S THERE? WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU WANT?"

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S THE BUTCHER, AND MISSUS SAYS WHAT WILL YOU HAVE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"



PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

MR. BRIGGS'S PRESENT HORSE DOESN'T QUITE SUIT HIM, FOR, SOMEHOW, WHENEVER HE JUMPS, MR. B. IS SURE TO FALL OFF. HE TAKES HIM TO AN EMINENT DEALER, AND REMARKS CONFIDENTLY THAT HE IS FOR SALE, UPON WHICH THE DEALER SAYS: "HOW MUCH A POUND IF HE BUYS THE WHOLE OF HIM?"



THE LOST ONE.

Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, M', WAS YOU A LOOKING FOR A LITTLE DOG?"

Young Ladies. "YES! OH, YES!"

Boy. "WAS IT A SPANNEL, MUM?"

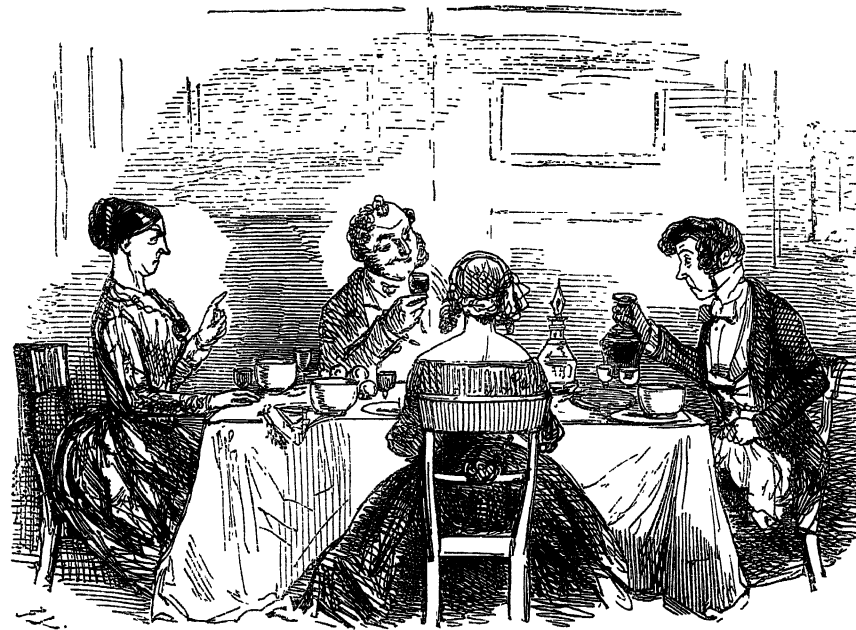
Young Ladies. "OH, YES! A MOST BEAUTIFUL LITTLE SPANIEL, WITH VERY LONG EARS."

Boy. "AH, THEN, MUM, IT'S THE SAME AS FLEW AT MASTER'S BIG DOG HERE, WOT'S BIN AND SWALLERED OF IT."



A LITTLE BIT OF HUMBUG.

Shoemaker. "I THINK, MUM, WE HAD BETTER MAKE A PAIR. YOU SEE, MUM, YOURS IS SUCH A REMARKABLE LONG AND NARRER FOOT!"



MUCH TOO CONSIDERATE.

Robinson. "THERE, BROWN, MY BOY, THAT'S AS FINE A GLASS OF WINE AS YOU CAN GET ANYWHERE."

Mrs. Brown. "A-HEM! AUGUSTUS, MY DE-AR. YOU ARE SURELY NEVER GOING TO TAKE FORT WINE. YOU KNOW IT NEVER AGREES WITH YOU, MY LOVE!"



REAL ENJOYMENT.

Annie. "GOOD-BYE, DEAR. YOU MUST COME AGAIN SOON, AND SPEND A GOOD LONG DAY, AND THEN I CAN SHOW YOU ALL MY NEW THINGS."

Clara. "OH! THAT WILL BE NICE! GOOD-BYE, DEAR." (*Kiss and exit.*)

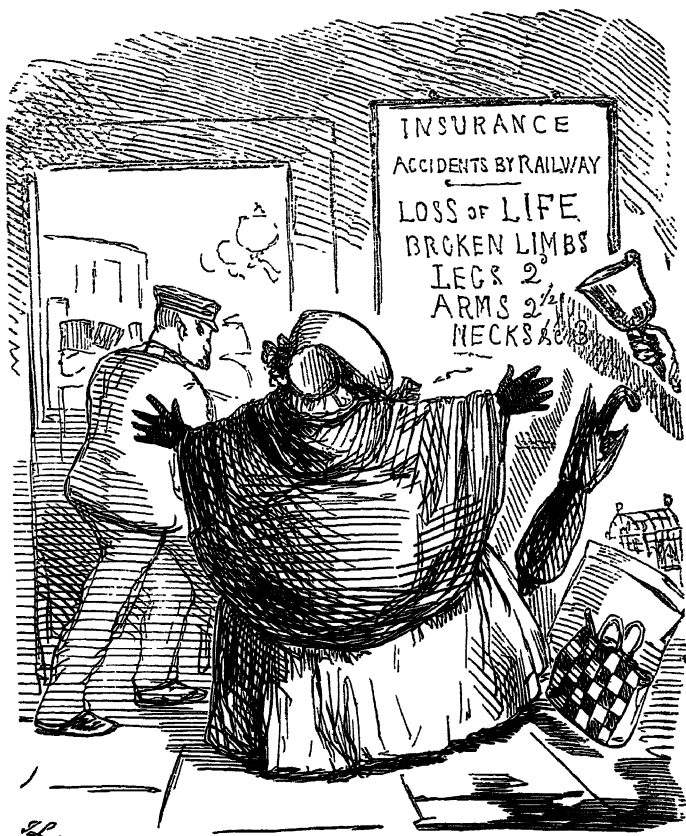


QUITE A NEW SENSATION FOR THE LUXURIOUS, ON COLD MORNINGS.
"USE HOT WATER, AND LOOK AT YOUR SHOWER-BATH!"



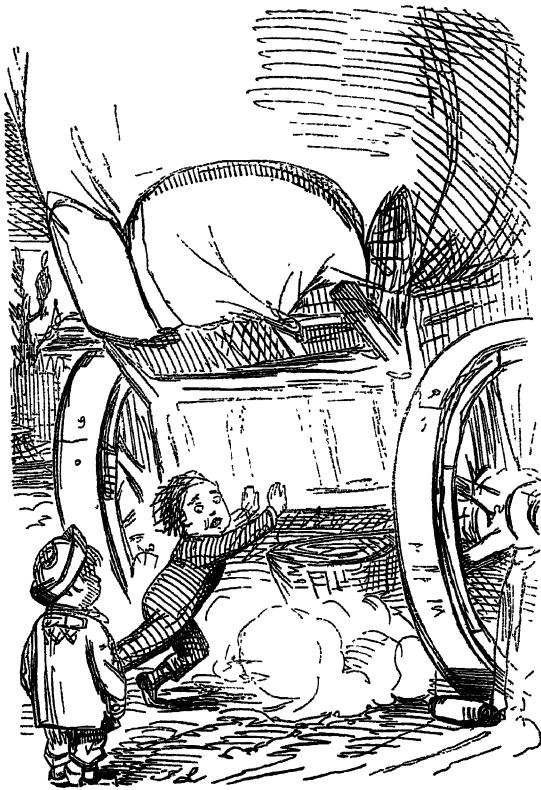
THE NEW GROOM.

Gentleman. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU UNDERSTAND THE CARE OF HORSES?"
Boy. "WELL, SIR, I HAD OUGHT TO—FOR I'VE BEEN AMONGST 'EM ALL MY LIFE."



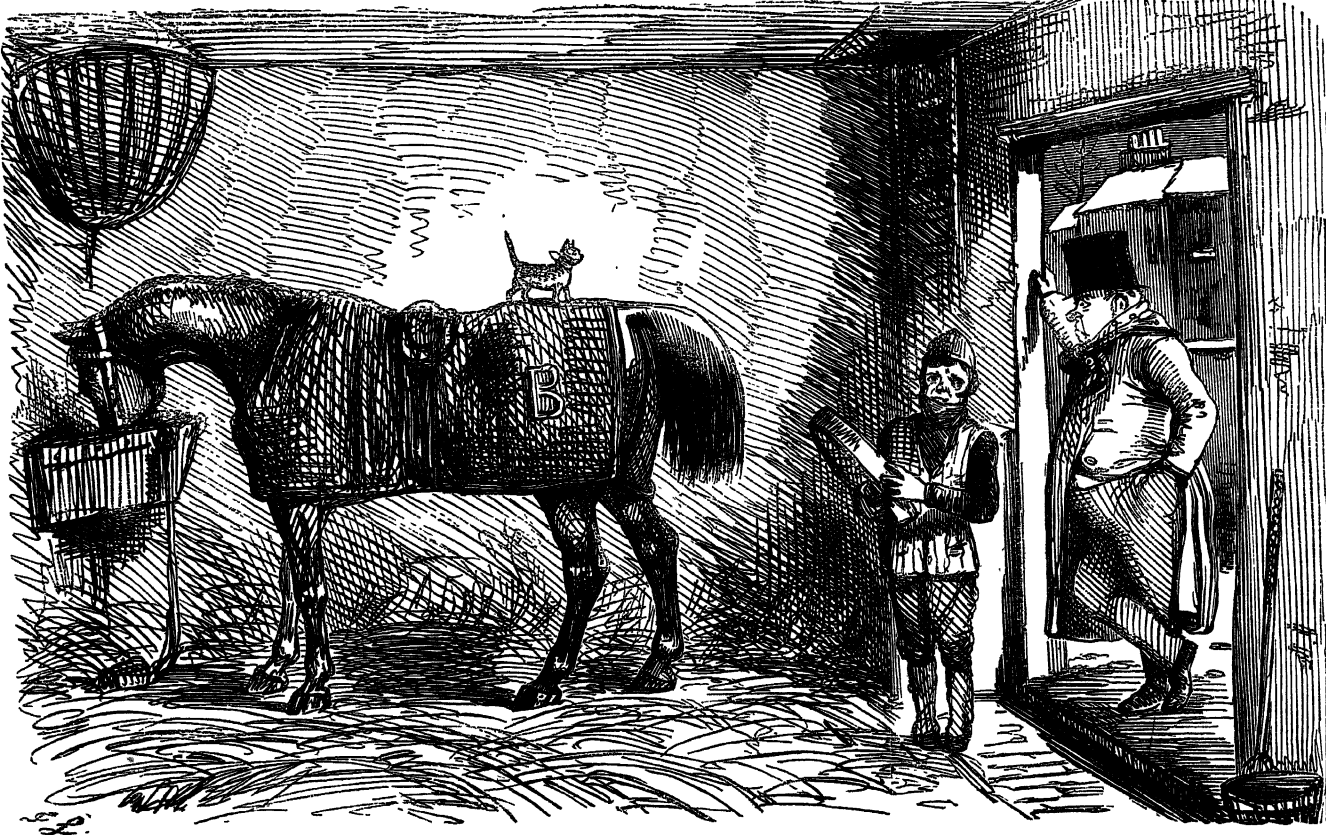
ALARMING.

THE OLD LADY IS SUPPOSED (AFTER A GREAT EFFORT) TO HAVE MADE UP HER MIND TO TRAVEL, JUST FOR ONCE, BY ONE "OF THOSE NEW FANGLED RAILWAYS," AND THE FIRST THING SHE BEHOLDS ON ARRIVING AT THE STATION, IS THE ABOVE MOST ALARMING PLACARD.



EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

"I SAY, TOMMY, COME AND SHOVE. HERE'S THE POOR 'ORSES CAN'T GET THE WAGGIN UP!"



THE PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

BY THE TIME MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE (WHICH SUITS HIM EXACTLY) HAS RECOVERED FROM HIS COLD, A LONG FROST SETS IN.
Groom. "THAT'S JUST WHAT I SAY, SIR; IT'S AGGERAVATIN' TO SEE A NICE OSS LIKE THAT, SIR, A DOIN' NOTHIN' BUT EATIN' HIS 'ED OFF."

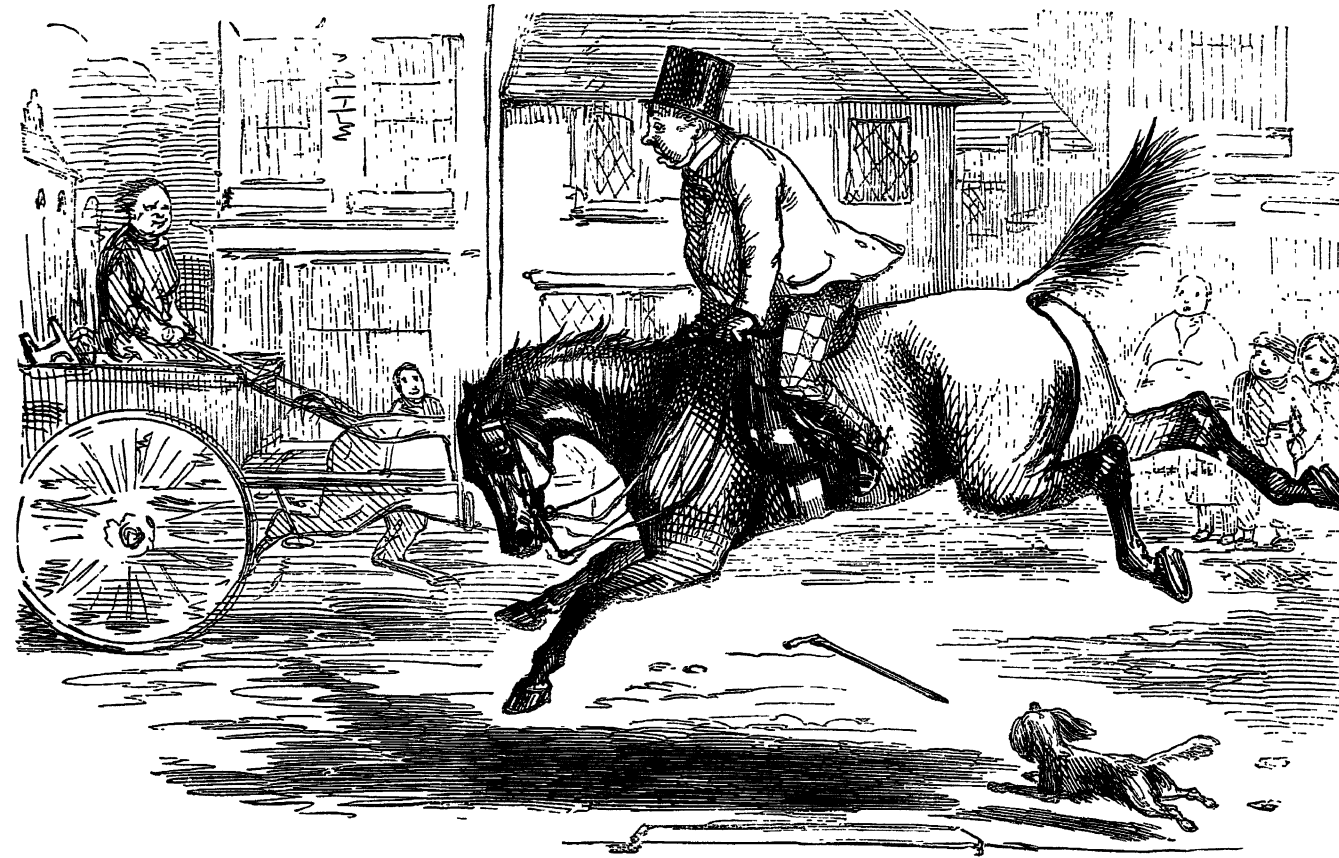


CHURCH AND STATE.



TEMPUS EDAX RERUM.

"GOOD GRACIOUS! IS IT POSSIBLE?—NO! YES! NO!—YES! YES, BY JUPITER, IT'S A GREY HAIR IN MY FAVOURITE WHISKER!"



PLEASURES OF HORSEKEEPING.

THE FROST GOES, AND MR. BRIGGS'S HORSE IS DISAGREEABLY FRESH AFTER HIS LONG REST. HE SETS UP HIS BACK AND SQUEAKS AND PLUNGES AT EVERYTHING HE MEETS.



AN IMPUDENT MINX.

Lady of the House. "HOITY TOITY, INDEED? GO AND PUT UP THOSE CURLS DIRECTLY, IF YOU PLEASE. HOW DARE YOU IMITATE ME IN THAT MANNER? IMPERTINENCE!"



A REGULAR CUSTOMER.

"HA'PENNY CANDLE, PLEASE, AND BE QUICK, FOR MOTHER WANTS HER TEA."
"OH, YES, OF COURSE, MISS; COULD WE SEND IT ANYWHERE FOR YER?"



VERY ACUTE.

Mr. —. "SO YOUR NAME IS CHARLEY, IS IT? NOW, CHARLEY DOESN'T KNOW WHO I AM?"
Sharp Little Boy. "OH, YES! BUT I DO, THOUGH."
Mr. —. "WELL, WHO AM I?"
Sharp Little Boy. "WHY, YOU'RE THE GENTLEMAN THAT KISSED SISTER SOPHY IN THE LIBRARY, ON TWELFTH NIGHT, WHEN YOU THOUGHT NO ONE WAS THERE."



TOO CIVIL BY HALF!

English Cook. "OH, DEAR! HERE, JAMES, COME, AND TAKE THIS ROAST BEEF AND PLUM-PUDDING OUT OF THE WINDOW. IT HURTS THE FEELINGS OF THE FOREIGN GENTS AS THEY WALK BY!"



WE ALL HAVE OUR TROUBLES.

Sister Mary. "WHY, CHARLEY, DEAR BOY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU SEEM QUITE MISERABLE!"

Charley. "AH! AIN'T I JUST! HERE'S MA' SAYS I MUST WEAR TURN-DOWN COLLARS TILL CHRISTMAS, AND THERE'S YOUNG SIDNEY BOWLER (WHO'S NOT HALF SO TALL AS I AM) HAS HAD STICK-UPS AND WHITE CHOKERS FOR EVER SO LONG!"



NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS (?)

First Old Fozzie. "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE PAPER, SIR? THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."

Second Old Fozzie. "THEN WHAT THE DEVIL DID YOU KEEP IT SO LONG FOR?"



WHAT THEY SAID TO THEMSELVES.

Honourable Mr. Fiddle. "I WISH THAT CONCEITED ASS, FADDLE, WOULD GO!"

Captain Faddle. "THAT STUPID IDIOT, FIDDLE, NEVER KNOWS WHEN HE'S IN THE WAY!"

Rich Widow. "I SHALL BE UNCOMMONLY GLAD WHEN BOTH OF THESE SIMPLETONS TAKE THEIR DEPARTURE."



MR. BRIGGS, NOT BEING GOOD AT HIS "FENCES," GOES THROUGH THE PERFORMANCE OF OPENING A GATE.



MEN OF BUSINESS

MONEY.—WANTED from £300 to £400 to bring forward an Article that must in a few years realise a handsome fortune to the proprietors. To any young man who is not of business habits, with the above sum at command, this is an opportunity for investment seldom met with. References exchanged.—No professed Money-lender need apply.



SOUND ADVICE.

Master Tom. "HAVE A WEED, GRAN'PA?"

Gran'pa. "A WHAT! SIR?"

Master Tom. "A WEED!—A CIGAR, YOU KNOW."

Gran'pa. "CERTAINLY NOT, SIR. I NEVER SMOKED IN MY LIFE."

Master Tom. "AH! THEN I WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU TO BEGIN."



MAKING THE MOST OF IT.



MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

MR. BRIGGS CAN'T BEAR FLYING LEAPS, SO HE MAKES FOR A GAP—WHICH IS IMMEDIATELY FILLED BY A FRANTIC PROTECTIONIST, WHO IS VOWING THAT HE WILL PITCHFORK MR. B. IF HE COMES "GALLOPERRAVERING" OVER HIS FENCES—DANG'D IF HE DOAN'T.



STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Lady. "BY THE WAY, MR. TONGS, I HAVE USED THAT BOTTLE OF BALM OF CALIFORNIA, BUT I FIND MY HAIR STILL COMES OFF."

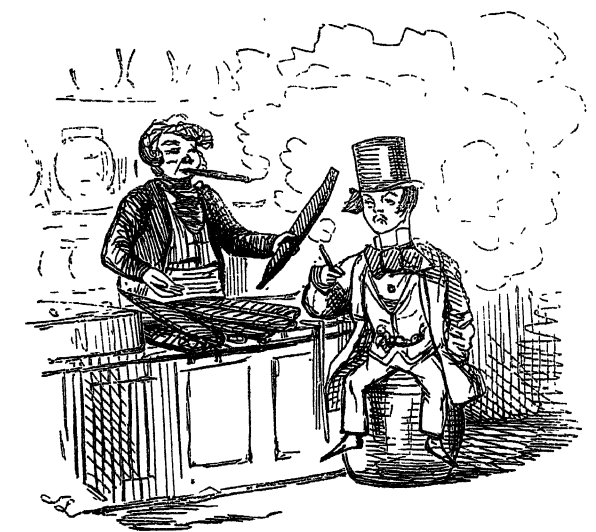


A PLEASANT STREET GAME.

Old Gent. "CONFOUND THE BOYS AND THEIR TOPS! WHERE ARE THE POLICE?"



FLOWERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY—PICKED AT PARIS IN 1850.



SO FOND OF IT.

"THERE NOW; THAT'S A CIGAR I CAN CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND!"
"WELL; PUT ME UP A DOZEN TO TRY!"



HOUSEMAIDS REFUSING SERVICE IN BELGRAVIA.
(The Barracks being removed from Knightsbridge.)

YOUNG LADIES DO THE HOUSEWORK.

Lady Emily. "NOW DEAR, I WISH YOU WOULD BE QUICK, AND LIGHT THE FIRES, AND HELP ME TO MAKE THE BEDS."



DELICACY OF THE SEASON.

Testy Old Uncle (unable to control his passion). "REALLY, SIR, THIS IS QUITE INTOLERABLE! YOU MUST INTEND TO INSULT ME. FOR THE LAST FOURTEEN DAYS, WHEREVER I HAVE DINED, I HAVE HAD NOTHING BUT SADDLE OF MUTTON AND BOILED TURKEY—BOILED TURKEY AND SADDLE OF MUTTON. I'LL ENDURE IT NO LONGER." [Exit Old Gent., who alters his Will.]

MORAL.

How ridiculous a man appears—particularly a man at a grave period of life—who is over anxious about his eating and drinking.



LA MODE.

Gus. (who is always so full of his nonsense). "DASH MY BUTTONS, ELLEN! THAT'S A STUNNING WAISTCOAT. I WISH YOU'D GIVE US YOUR TAILOR'S ADDRESS."

Ellen. "DON'T YOU BE RUDE, SIR—AND TAKE YOUR ARMS OFF THE PIANO."



HIGHLY INTERESTING.

"SEEN THAT PARTY LATELY?"
"WHAT? THE PARTY WITH THE WOODEN LEG, AS COME WITH—"
"NO, NO—NOT THAT PARTY. THE PARTY, YOU KNOW, AS—"
"OH! AH! I KNOW THE PARTY YOU MEAN NOW."

"WELL, A PARTY TOLD ME AS HE CAN'T AGREE WITH THAT OTHER PARTY, AND HE SAYS THAT IF ANOTHER PARTY CAN'T BE FOUND TO MAKE IT ALL SQUARE, HE SHALL LOOK FOR A PARTY AS WILL." (And so on for half an hour.)



MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER GLORIOUS DAY WITH THE HOUNDS, AND GETS THE BRUSH (FOR WHICH HE PAYS HALF-A-SOVEREIGN—ONLY DON'T TELL ANYBODY).



UNLUCKY.

"VAT'S THE MATTER, EH?"
"OH, THERE'S ALWAYS A SOMETHINK! VY, I'VE BIN AND LEFT MY HOPERA-GLASS IN A CAB NOW."



HOW TO SUIT THE TASTE.

Waiter. "GENT. IN NO. 4 LIKES A HOLDER AND A THINNER WINE, DOES HE? I WONDER HOW HE'LL LIKE THIS BIN?"



TAKING CHANGE.

Conductor. "ALL RIGHT, JIM. PUSH ALONG, I'VE SERVED THE OLD GAL OUT THIS TIME."
Old Lady. "HERE, STOP! CONDUCTOR! I WON'T TAKE CHANGE FOR A FIVE-SHILLING PIECE IN HALF-PENCE—THAT I WON'T! HERE, POLICE! CONDUCTOR!" &c.



DID YOU EVER?

Old Gentleman (politely). "OH, CONDUCTOR! I SHALL FEEL GREATLY OBLIGED TO YOU IF YOU WOULD PROCEED, FOR I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT IN THE STRAND, AND I AM AFRAID I SHALL BE TOO LATE."

Conductor (slamming the door). "GO ON, JIM! HERE'S AN OLD COVE A CUSSIN' AND A SWEARING LIKE ANY THINK!!!"



NOTHING LIKE WARM BATHING.

"HOLLO! HI! HERE! SOMEBODY! I'VE TURNED ON THE HOT WATER, AND I CAN'T TURN IT OFF AGAIN!"



IN ANSWER TO NUMEROUS INQUIRIES, WE ARE HAPPY TO SAY, THAT MR. BRIGGS IS QUITE WELL, AND AT BRIGHTON. HE IS TAKING THE OPPORTUNITY TO GIVE HIS FAMILY A FEW RIDING LESSONS. WE SHOULDN'T WONDER IF HE WENT OUT WITH THE HARRIERS IN A DAY OR TWO.



THE RULING PASSION.

"NOW, TELL ME, DEAR, IS THERE ANYTHING NEW IN THE FASHIONS?"



EFFECT OF STOPPING THE GROG.

ALONG, JACK, MY HEARTY; NOTHING LIKE LAYING UP FOR A RAINY DAY."

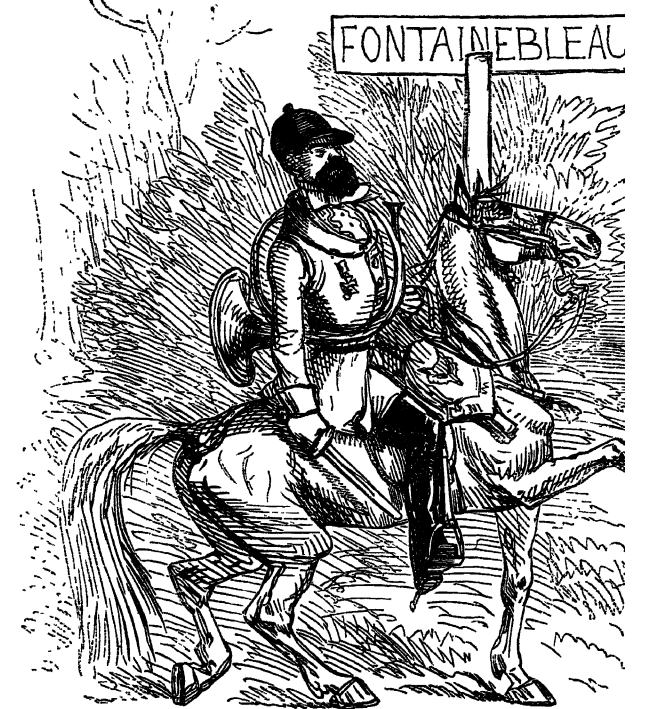


CIBBER AND SHAKSPEARE.



MR. BRIGGS GOES OUT WITH THE BRIGHTON HARRIERS.

HE HAS A CAPITAL DAY. THE ONLY DRAWBACK IS, THAT HE IS OBLIGED TO LEAD HIS HORSE UP HILL TO EASE HIM, AND DOWN HILL BECAUSE HE IS AFRAID OF GOING OVER HIS HEAD—SO THAT HE DOESN'T GET QUITE SO MUCH HORSE EXERCISE AS HE COULD WISH!



FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION GOING OUT TO ENJOY LE SI



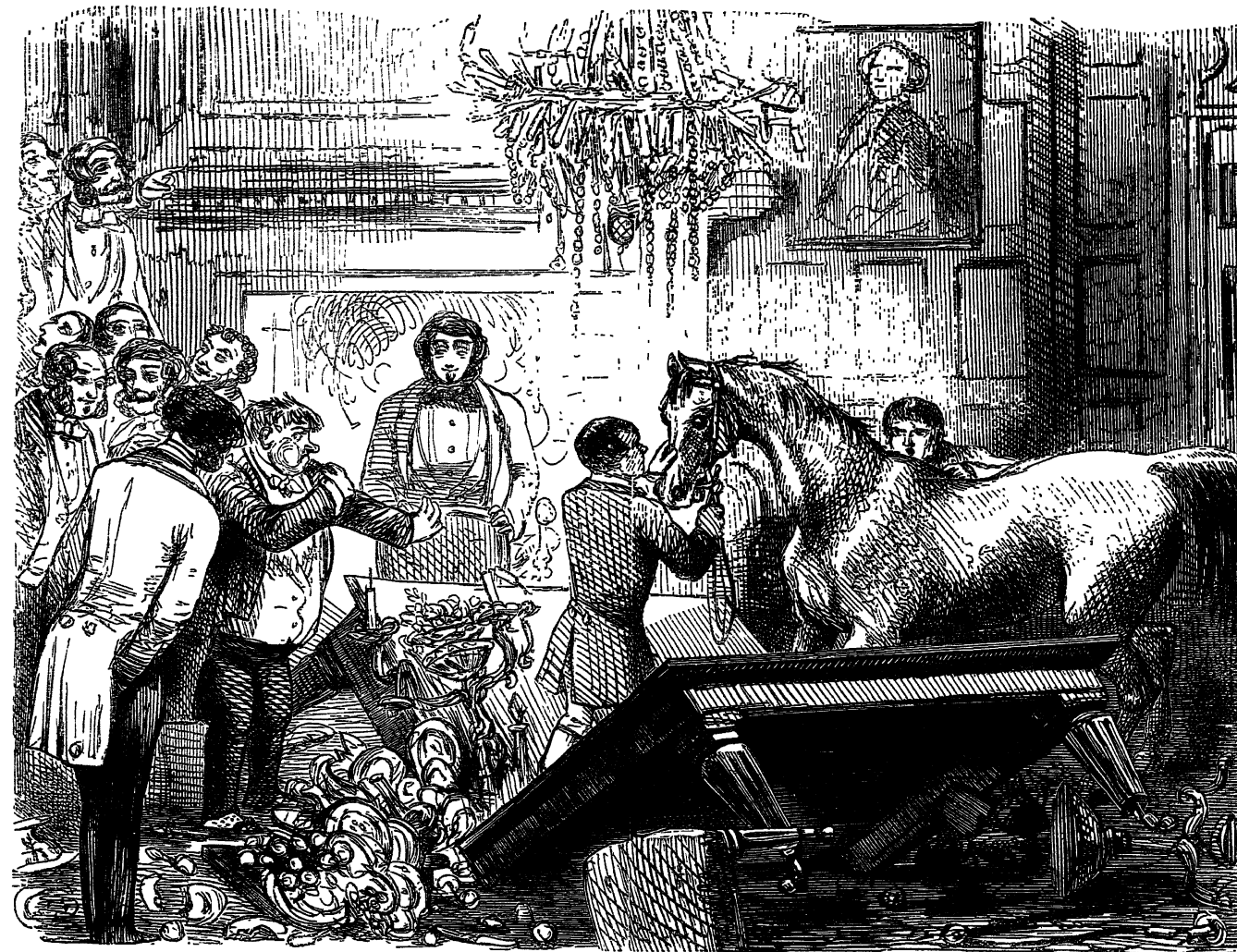
A PRUDENT RESOLVE.

'Ousemaid. "WELL, MR. ROBERT, I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE ON DIGGINGS ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE GENTLEMEN?"
Flunkey. "NOT IF I KNOWS IT, MARY, MY DEAR. I A ACCUSTOMED TO FIZZICAL EXERTION; AND I DON'T INTEND HARD WORK AT MY TIME OF LIFE."



OF COURSE.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER'S SENT BACK THE FIRST VOLUME, AND HE SAYS, WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO LET HIM 'AVE THE SECOND?"



MR. BRIGGS, STIMULATED BY THE ACCOUNTS IN THE NEWSPAPERS OF THE DARING FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP AT AYLESBURY, AND EXCITED BY MR. HAYCOCK'S CLARET, TRIES WHETHER HE ALSO CAN RIDE OVER A DINING-ROOM TABLE.



THE FISH DINNER.

"THE WHITEBAIT SEEM VERY LARGE, WAITER!"
"YES, SIR; VERY FINE AT PRESENT, SIR."



DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

Housebreaker. "WOT A SHAME FOR PEOPLE TO GO LEAVING COAL-SCUTTLES ABOUT FOR PEOPLE TO GO STUMBLING OVER."



AN EXCELLENT WINE.

"THE BEST OF CLARET IS, THAT YOU MAY DRINK ANY (*hic*) QUANTITY YOU LIKE, WITHOUT FEELING ILL."



THE ALDERMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Mr. Gobble. "YOU SEE, SAM, YOU ARE A WERRY YOUNG MAN: AND WHEN I AM TOOK AWAY (WHICH, IN THE COMMON COURSE OF EWENTS, CAN'T BE WERRY LONG FUST), YOU WILL HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF PROPERTY. NOW, I'VE ONLY ONE PEECE OF ADVICE TO GIVE YOU. IT'S THIS—AND BY ALL MEANS ACT UPON IT:—LAY DOWN PLENTY OF PORT IN YOUR YOUTH, 'THAT YOU MAY HAVE A GOOD BOTTLE OF WINE IN YOUR OLD AGE."



AN OMNIBUS INCIDENT.

Man (thrusting his hand into the window). "WILL YOU BUY A PENKNIFE WITH A HUNDRED BLADES SIR?"



THE GOOD LITTLE BOY.

Bathing Woman. "MASTER FRANKY WOULDN'T CRY! NO! NOT HE!—HE'LL COME TO HIS MARTHA, AND BATHE LIKE A MAN!"



ALL IS VANITY.



VERY PROPER DIET FOR HOT WEATHER.

Mrs. Turtledove. "DEAREST ALFRED! WILL YOU DECIDE NOW WHAT WE SHALL HAVE FOR DINNER?"

Mr. Turtledove. "LET ME SEE, POPPET. WE HAD A WAFER YESTERDAY—SUPPOSE WE HAVE A ROAST BUTTERFLY TO-DAY."



MR. BRIGGS HAS GONE TO THE EXHIBITION.—A BOY HOLDS HIS HORSE IN THE MEANTIME.



A REFLECTION.

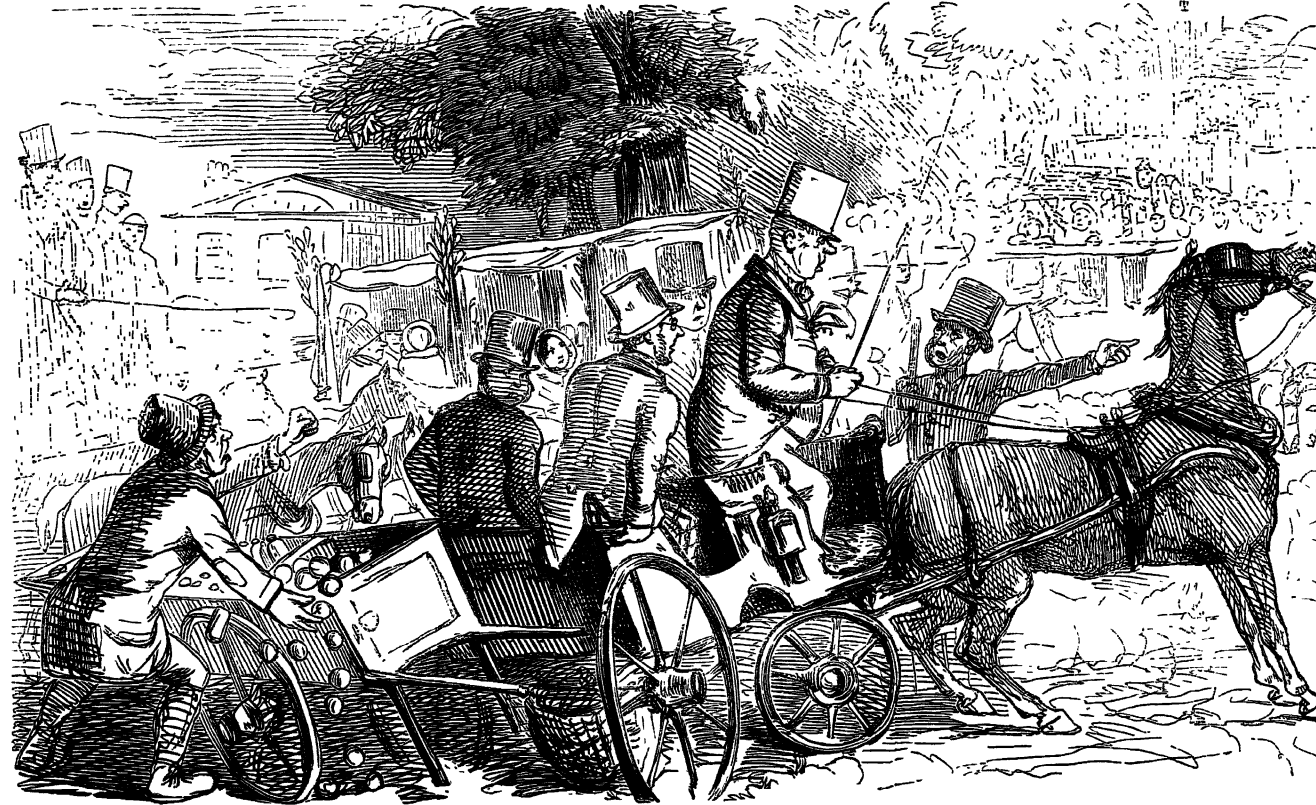
WHAT A CURIOUS THING IT IS, THAT ALTHOUGH POLICEMEN ARE PLACED AT PARTICULAR SPOTS FOR THE EXPRESS PURPOSE OF MAKING OMNIBUSES "MOVE ON," THEY ARE GENERALLY SEEN CHATTING, OR CRACKING THE FRIENDLY WALNUT WITH THE CONDUCTORS, TO THE MANIFEST INCONVENIENCE AND GREAT INDIGNATION OF THE PASSENGERS. HOW IS THIS? IS IT AMIABLE WEAKNESS ON THE PART OF THE CONSTABLE, OR IS IT POSSIBLE THAT HE EVER RECEIVES PINTS OF BEER TO NEGLECT HIS DUTY? OH! LET US HOPE THE FORMER!!

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



MR. VERDANT'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT BOOK-MAKING.

Verdant's Friend. "WELL—AS NEAR AS I CAN MAKE IT OUT—YOU MUST LOSE £150, AND MAY LOSE £300." [VERDANT subsides into his Book.]



MR. BRIGGS PUTS HIS HORSE IN HARNESS, AND DRIVES A FEW FRIENDS QUIETLY DOWN TO THE DERBY.



GALLANTRY.



TASTE.

"THAT'S A STUNNING PIN, FRANK!"
"YA-AS.—I'VE GOT A SET OF WAISTCOAT BUTTONS TO MATCH—LOOK JOLLY AT NIGHT—I ASSURE YAH!"



LAYING THE DUST.



SNUFFED OUT.

"MY EYE, TOMMY! IF 'ERE AIN'T THE SCOTCHMAN HOYT OF THE SNUFF SHOP A TAKIN' A WALK."



THE GOLD FISH AT HAMPTON COURT.

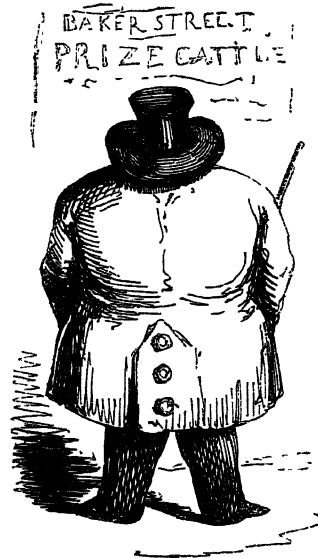


MR. BR—GGS (*We suppress the Gentleman's name for obvious reasons*) THINKS HE WILL GO TO HAMPTON RACES.



USED UP.

Grandmamma. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY PET?"
Child. "WHY, GRANDMA, AFTER GIVING THE SUBJECT EVERY CONSIDERATION, I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT—THE WORLD IS HOLLOW, AND MY DOLL IS STUFFED WITH SAWDUST, SO—I—SHOULD—LIKE—IF YOU PLEASE, TO BE A NUN!"



BROAD CARICATURE.



ON HIS RETURN FROM THE RACES, HE ASSURES HIS MAN THAT HE'S A MOST "EKSHELLENT SERVANT"—THAT THE MARE NEVER CARRIED HIM BETTER. HE ALSO TELLS HIM TO MAKE THE MARE QUITE "COMF-ABLE," AND TO BE "VERY CAREF-L OF HISH CANDLE," BECAUSE THERE'S SO MUCH STRAW ABOUT!



RETIREMENT.



A HIGHLAND GAME IN A LONDON STREET.

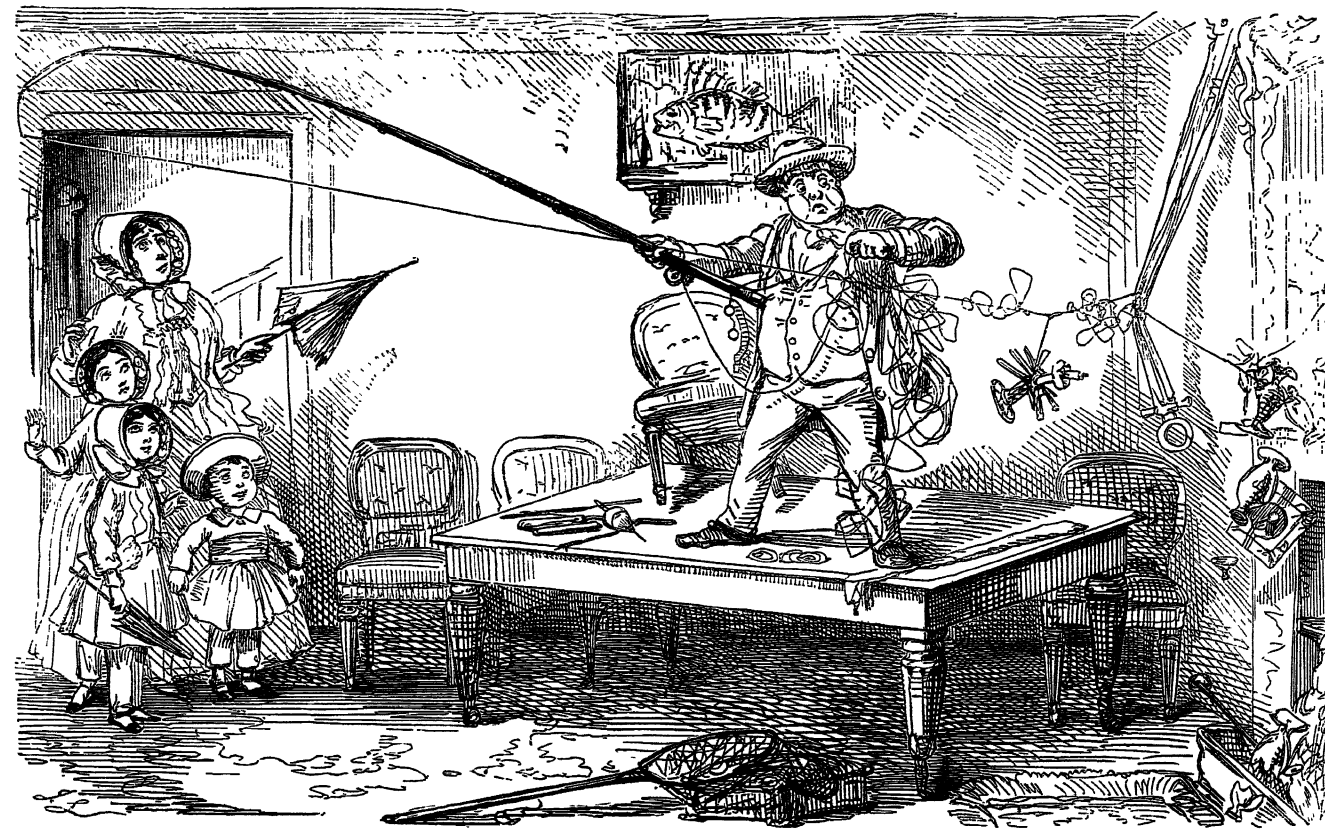
PORTRAIT OF THE BOY WHO WON THE PRIZE FOR "PUTTING A STONE"
THROUGH A WINDOW.



FROM A BEAUTIFUL MINIATURE.



NOT YET!



OUR FRIEND BRIGGS CONTEMPLATES A DAY'S FISHING.



Disciple of Old Isaac. "THIS WOULDN'T BE A BAD PLACE IF THE FISH WOULD ONLY BITE, AND IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS
CONFOUNDED WASPS' NEST."



GENTEEL PRACTICE.

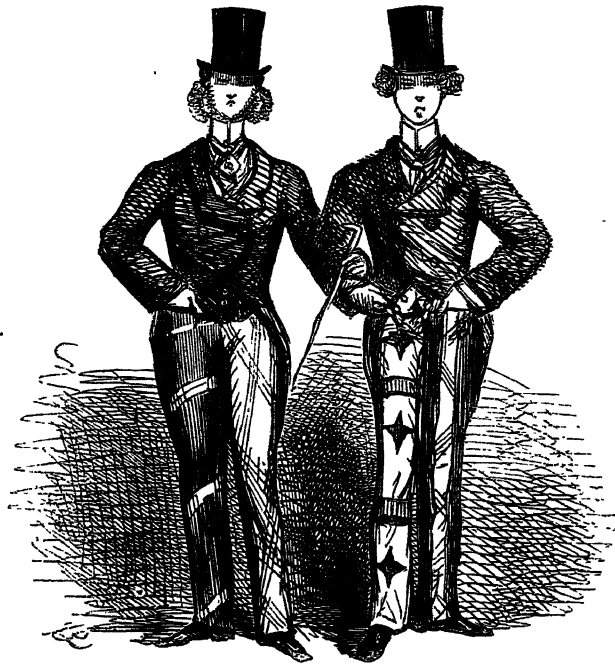
Apprentice. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, SHALL I FILL UP MRS.
TWADDLE'S DRAUGHTS WITH WATER?"

Practitioner. "DEAR, DEAR ME, MR. DUMPS, HOW OFTEN
MUST I MENTION THE SUBJECT? WE NEVER USE WATER—
Aqua destillata, IF YOU PLEASE!"



ALARMING INTELLIGENCE.

Swell Mobman (reads). "'ARRANGEMENTS ARE MAKING TO
CONNECT ALL THE POLICE OFFICES WITH THE ELECTRIC TELE-
GRAPH.' WELL, I HAM BLOWED!"



ELRGANT MATERIAL FOR TROWERS;—ONLY TAKES TWO MEN TO
SHOW THE PATTERN.



MR. BRIGGS STARTS ON HIS FISHING EXCURSION.



OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Small Briton. "THE FRENCH INVADE US, INDEED! AND WHAT SHOULD WE BE
ABOUT ALL THE TIME?—WHY, WE SHOULD RISE LIKE ONE MAN!"



THE PROBABLE EFFECT OF CHEAP FURNITURE HUMBUG.

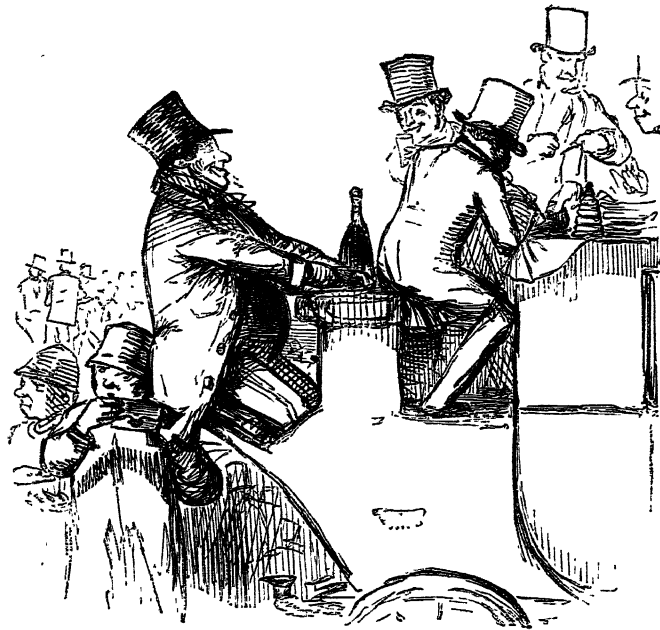
"OH! IF YOU PLEASE, MISTER, ME AND THIS YOUNG AW-AW-INDIVIDUAL IS
ABOUT TO MARRY; AND WE WANT TO LOOK OVER YOUR CHEAP FURNITURE
MART."



MR. B. WON'T HAVE A MAN WITH HIM, AS HE THINKS HE
CAN MANAGE A PUNT BY HIMSELF; AND THE CONSEQUENCE
IS, HE IS OBLIGED TO GO TO BED WHILE HIS THINGS ARE
DRIED, HAVING UPSET HIMSELF, AS A MATTER OF COURSE.



HOW TO MAKE A CHATELAINE A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.



AN INGENIOUS FELLOW.

"LOOK HERE, MY BOY! THE BOX MAKES A CAPITAL TABLE, AND THE BOOT IS JUST THE THING FOR YOUR LEGS."
[Pocket-book disappears.]



MR. BRIGGS TRIES (FOR MANY HOURS) A LIKELY PLACE FOR A PERCH; BUT UPON THIS OCCASION THE WIND IS NOT IN A FAVOURABLE QUARTER.



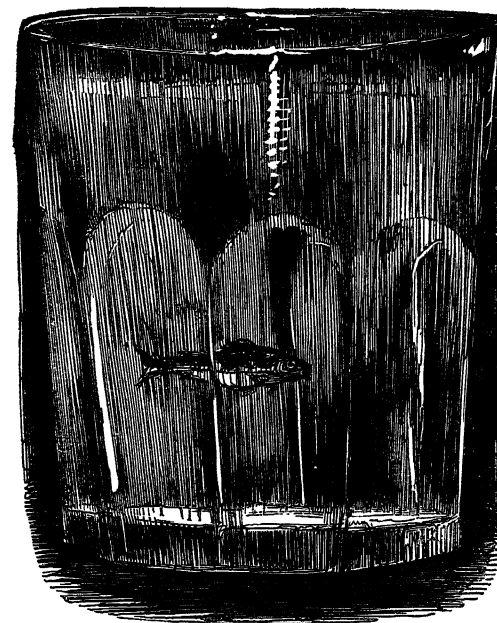
FANCY DRESS BALL.

"SIR!—PLEASE MR. !—SIR! YOU'VE FORGOT THE DOOR-KEY!"



EASILY SATISFIED.

Fond Parent. "I DON'T CARE, MR. MEDIUM, ABOUT IT'S BEING HIGHLY FINISHED; BUT I SHOULD LIKE THE DEAR CHILD'S EXPRESSION PRESERVED."



MINNOW CAUGHT BY MR. BRIGGS, AUGUST 23RD 1850, EXACT SIZE OF LIFE.



THE CHATELAINE; A REALLY USEFUL PRESENT.

Laura. "OH, LOOK, MA' DEAR; SEE WHAT A LOVE OF A CHATELAINE EDWARD HAS GIVEN ME."



TAKING IT COOLLY.

Old Gent. "NOW, THEN, CABMAN, HOW MUCH TO THE STRAND?"
Cabman. "SIX SHILLIN'!"
Old Gent. "THAT'S TOO MUCH."
Cabman. "WELL: WHAT YOU PLEASE! IT'S TOO HOT TO DISPUTE ABOUT TRIFLES."



MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S FISHING.

HE IS SO FORTUNATE AS TO CATCH A LARGE EEL.



A LATE ARRIVAL.

Page. "FANCY BALL, SIR! NO, SIR! MISSUS'S FANCY BALL, SIR, WERE LAST TOOSDAY, SIR."



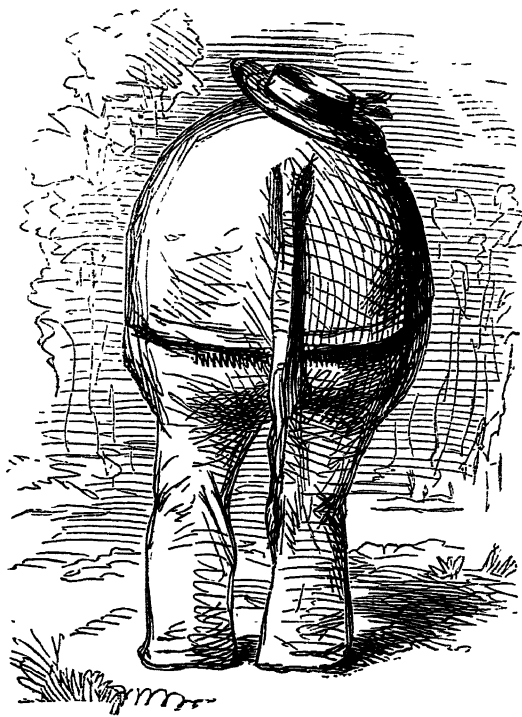
DOMESTIC BLISS.

Mistress. "WELL, I'M SURE; AND PRAY WHO IS THAT?"
Cook. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE 'M, IT'S ONLY MY COUSIN WHO HAS CALLED JUST TO SHOW ME HOW TO BOIL A POTATO."



THE NEW HUNTER.

"WELL, CHARLEY! HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW PONY?"
 "OH! PRETTY WELL, THANK YOU, UNCLE; ONLY I'M AFRAID HE'S HARDLY UP TO MY WEIGHT, AND HE RUSHES SO AT HIS FENCES."



BACK VIEW OF THE ELEPHANT AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF MR. BRIGGS.

SOMEHOW OR OTHER (ASSISTED BY HIS LITTLE BOY WALTER), HE CATCHES A JACK WHICH, TO USE MR. B.'S OWN WORDS, FLIES AT HIM, AND BARKS LIKE A DOG.



DOMESTIC BLISS.—TIME, HALF-PAST THREE; THERMOMETER 30°.

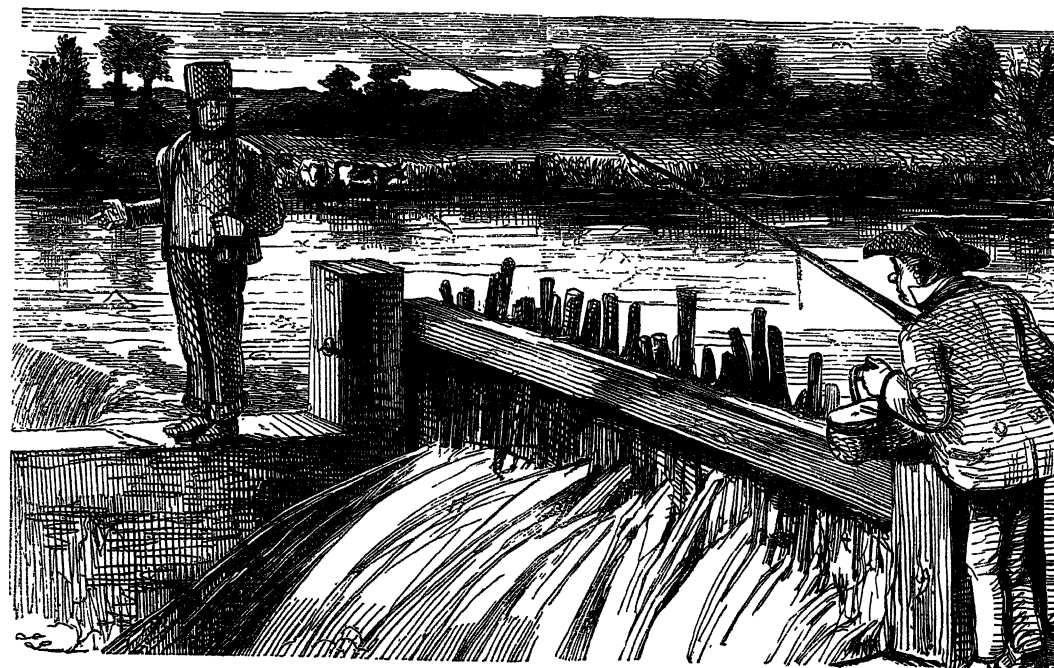
William. "WHAT A VIOLENT RINGING THERE IS AT THE STREET-DOOR BELL!"

Maria. "OH! I KNOW WHAT IT IS, DEAR. IT'S THE SWEEPS; AND I DARE SAY THE GIRLS DON'T HEAR. JUST RUN UP AND KNOCK AT THEIR ROOM DOOR."



A DUMB WAITER.

Old Gentleman. "WHAT THE DEUCE IS THE REASON, SIR, YOU DON'T ANSWER WHEN YOU ARE CALLED?"
(The reason is obvious. The poor child has his mouth full of green peas and jam tart.)



THAMES FISHING.

Fisherman (to Old Gentleman). "THEY'RE A' BITIN' AWAY OVER 'ERE, SIR! JUST STEP ACROSS THAT THERE BIT O' WOOD, SIR, AND YOU'LL HAVE A CAPITAL PITCH, SIR!"
Old Gentleman. "ACROSS THAT BIT OF WOOD! DOES THE MAN THINK I'M A ROPE-DANCER?"



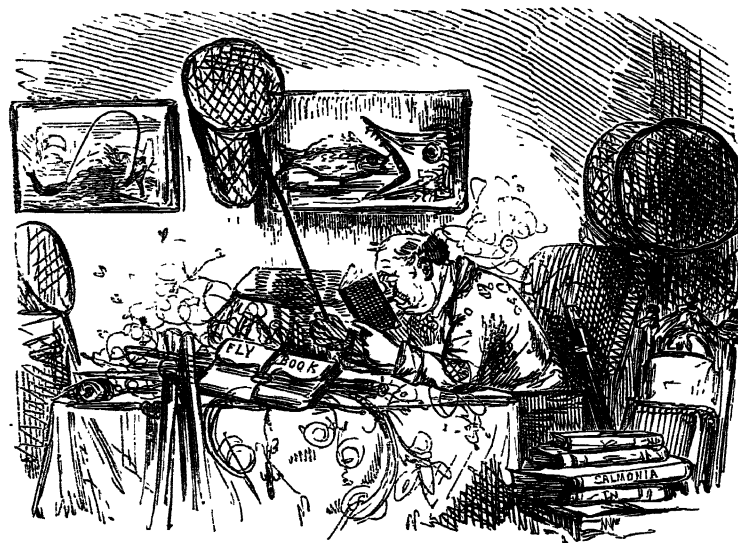
VERY FINE TALKING!

"NOW, THEN, SIR, JUMP UP ON THE ROOF, AND LOOK SHARP, PLEASE, SIR, HERE'S T'OTHER BUS A-COMING."



MURDER WILL OUT.

Mrs. Smith. "IS MRS. BROWN IN?"
Jane. "NO, MEM, SHE'S NOT AT HOME."
Little Girl. "OH! WHAT A HORRID STORY, JANE! MA'S IN THE KITCHEN, HELPING COOK!"



MR. BRIGGS, ANXIOUS TO BECOME A "COMPLETE ANGLER," STUDIES THE "GENTLE ART" OF FLY-FISHING.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Paterfamilias. "I CANNOT CONCEIVE, MY LOVE, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH MY WATCH; I THINK IT MUST WANT CLEANING."
Pet Child. "OH, NO! PAPA DEAR! I DON'T THINK IT WANTS CLEANING, BECAUSE BABY AND I HAD IT WASHING IN THE BASIN FOR EVER SO LONG THIS MORNING!"

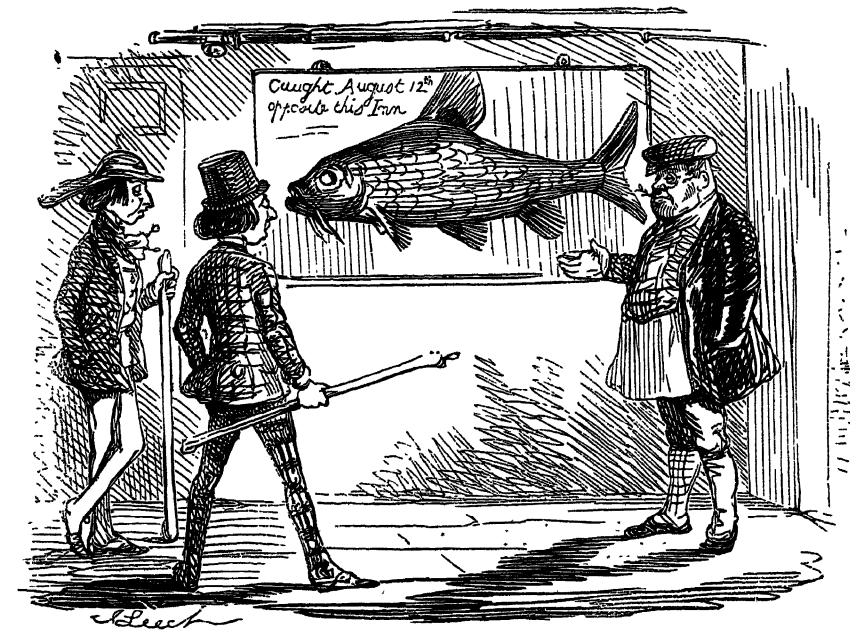


DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

Flunkey. "APOLLO? HAH! I DESSAY IT'S VERY CHEAP, BUT IT AIN'T MY IDEER OF A GOOD FIGGER!"



MR. B. GOES OUT. HIS CHIEF DIFFICULTY IS, THAT EVERY TIME HE THROWS HIS LINE—THE HOOKS (OF WHICH THERE ARE FIVE) WILL STICK BEHIND IN HIS JACKET AND TR-WS-RS.



ANGLERS HEAR STRANGE THINGS.

Piscator. "ARE THERE ANY BARBEL ABOUT HERE, GOV'NOR?"
Host. "ANY BARBEL ABOUT HERE!! I SHOULD RATHER THINK THERE WAS A FEW; HERE'S THE PICTUR O' WUN MY LITTLE BOY KETCHED JUST HOPPOSIT."



THE INTERESTING STORY.

First Ticket Porter. "AND SO, YOU KNOW, THAT'S ALL I KNOWS ABOUT IT."

Second Ticket Porter. "WELL! I DON'T KNOW AS EVER I KNOWED A MAN AS KNOWS AS MUCH AS YOU KNOWS."



MR. BRIGGS THINKS OF RUNNING DOWN THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW TO HIS FRIEND HAYCOCK FOR A DAY'S SHOOTING, AND HAS BORROWED A DOG TO GO WITH HIM. FOR THE NINTH TIME DURING THE NIGHT HE HAS BEEN DISTURBED BY THE HOWLING OF THE ANIMAL.



THE BANDS OF HOPE;

OR, THE CHILDISH TEETOTAL MOVEMENT.

Grandpapa. "BUT FOR SEVENTY YEARS, MY CHILD, I HAVE FOUND THAT THE MODERATE USE OF THE GOOD THINGS OF THIS LIFE HAS DONE ME GOOD."

Young Hopeful Teetotaller. "ALL A MISTAKE, GRANDPA'. TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS THE THING. LOOK AT ME! I'VE NOT TASTED WINE OR BEER FOR YEARS!"



MR. BRIGGS NO SOONER RETURNS TO HIS BED, THAN MRS. BRIGGS SAYS, "MY DEAR! THERE'S THAT NASTY, TIRESOME DOG AGAIN!!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

Never Juvenile (log.). "SHAKSPEARE? POOH! FOR MY PART I CONSIDER SHAKSPEARE A MUCH OVER-RATED MAN."



SOMETHING LIKE A BROTHER.

Flora. "THAT'S A VERY PRETTY WAISTCOAT, EMILY!"

Emily. "YES, DEAR. IT BELONGS TO MY BROTHER CHARLES. WHEN HE GOES OUT OF TOWN HE PUTS ME ON THE FREE-LIST, AS HE CALLS IT, OF HIS WARDROBE. ISN'T IT KIND?"



A DREADFUL SHOCK TO THE NERVES.

"PLEASE, MEM, LET'S COME UNDER YOUR RUMBERELLER!"



PROFESSOR BUCKWHEAT EDUCING THE AGRICULTURAL MIND.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.



ADVICE GRATIS.

Ellen. "OH, DON'T TEASE ME TO-DAY, CHARLEY; I'M NOT AT ALL WELL!"
Charley (a Man of the World). "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, COUSIN—THE FACT IS, YOU ARE IN LOVE! NOW, YOU TAKE THE ADVICE OF A FELLOW WHO HAS SEEN A GOOD DEAL OF THAT SORT OF THING, AND DON'T GIVE WAY TO IT!"



MR. BRIGGS GROUSE SHOOTING.

9 A.M., HIS ARRIVAL ON THE MOOR. MR. BRIGGS SAYS THAT THE FINE BRACING AIR MAKES HIM SO VIGOROUS THAT HE SHALL NEVER BE BEAT. HE ALSO FACETIOUSLY REMARKS THAT HE IS ON "HIS NATIVE HEATH," AND THAT HIS "NAME IS MACGREGOR!"

The result of the Day's Sport will be communicated by Electric Telegraph.



RELIGION À LA MODE.

Housemaid. "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, PARKER, I SHALL BE VERY GLAD WHEN MISSUS HAS GOT TIRED OF THIS PUSEY-USM. IT MAY BE THE FASHION; BUT WHAT WITH HER COMIN' HOME LATE FROM PARTIES, AND GETTING UP FOR EARLY SERVICE, AND THEN GOIN' TO BED AGAIN, WE POOR SARVINTS HAS DOUBLE WORK A'MOST."



GRANDMAMMA IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE GIVEN MASTER TOM SOME PLUMS.

Master Tom. "NOW, THEN, GRANNY, I'VE EATEN THE PLUMS, AND IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME SIXPENCE, I'LL SWALLOW THE STONES!"



MR. BRIGGS GROUSE SHOOTING.

11 A.M. MR. BRIGGS BEGINS TO SHOW SYMPTOMS OF DISTRESS. HE FINDS HIS "NATIVE HEATH" A VERY DIFFERENT THING TO HIS "NATIVE FLAGSTONES."



NOTHING LIKE PRUDENCE.

Maria (log.). "MY DEAR CHARLES, BEFORE WE THINK OF MARRYING, I MUST ASK YOU WHAT YOU HAVE?"

Charles. "MY DEAR MARIA, I WILL TELL YOU FRANKLY THAT ALL I HAVE IN THE WORLD IS A DRUM AND A CRICKET BAT; BUT PAPA HAS PROMISED ME A BOW AND ARROWS, AND A PONY, IF I'M A GOOD BOY."

Maria. "OH! MY DEAR CHARLES, WE COULD NEVER LIVE AND KEEP HOUSE UPON THAT!"



Old Lady (log.). "BLESS MY HEART! HOW RIDICULOUSLY SMALL THEY DO MAKE THE EYES OF THE NEEDLES NOW-A-DAYS, TO BE SURE!"



12 A.M. TOTAL PROSTRATION OF MR. BRIGGS.



"THAT IS THE QUESTION."

IS WESKETS TO BE GENERALLY WORE THIS SUMMER?



THE POT-HUNTER.



MR. BRIGGS IS OFF AGAIN SHOOTING.



THE LONG VACATION.



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?



MR. BRIGGS ON THE FIRST.

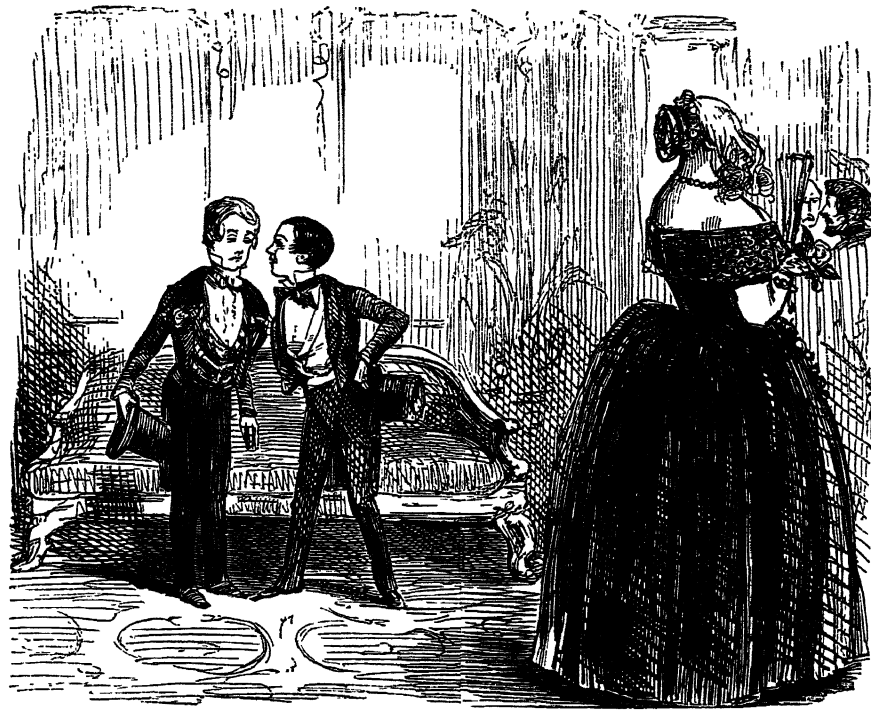
FORTUNATELY FOR MR. BRIGGS (WHO WILL LOAD HIS OWN GUN BECAUSE THEN HE KNOWS WHAT HE IS ABOUT) THE KEEPER DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS PUT ABOUT THREE-QUARTERS OF A POUND OF SHOT INTO HIS RIGHT-HAND BARREL.



LITTLE WOMEN.

First Matron. "HAS YOUR DOLL HAD THE MEASLES, AMELIA? MINE HAS—"

Second Matron. "NO, DEAR. BUT IT'S BEEN VERY FRACTIOUS ABOUT ITS TEETH, AND I'M GOING TO GIVE IT A LITTLE GRAY POWDER."



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "OH, CHARLEY. IF YOU HEAR A REPORT THAT I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED TO THAT GIRL IN BLACK, YOU CAN CONTRADICT IT. THERE'S NOTHING IN IT."



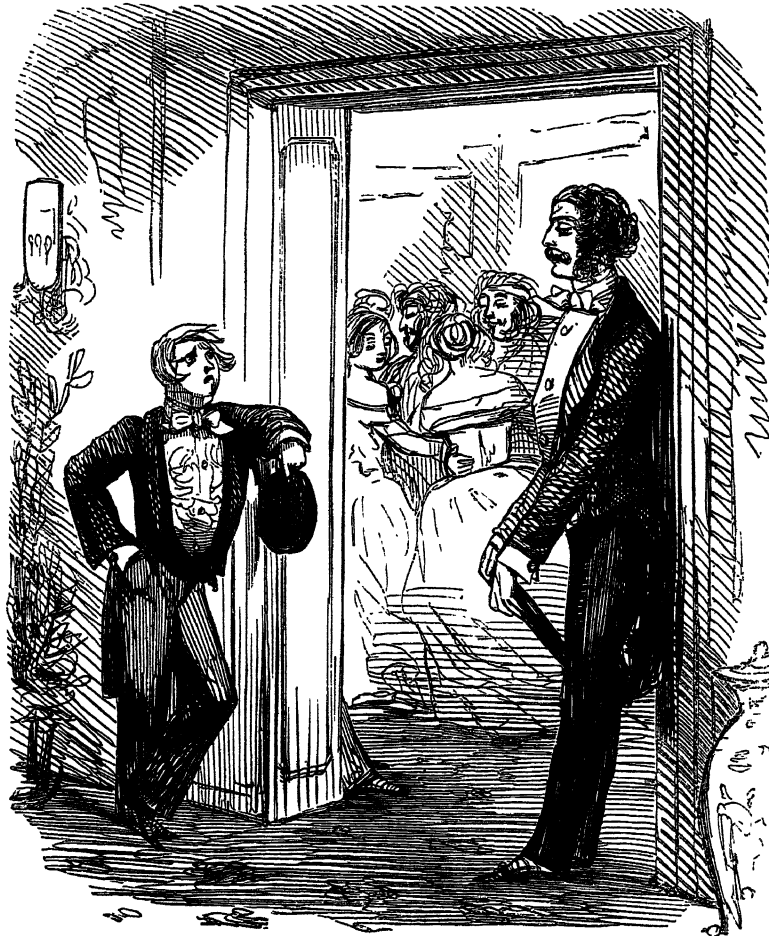
FEW THINGS ARE MORE ANNOYING THAN TO BE SHORT OF POWDER WHEN THERE IS A CHANCE OF GOOD SPORT. MR. BRIGGS FEELING THIS, ORDERS A GOOD SUPPLY, TO BANG AWAY AT THE PHEASANTS TO-MORROW. HE SUGGESTS TO MRS. BRIGGS, THAT IT SHOULD BE KEPT UNDER THEIR BED, TO BE OUT OF THE WAY OF THE CHILDREN!!



THE RISING GENERATION.

Tom. "AH, BILL! I'M QUITE TIRED OF THE DISSIPATION OF THE GAY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD. I THINK I SHALL MARRY AND SETTLE."

Bill. "WELL, I'M DEVILISH SICK OF A BACHELOR'S LIFE MYSELF, BUT I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THROWING MYSELF AWAY IN A HURRY."

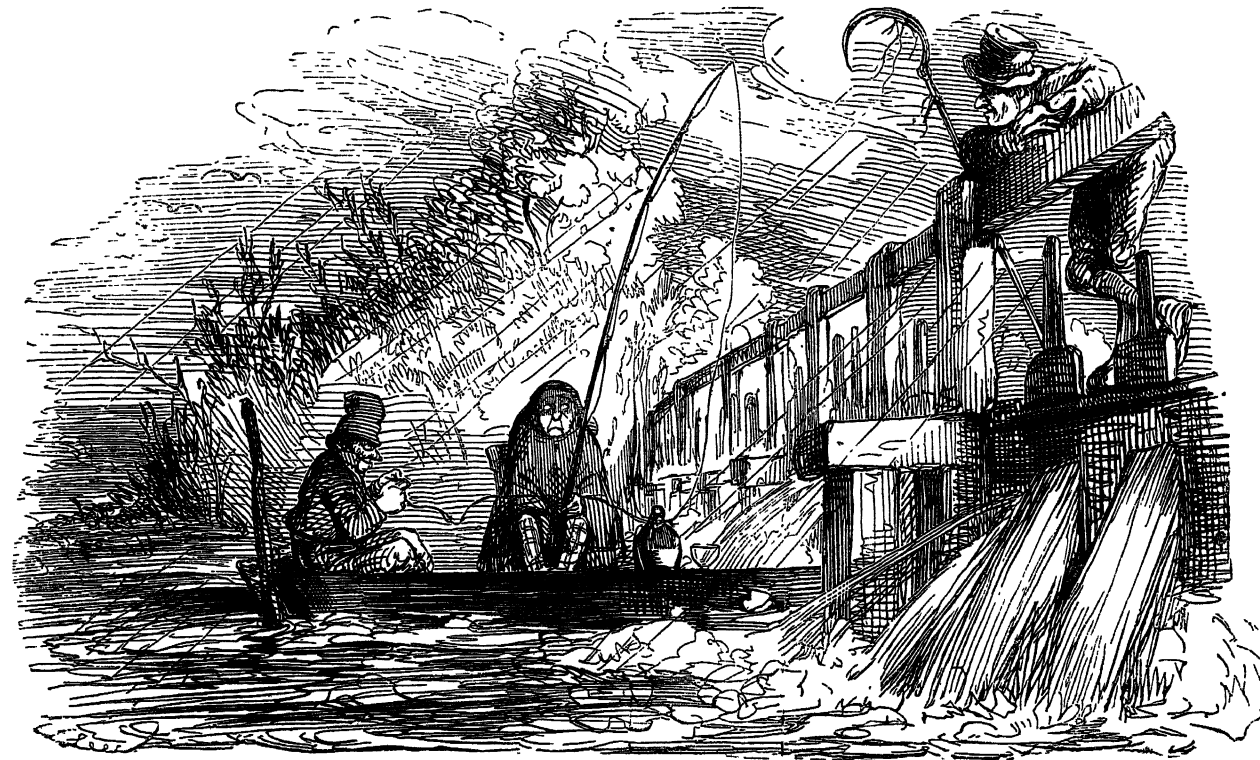


THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile Oxford Man (who does not think Vin Ordinaire of himself). "A—WERE YOU AT EITHER UNIVERSITY?"

Awful Swell. "YA-AS—WHEN I WAS A—BOY!"

[OXFORD MAN departs in a Hansom.]



CONSOLATION.

"NOT KITCHED NONE! AH! SIR, YOU SHOULD HA' BIN HERE LAST TOOSDAY; THERE WAS TWO GENTS. KILLED A UNCOMMON SIGHT A' FISH TO BE SURE, THEN."



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "I TELL YOU WHAT IT IS, GOVERNOR, THE SOONER WE COME TO SOME UNDERSTANDING THE BETTER. YOU CAN'T EXPECT A YOUNG FELLER TO BE ALWAYS AT HOME; AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE WAY I GO ON, WHY I MUST HAVE CHAMBERS, AND SO MUCH A-WEEK?"



THE MORNING AFTER THE DERBY.

First Gent. "WELL NED, HOW DID WE GET HOME LAST NIGHT?"
Second Gent. "OH, I DON'T KNOW! DIDN'T I GO HOME WITH YOU?"



MAY-DAY FOR THE SWEEPS IN 1847.



A BOAT FOR AN HOUR.

Stout Gentleman. "WHAT! IS THAT THE ONLY BOAT YOU HAVE IN?"



Elderly Spinster. "SO, YOU'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED, DEAR, ARE YOU? WELL, FOR MY PART, I THINK NINE-HUNDRED-AND-NINETY-NINE MARRIAGES OUT OF A THOUSAND TURN OUT MISERABLY; BUT OF COURSE EVERY ONE IS THE BEST JUDGE OF THEIR OWN FEELINGS."



TABLEAU—REPRESENTING MR. BRIGGS OUT FOR A DAY'S RABBIT-SHOOTING.



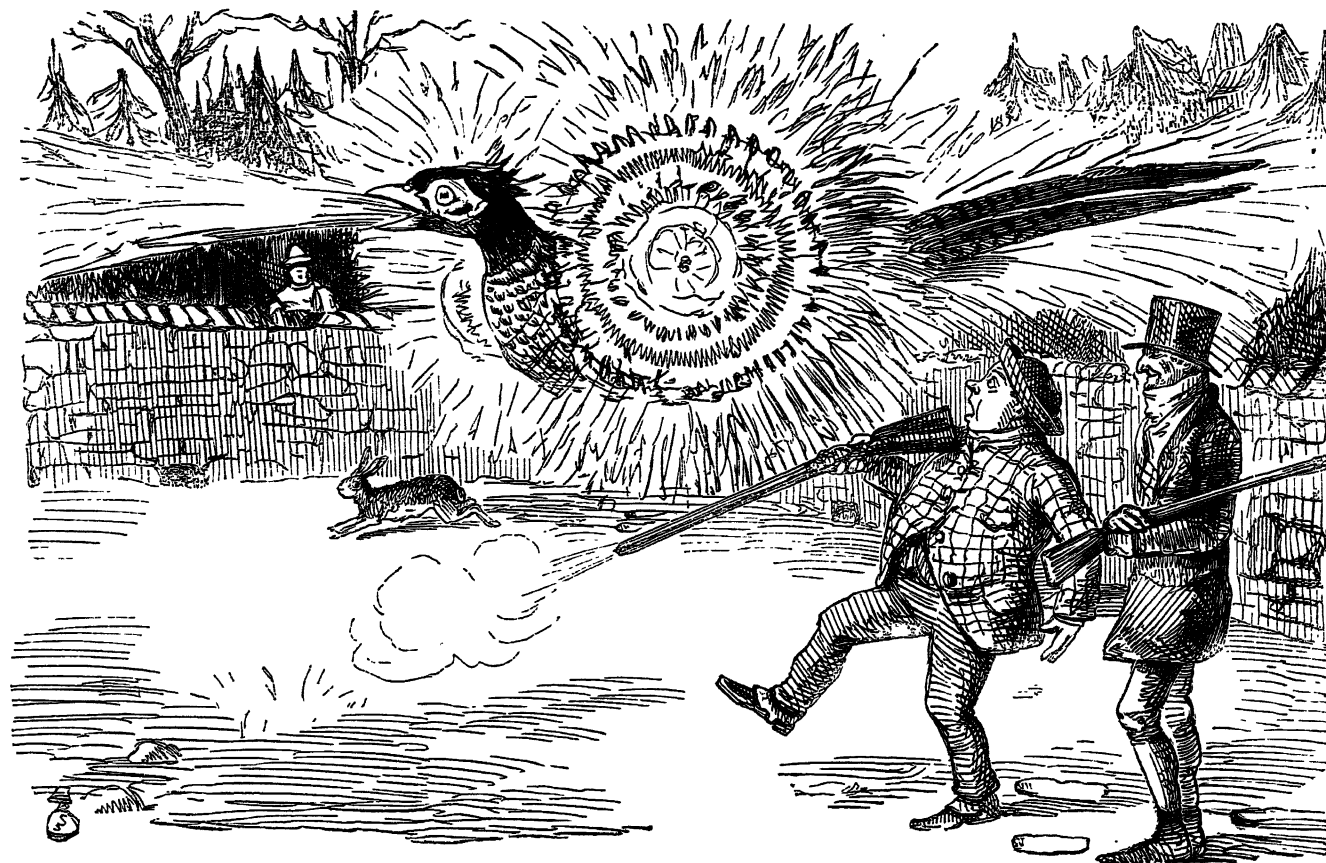
DOG-DAYS! PLEASANT FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Old Lady. "JOHN THOMAS!"
John Thomas. "YES, MY LADY!"
Old Lady. "CARRY ESMERALDA—SHE'S GETTING TIRED, POOR DARLING!"



COMPLIMENTARY.

"OLD 'ARD, BILL! HERE'S ANOTHER HIPPERPOTAMUS."



A FRIEND HAS GIVEN MR. BRIGGS A DAY'S SHOOTING.

A COCK PHEASANT GETS UP, AND MR. BRIGGS'S IMPRESSION IS, THAT A VERY LARGE FIREWORK HAS BEEN LET OFF CLOSE TO HIM. HE IS ALMOST FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.



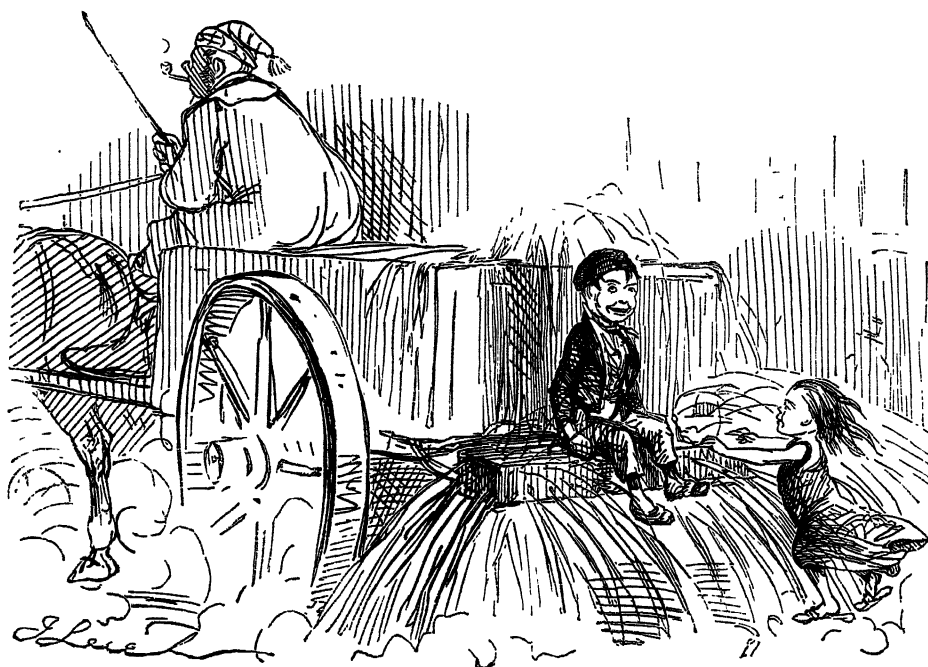
THE PIKE IS A VORACIOUS FISH, AND BITES VERY READILY IN THE WINTER MONTHS.

OLD GENTLEMAN IS VERY FOND OF FISHING!!



HALL ALONG OF THEM BETTING OFFICES.

Betting Flunkey. "LOST? I BELIEVE YER! AND LOST A HATFULL OF MONEY ON THE HOAKS, TOO; AND HOW I'M TO SETTLE WITHOUT PARTING WITH MY JEWELLERY, I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW! AH, MR. BOTTLES, IT'S HARD LINES TO WAIT AT TABLE WITH SUCH CARES AND HANXIETIES."



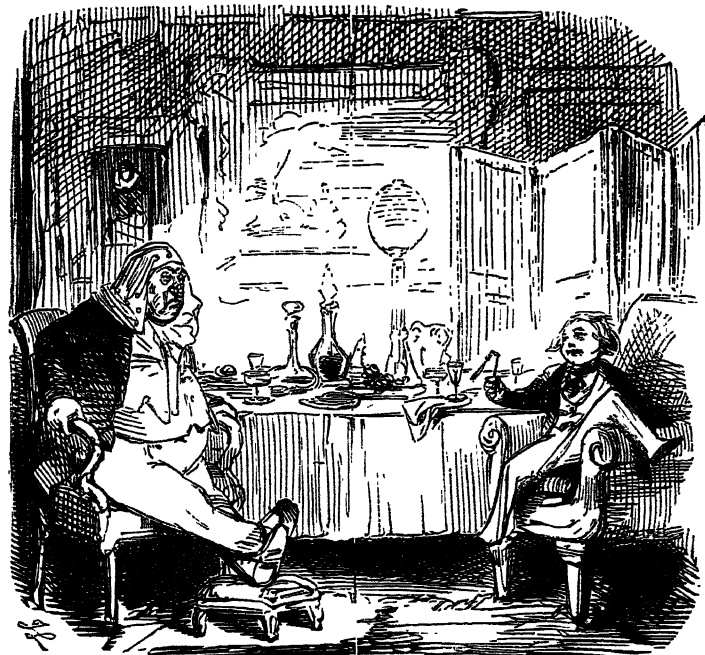
PITY IS AKIN TO LOVE.

Boy (loq.). "O DON'T I PITY THEM POOR NOBS IN CARRIDGES THIS HOT WEATHER!"



A ROMANCE OF ROAST DUCKS.

"MY DARLING, WILL YOU TAKE A LITTLE OF THE—A—THE STUFFING?"
"I WILL, DEAR, IF YOU DO; BUT IF YOU DON'T, I WON'T."



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "UNCLE!"
Uncle. "NOW THEN, WHAT IS IT? THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME YOU'VE WOKE ME UP, SIR!"
Juvenile. "OH! JUST PUT A FEW COALS ON THE FIRE, AND PASS THE WINE, THAT'S A GOOD OLD CHAP."



MR. BRIGGS HAS BACKED HIMSELF TO RIDE A STEEPLE CHASE AGAINST HIS FRIEND MUFFINS, OF THE ST-K EXCH-NGE. HE IS GOING ROUND THE COURSE JUST TO LOOK AT THE JUMPS.

Spectator (to Mr. B.). "OH NO, SIR!—THIS AIN'T THE BIG ONE. THE BIG ONE IS AFTER YOU GET OUT OF THE LANE, AND AFORE YOU COME TO THE BROOK!"



DELICATE.

Bus Conductor. "WOULD ANY LADY BE SO KIND AS TO RIDE OUTSIDE TO OBLIGE A GENTLEMAN?"



MR. BRIGGS IS WEIGHED, OF COURSE.

MR. BRIGGS
RIDES
HIS MATCH.



HIS FRIENDS RECOMMEND HIM A LITTLE JUMPING POWDER.



FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"OH! HERE'S A GO! BLOWED IF I AIN'T LOST MY DIAMOND RING!"



INTRODUCTION OF CHEAP OMNIBUSES AND FRIGHTFUL UPSET OF DIGNITY.

Conductor. "NOW, MARM! WITE-CHAPEL, OR MILE-END—ONLY A PENNY!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



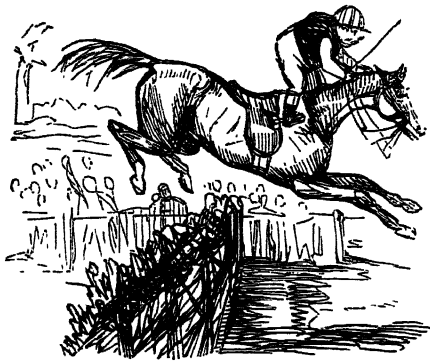
HERE HE TAKES A PRELIMINARY CANTER, AND PUTS HIS HORSE AT A FLIGHT OF HURDLES.



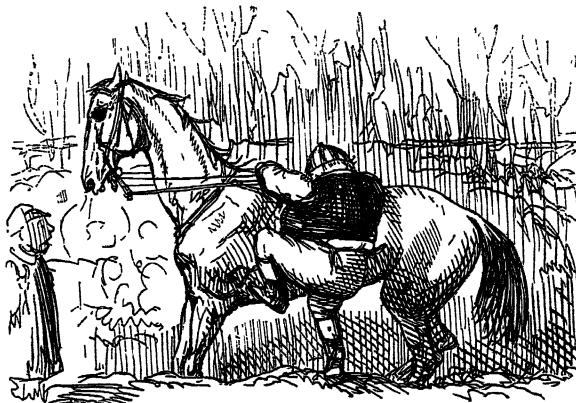
WHO, IN CONSEQUENCE, MAKES A MISTAKE AT THE NEXT FENCE.



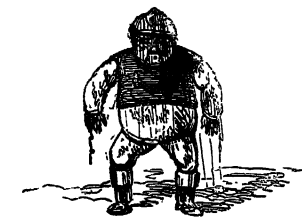
MR. BRIGGS, AS HE APPEARED IN THE BROOK.



AND GETS OVER VERY CLEVERLY.



HOWEVER, MR. BRIGGS IS NOT HURT; AND, AFTER SOME EXERTION, RE-MOUNTS.



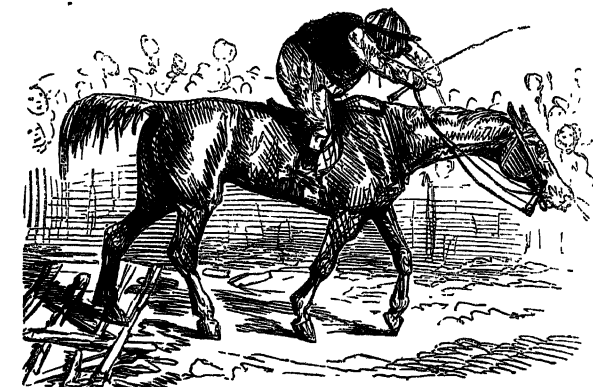
AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE CAME OUT OF THE BROOK.



SOME TIME AFTER THE START, MR. BRIGGS GOES ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE FLAG, AND IS OBLIGED TO GO BACK, WHICH, AS THE GROUND IS RATHER HEAVY, "TAKES IT OUT OF OLD BLUNDERBUSS CONSIDERABLY."



MR. BRIGGS, AS HE APPEARED COMING TO THE BROOK. IN THE DISTANCE MAY BE OBSERVED HIS OPPONENT, WHO HAS A NASTY FALL, BUT FORTUNATELY TUMBLES ON HIS HEAD.



PORTRAIT OF MR. BRIGGS WINNING THE RACE. N.B. THE DENSE CROWD IS CHEERING HIM.



A GREAT LOSS.

Rapid Undergraduate. "WELL, JACKSON! YOU SEE THEY'VE PLUCKED ME AGAIN."

Porter of St. Boniface. "YE-ES, SIR, I WAS VERY SORRY WHEN I'HEARD OF IT, SIR."

Undergraduate. "AH! I DID INTEND GOING INTO THE CHURCH, AND BEING AN ORNAMENT TO THE PROFESSION—BUT AS THEY WON'T LET ME THROUGH—I THINK—I SHALL CUT THE WHOLE CONCERN."



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER OF 1846.



RAILWAY LITERATURE.

Book Stall Keeper. "BOOK, MA'AM? YES, MA'AM. HERE'S A POPULAR WORK BY AN EMINENT SURGEON, JUST PUBLISHED, 'BROKEN LEGS, AND HOW TO MEND THEM;' OR, WOULD YOU LIKE THE LAST NUMBER OF 'THE RAILWAY OPERATOR!'"



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER HAVING A LITTLE BALL PRACTICE.



RATHER A BAD LOOK-OUT.

Young Sister. "I SHOULD SO LIKE TO GO TO A PARTY, MA."
Mamma. "MY DEAR, DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. AS I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE (I AM SURE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY TIMES), THAT UNTIL FLORA IS MARRIED, IT IS UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO GO OUT; SO DO NOT ALLUDE TO THE SUBJECT AGAIN, I BEG."

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



ONE OF THE EFFECTS OF THE BLACKGUARD BETTING OFFICES.

Sporting Character. "I DON'T EXACTLY LIKE ROBBING MASTER, BUT I MUST MEET MY ENGAGEMENTS."



PRESENTATION OF COLOURS TO THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.



YOUNG AFFECTION.



INTERESTING.

"I HAVE CALLED, MR. SQUILLS, TO SAY THAT MY DARLING LITTLE DOG (!) HAS TAKEN ALL HIS MIXTURE, BUT HIS COUGH IS NO BETTER."



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER FORMS HIMSELF INTO A SQUARE, AND RESISTS A CHARGE OF CAVALRY.



CURIOUS EFFECT OF RELAXING AIR.

SCENE—Not a hundred miles from the I—e of W—t.

N.B.—(MR. SO-AND-SO HOPES BY A STRICT ATTENTION TO BUSINESS TO MERIT A CONTINUANCE OF THOSE FAVOURS, WHICH IT WILL EVER BE," &C., &C., &C.)

Traveller (much excited). "BLESS MY HEART! THERE'S THE BELL RINGING ON THE PIER. HOLLO! WHY, WHERE'S THE CARPET BAG I LEFT IN THE PASSAGE?"

Hotel Keeper (faintly). "OH, HOW SHOULD I KNOW? DON'T ASK ME, I'M ONLY THE LANDLORD. YOU HAD BETTER TRY IF YOU CAN'T WAKE ONE OF THE WAITERS."



MELANCHOLY REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

"POOR SWEEPER, LADIES. RAILWAY DIRECTOR ONCE, LADIES."

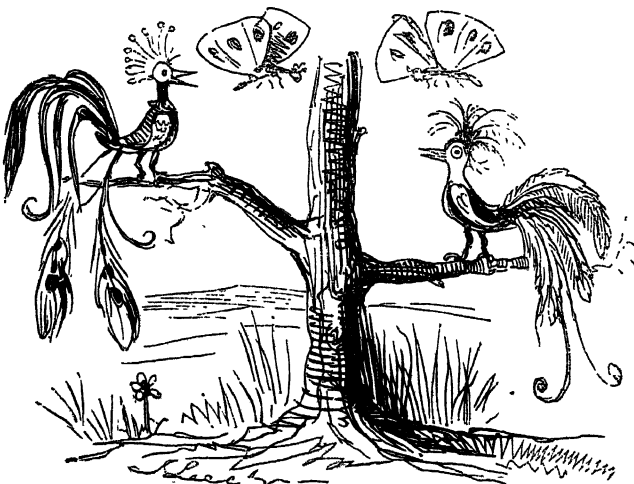


THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER

HAVING A COLD IN HIS HEAD, RESORTS TO AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF PRESERVING HIS HEALTH WITHOUT DESERTING HIS POST.



THE BIVOUAC OF THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.

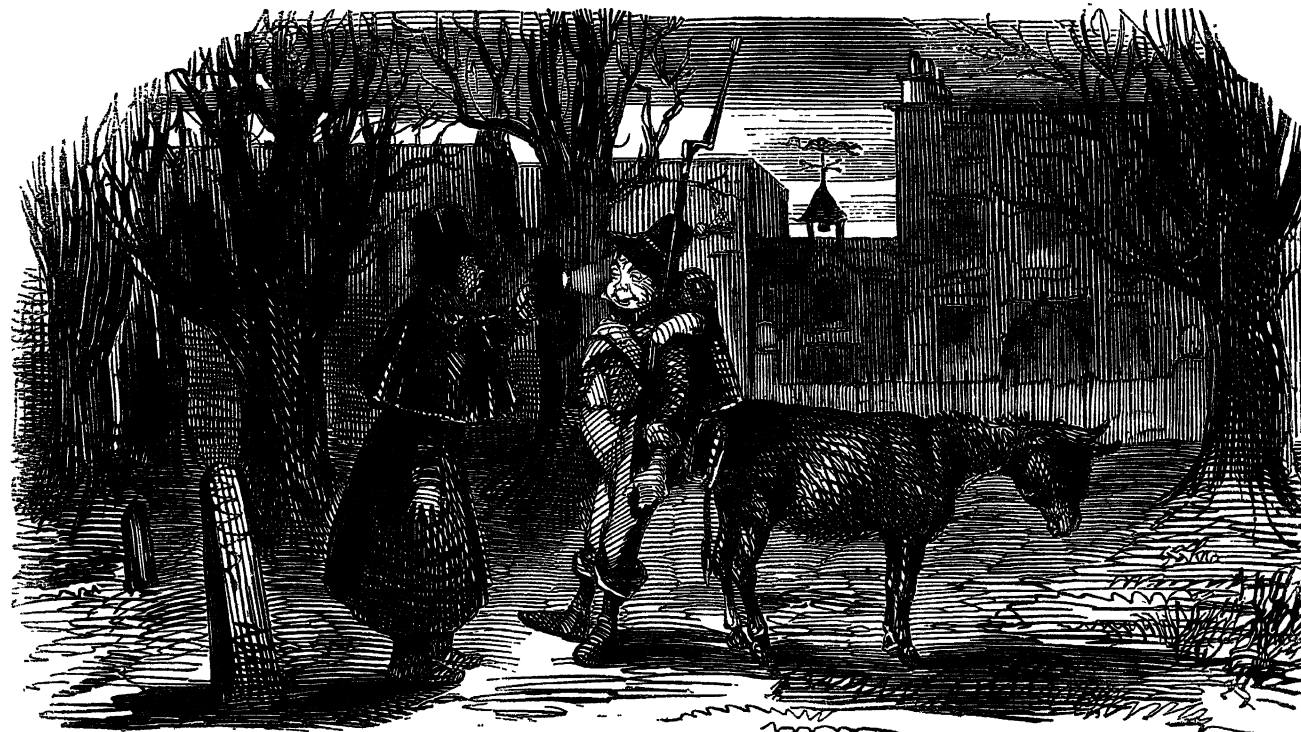


A DESIGN FOR AN ALBUM.



WOUNDED PRIDE.

Small Boy. "NOW, THEN, YOU SIR! DON'T YOU KNOW NO BETTER THAN TO RUN AGIN A MIMBER O' PARLIAMENT —JUST YOU COME BACK, AND PICK UP MY 'AT, OR I'M BLOWED IF I DON'T MAKE YER!"



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER

HAVING CURED HIS COLD WITH RUM-AND-WATER, RESOLVES NOT TO GO HOME "TILL DAY-LIGHT DOES APPEAR." HE ASSURES THE POLICEMAN THAT "IT'S ALL RIGHT."



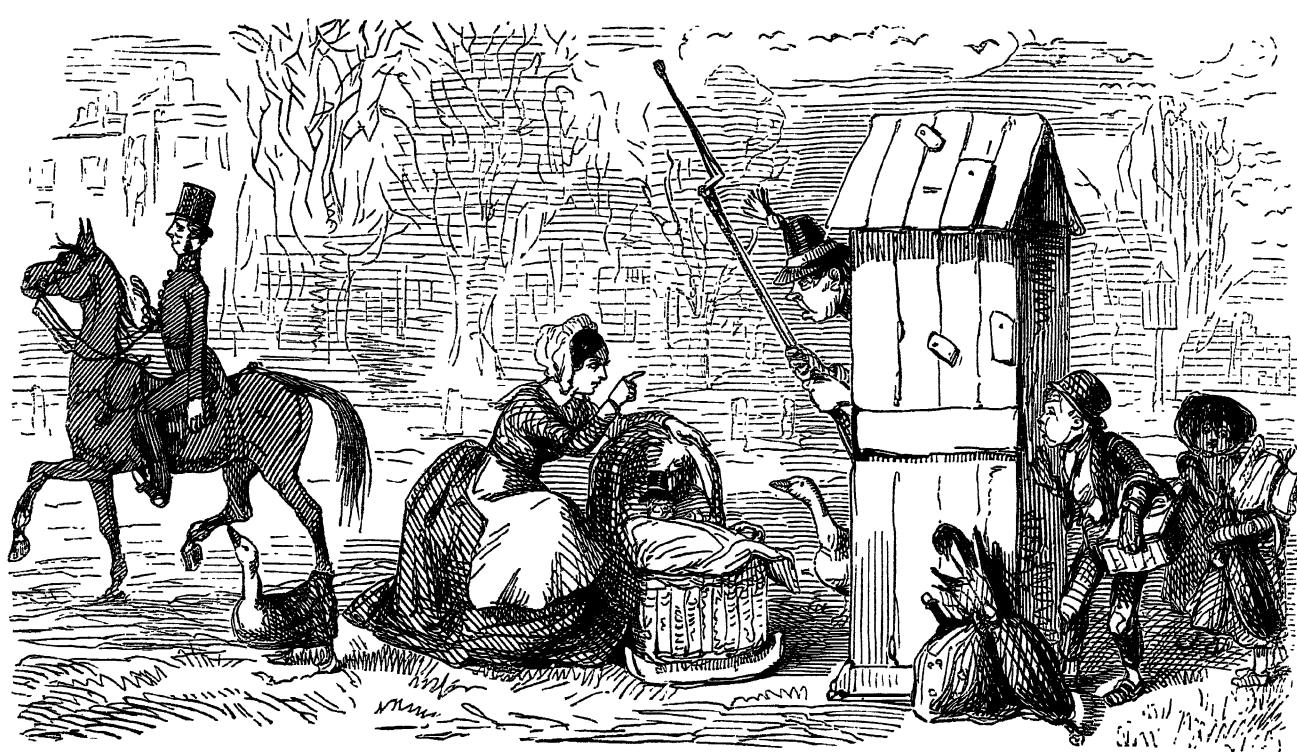
PRIDE.

Page. "THAT POOR DEVIL AIN'T MIXED MUCH IN SOCIETY!"



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Tom. "JACK! WHEREABOUTS IS AMSTID—AM?"
Jack. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY EXACKERLY, BUT I KNOW IT'S SOMEWHERE NEAR AMSTID-EATH!"



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER

HAVING BEEN DRUNK AND DISORDERLY, IS ORDERED BY HIS "DASHING WHITE SERJEANT" TO DO DOUBLE DUTY.



OH! THE CURTAINS.

Objectionable Child. "LOR, PA! ARE YOU GOING TO SMOKE? MY EYE! WON'T YOU CATCH IT WHEN MA COMES HOME, FOR MAKING THE CURTAINS SMELL?"



A SKETCH FROM NATURE, TAKEN NEAR THE FREEMASONS' TAVERN.

Old Gentleman. "GOOD GRACIOUS! IT'S STRIKING, AND THEY'LL HAVE BEGUN DINNER."



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.

THE NIGHTS ARE STILL CHILLY; THEREFORE OUR FRIEND WARMS THE BED FOR HIS FAMILY PREVIOUS TO HIS GOING ON GUARD.



AFTER THE PANTOMIME.

Mary. "OH! HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A BEAUTIFUL COLUMBINE, AND RIDE ABOUT IN A GOLD CAR DRAWN BY WHITE DOVES!"
Augustus. "AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A HARLEQUIN, AND CHANGE WHOLE STREETS INTO REALMS OF DAZZLING DELIGHT!"
Tom (a rude boy). "AND HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO BE THE OLD CLOWN, AND MAKE BUTTER SLIDES ON THE PAVEMENT TO UPSET OLD LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!"



A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

Bootmaker (with great feeling). "OH, NO, SIR! DON'T HAVE NAPOLEONS; HAVE TOPS, SIR!—YOURS IS A BEAUTIFUL LEG FOR A TOP BOOT, SIR!—*(young Nimrod is immensely pleased)*—BEAUTIFUL LEG, SIR! SAME SIZE ALL THE WAY DOWN, SIR!"—*(young Nimrod is immensely disgusted.)*



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.

OWING TO THE MILDNESS OF THE SEASON, HE LOOKS UP HIS DUCKS.

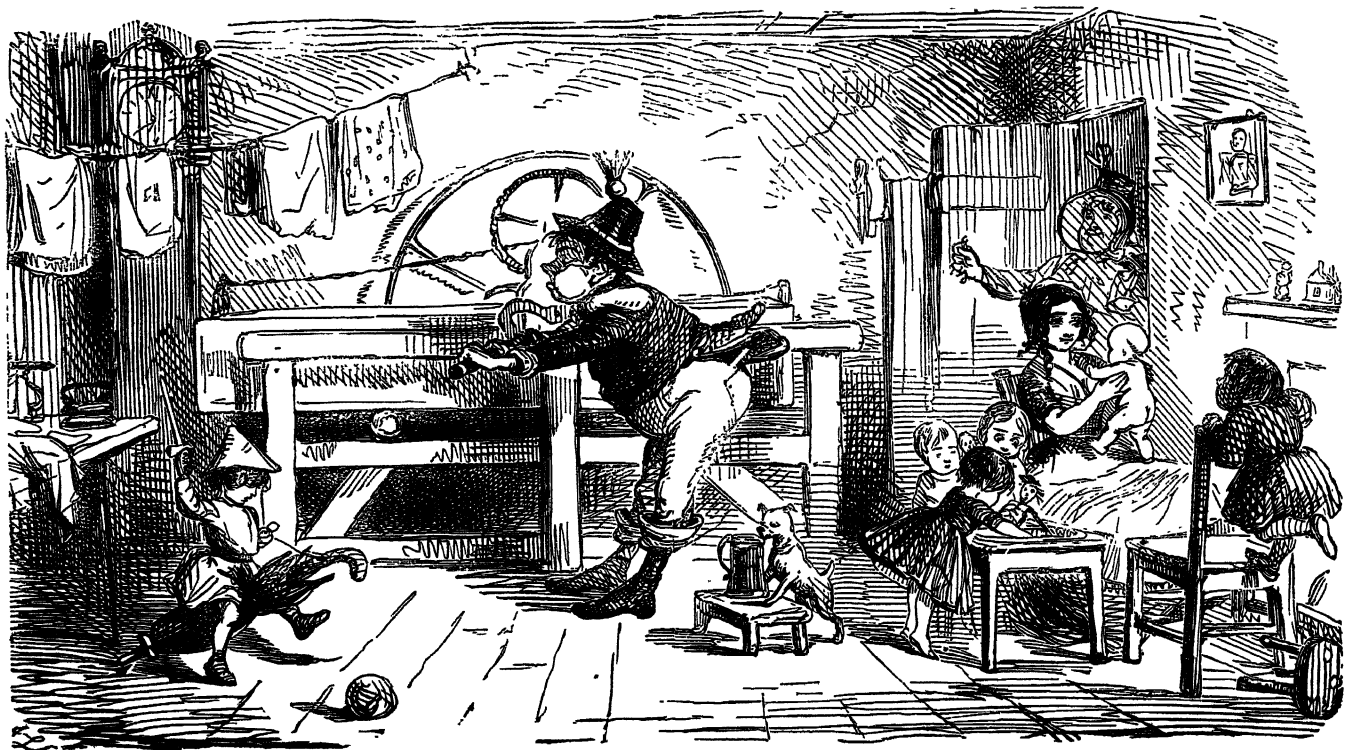


ONLY A PENNY! A SENSIBLE AND INGENIOUS TOY FOR CHILDREN.

(See London Streets.)



Militia Man (log.). "ALEXANDER, WHEN YOU'VE TITTIVATED THAT GENT, YOU MUST COME TO DRILL."



THE BROOK-GREEN VOLUNTEER.

HAVING GIVEN HIMSELF LEAVE OF ABSENCE, HE ENJOYS A LITTLE DOMESTIC FELICITY.

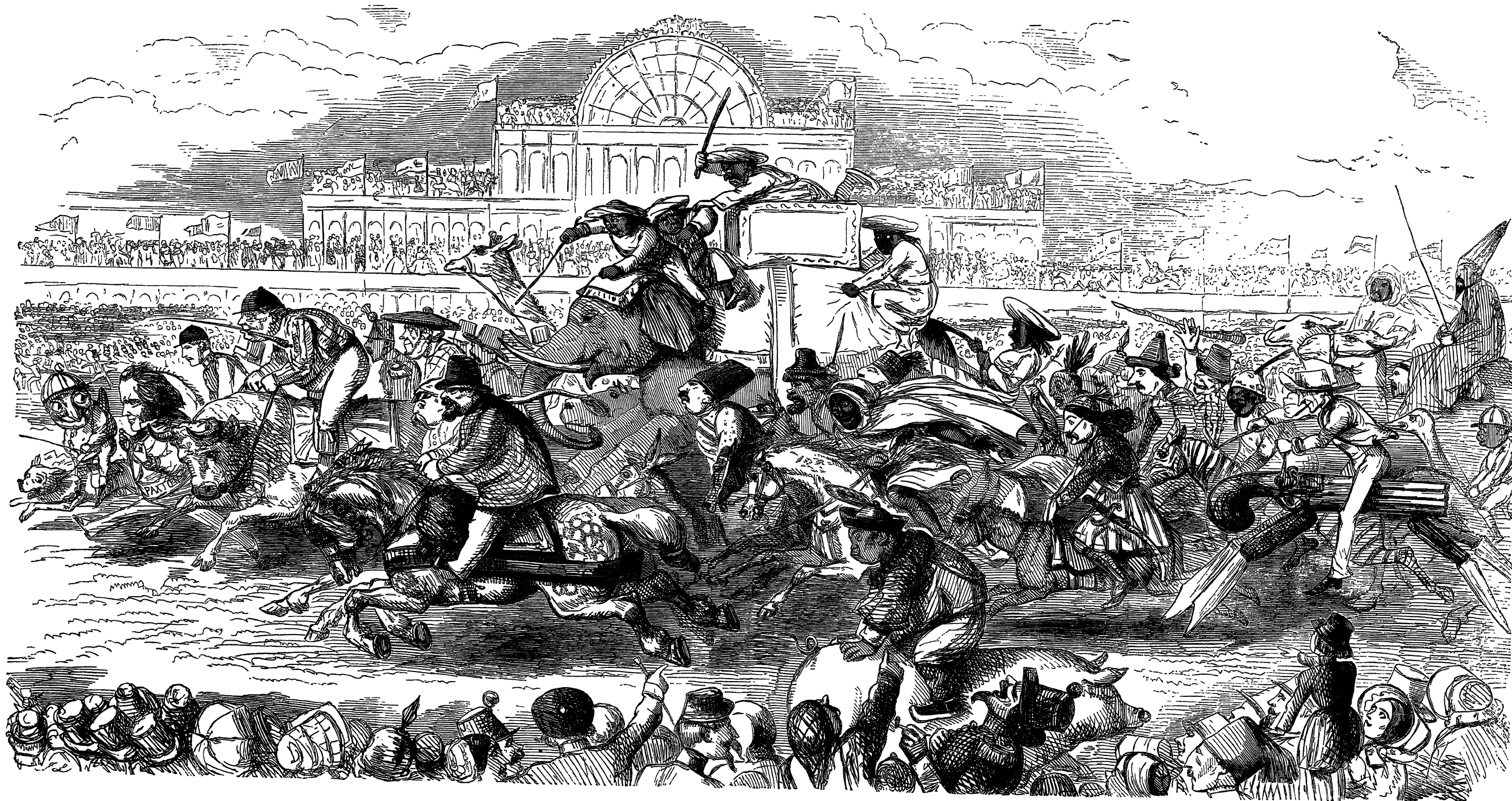


A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

"WHERE SHALL I SAY YOU'RE GONE TO, JIM, IF ANYONE CALLS?"
"OH, THE OLD SHOP—KENSINGTON GARDENS, TO HEAR THE BAND PLAY!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.



THE GREAT DERBY RACE FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE.



A STAGGERER FOR AN EXCURSIONIST.

Foreigner (with profuse gesticulation). "PARDON, M'SIEU! FAUT-IL ALLER A DROITE, A GAUCHE, OU EN FACE, POUR ME RENDRE À PEEK-A-PEEK-A-DELEE?" (*Piccadilly.*)



MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

"MON DIEU, ALPHONSE! REGARDEZ-DONC. COMMENT APPELLE-T-ON CETTE MACHINE LÀ?"
"TIENS, C'EST DRÔLE—MAIS JE NE SAIS PAS."



THE HAT FOR 1851.

Hatter. "YOU COULDN'T HAVE A MORE BECOMING HAT, SIR—AND THEY'LL BE A GREAT DEAL WORN AT THE OPENING OF THE EXHIBITION."



A GENTLEMAN FROM THE COUNTRY MISTAKES THE CRYSTAL SENT BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE FOR THE KOH-I-NOOR DIAMOND.



Conductor. "HOLD HARD, BILL! HERE'S A COUPLE MORE LEICESTER SQUARES A-COMIN'."



"NOW, MARM, THIS GOES TO THE CHRISTIAL PALIS."
"BLESS THE MAN! I DON'T WANT NO CHRISTIAL PALISES. I AM GOIN' TO THE BOROUGH."

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO HAS BEEN
HONOURABLY MENTIONED BY PRINCE ALBERT!

"HONOURABLY MENTIONED, INDEED! IS THAT ALL? SCANDALOUS!"



MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

THE CRUSH ROOM AT THE OPERA, SEPT., 1851,—“MR. CHAWBACON’S CART STOPS THE WAY.”



Uncle. “SO, YOU’VE BEEN TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE—
HAVE YOU, GUS?”

Gus. “YES, UNCLE.”

Uncle. “WELL, NOW, I’LL GIVE YOU SIXPENCE IF YOU
WILL TELL ME WHAT YOU ADMIRER MOST IN THAT TEMPLE
OF INDUSTRY?”

Gus. (unhesitatingly). “VEAL AND ‘AM PIES, AND THE
GINGER BEER. GIVE US THE SIXPENCE.”



CROWDED STATE OF LODGING-HOUSES.

Lodging-house Keeper. “ON’Y THIS ROOM TO LET, MEM. A FOUR POST—A TENT—AND A VERY
COMFORTABLE DOUBLE-BEDDED CHEST OF DRAWERS FOR THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN.”



MR. CHAWBACON “COMING DOWN.”



SCENE—EXHIBITION REFRESHMENT ROOM.

Visitor. “PINT O’ BEER, MISS, PLEASE.”

Miss. “DON’T KEEP IT. YOU CAN HAVE A STRAWBERRY ICE AND A WAFER.”



A PRODIGIOUS NUISANCE.

Learned (but otherwise highly objectionable) Child (log.). "OH, MAMMA, DEAR! WHAT DO YOU THINK? I ASKED MR. — AND MISS — TO NAME SOME OF THE REMARKABLE EVENTS FROM THE YEAR 700 TO THE YEAR 600 B.C., AND THEY COULDN'T. BUT I CAN—AND—THE SECOND MESSINIAN WAR COMMENCED; AND—THE POET TYRTÆUS FLOURISHED; BYZANTIUM WAS FOUNDED BY THE INHABITANTS OF MEGARA; DRACO GAVE LAWS TO ATHENS; TERPANDER OF LESBOS, THE MUSICIAN AND POET; THALES OF MILETUS, THE PHILOSOPHER; ALCÆUS AND SAPPHO, THE POETS, FLOURISHED; AND NEBUCHADNEZ—"

[Sensation from right and left, during which the voice of Child is happily drowned.]



THE OPERA.

Box-Keeper. "STALLS 216 AND 17. THIS WAY, MA'AM; LAST ROW, MA'AM. WON'T YOU LIKE A BOOK, MA'AM?"



THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—THE DIVING-DRESS DEPARTMENT.

IN THE FOREGROUND IS A TROUBLESOME BOY, WHO HAS STRAYED FROM HIS PARTY AND COME SUDDENLY UPON THE FIGURE. HE IS HURRYING AWAY, FEAR DEPICTED ON HIS COUNTENANCE.



KEY TO TABLEAU.

1, Diving Dress Complete. 2, A Troublesome Boy. 3, 4, 5, His Party.

A MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.



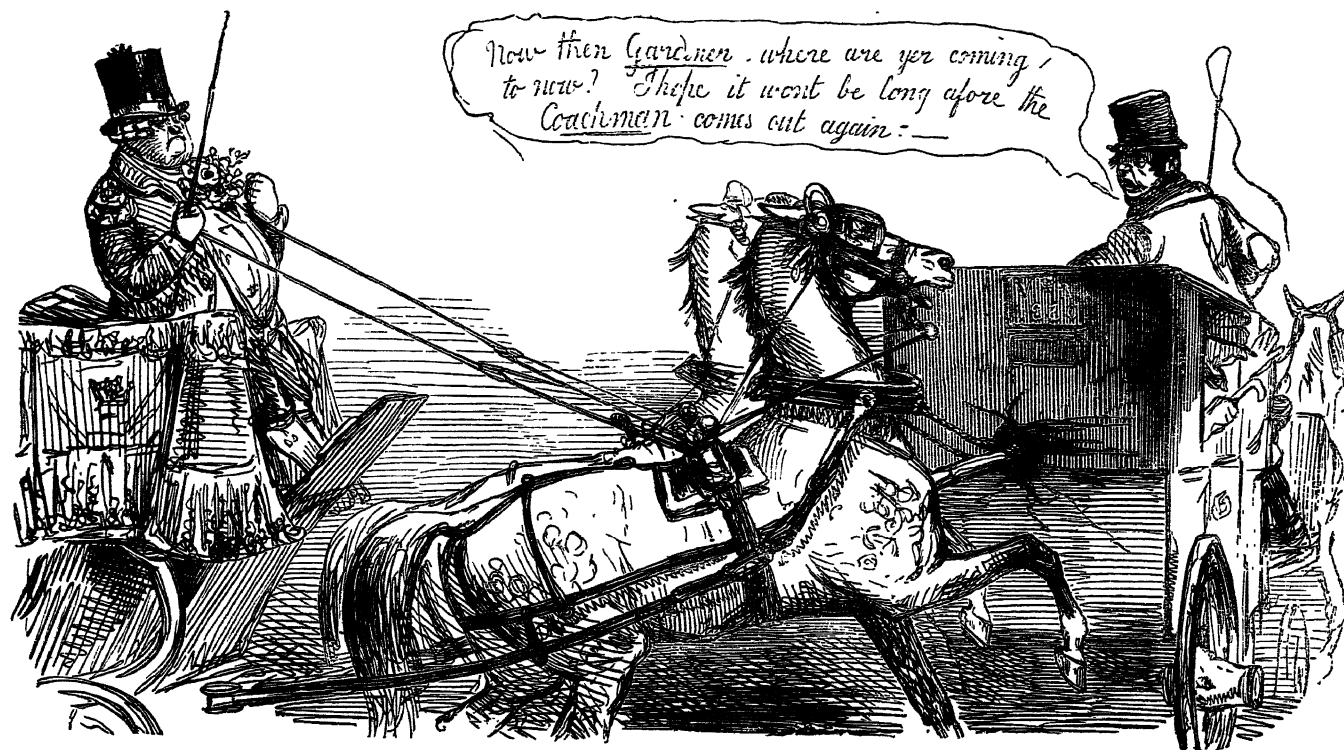
COMPARATIVE LOVE.

Papa. "SO, CHARLEY, YOU REALLY ARE IN LOVE WITH THE LITTLE BLACK-EYED GIRL YOU MET LAST NIGHT?"
Charley. "YES, PAPA, I LOVE HER DEARLY!"
Papa. "HOW MUCH DO YOU LOVE HER, CHARLEY? DO YOU LOVE HER AS MUCH AS PUDDING?"
Charley. "OH YES, PAPA! AND A GREAT DEAL BETTER THAN PUDDING. BUT—
(pausing to reflect)—I DON'T LOVE—HER SO MUCH AS—JELLY!"

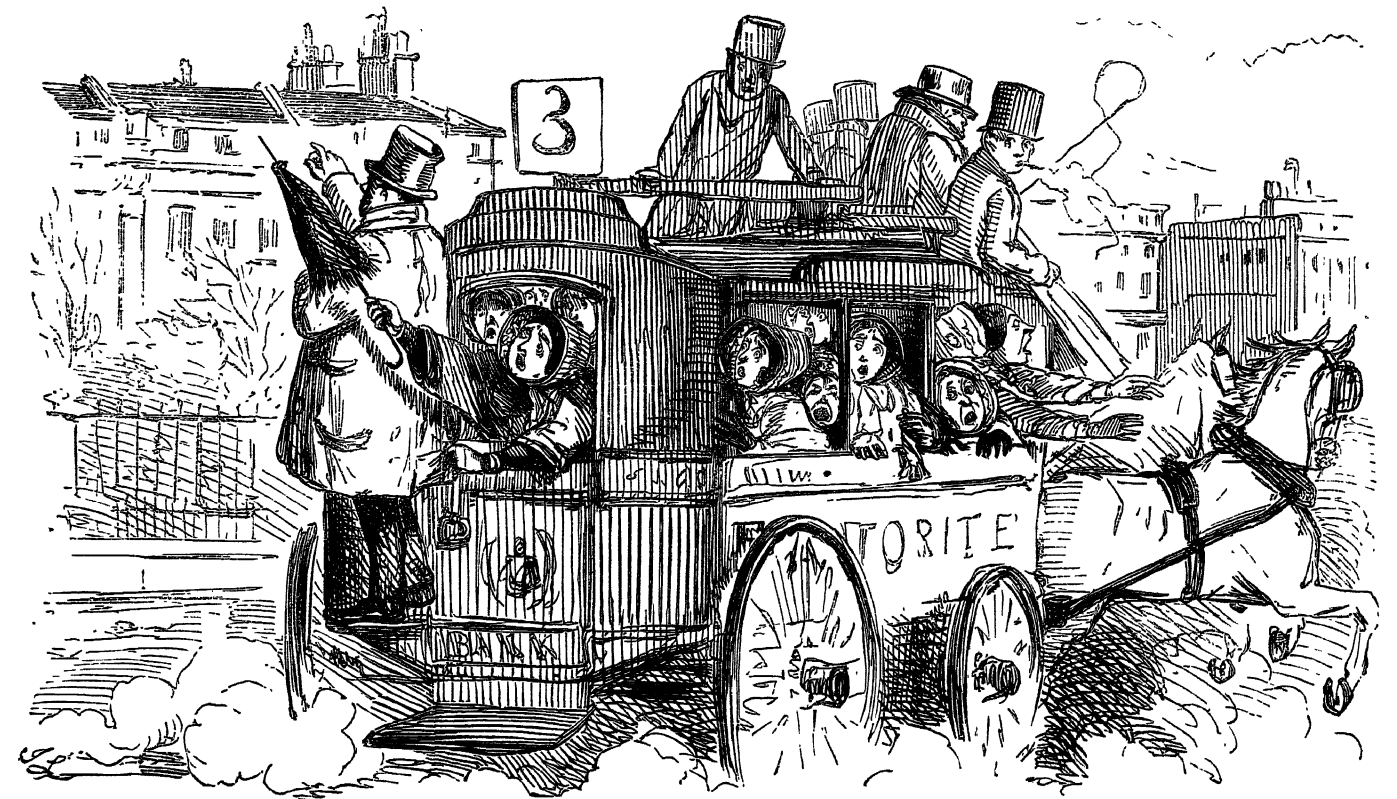


PREPARING FOR THE DERBY.

"I SAY, MISTER, JUST PUT US UP A COUPLE OF GREEN WELLS, WILL YER? THE DUST IS SO UNCOMMON DISAGREEABLE A-DRIVING DOWN TO HEFSOM!"



BITTER SARCASM.



ALARMING OCCURRENCE.

Chorus of Unprotected Females. "CONDUCTOR! STOP! CONDUCTOR! OMNIBUS-MAN! HERE'S A GENTLEMAN HAD AN ACCIDENT AND BROKE A JAR OF LEECHES, AND THEY'RE ALL OVER THE OMNIBUS!"



FISHING OFF A WATERING PLACE.
PERHAPS THE JOLLIEST THING IN THE WORLD (!)



ESTABLISHMENT OF COUNTY COURTS—THE OLD LAW COURTS HAVE NOTHING TO DO.

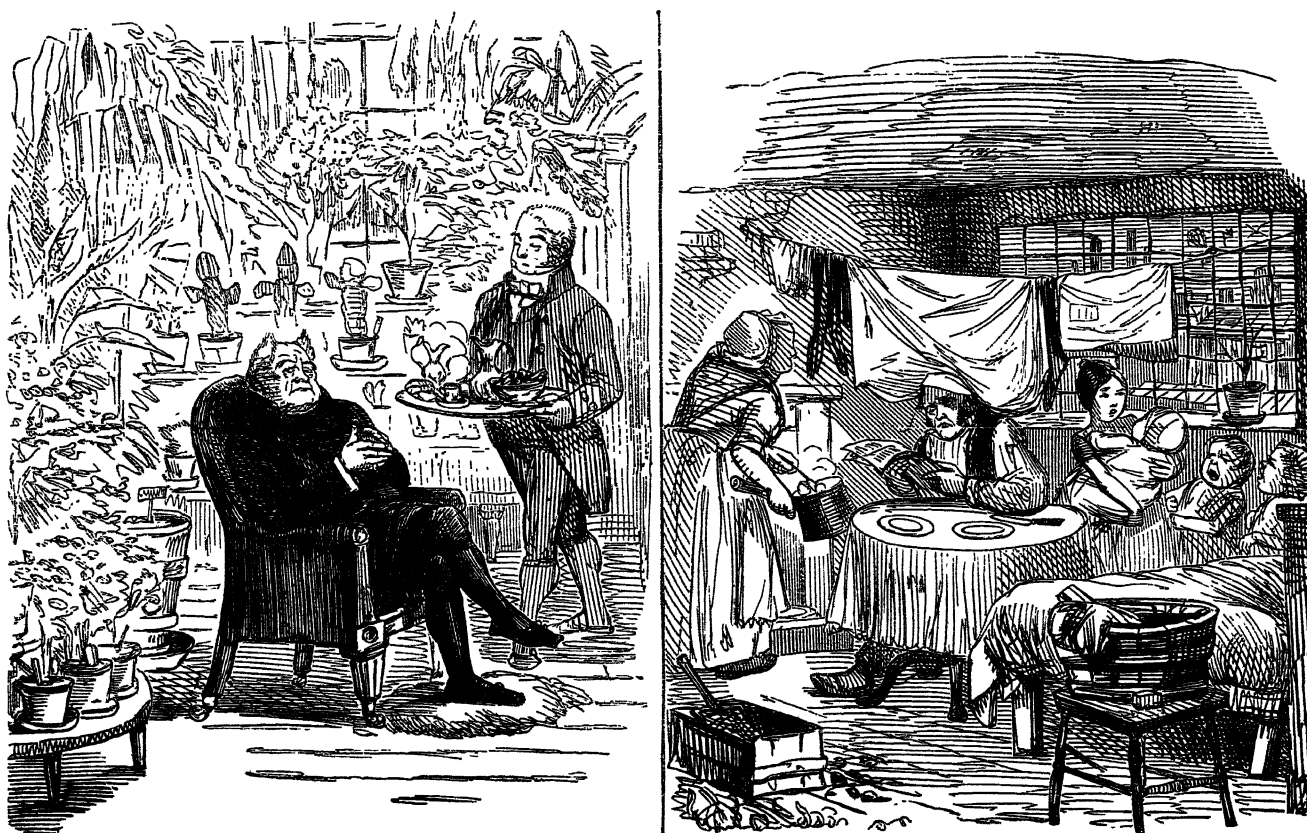


GRAND SHOW OF PRIZE VEGETARIANS.



A QUIET WEED.

Guard. "SOME ONE BEEN SMOKING, I THINK?"
Passenger. "WHAT! SMOKING! THAT'S VERY REPREHENSIBLE. PERHAPS IT WAS THE CLERICAL GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST GOT OUT OF THE NEXT COMPARTMENT."



THE GARRET AND THE CONSERVATORY.

Gentle Pluralist. "WHAT THE PEOPLE CAN WANT WITH A CRYSTAL PALACE ON SUNDAYS, I CAN'T THINK! SURELY THEY OUGHT TO BE CONTENTED WITH THEIR CHURCH AND THEIR HOME AFTERWARDS."



A DELICATE ATTENTION.

AN OLD GENTLEMAN, ANXIOUS THAT HIS WIFE SHOULD POSSESS SOME TRIFLE FROM THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851, PURCHASES (AMONGST OTHER THINGS) THE STUFFED ELEPHANT, AND THE MODEL OF THE DODO.



HORRIBLE INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

AS THE SERVANTS ARE GONE TO BED, THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE ENDEAVOURS TO GET A LITTLE BIT OF SUPPER FOR HIMSELF. HE CAN'T CONCEIVE WHERE THE DEUCE THE THINGS ARE ALL KEPT; AND HE IS ALMOST TORN TO PIECES BY THE BLACK NATIVES OF THE KITCHEN. [It may be urged that the *Natives*, as represented in the *Tableau*, are small in proportion to the other objects; but as they are not agreeable creatures, it was thought advisable to keep them down in size.]



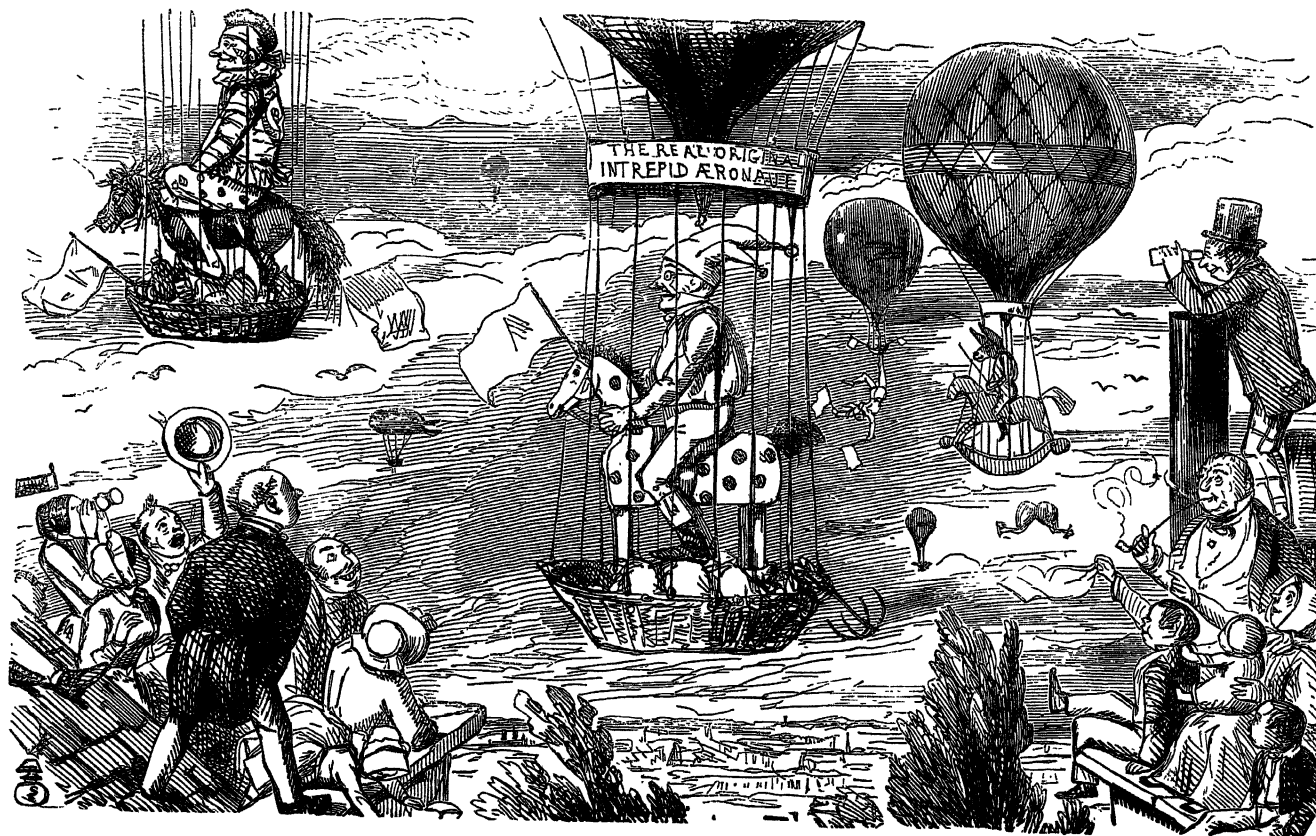
A BON-BON FROM JUVENILE PARTY.

Alfred. "I SAY, FRANK, ARN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE SOME SUPPER?"
Frank. "A—NOT AT PRESENT. I SHALL WAIT TILL THE WOMEN LEAVE THE ROOM."



TURFITES.

"I SAY, OLD FELLOW, HOW DO YOU GO TO THE DERBY THIS YEAR?"
"OH, THE OLD WAY—HAMPER AND FOUR."



BALLOONING.



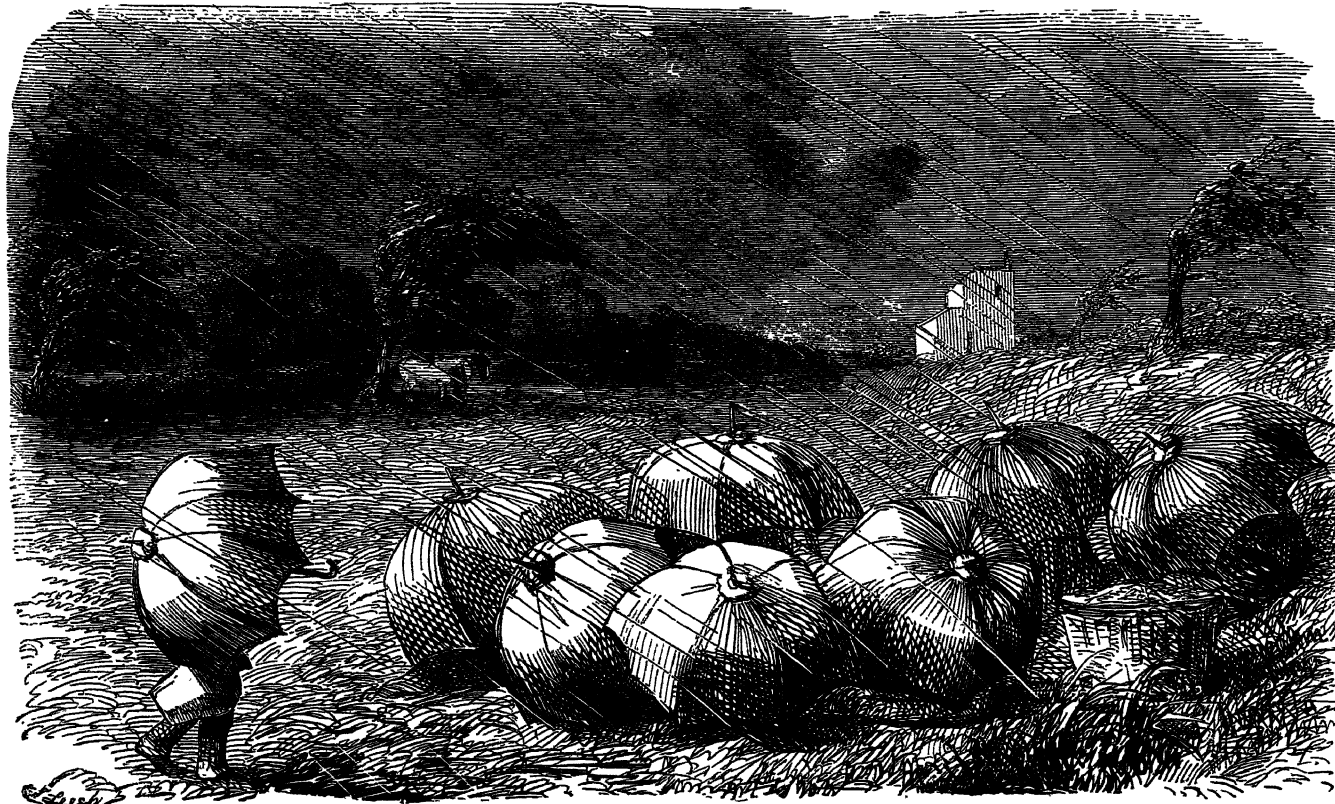
SCENE, WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—TIME, TWO ON A FOGGY MORNING.

Reduced Tradesman (to a little party returning home). "DID YOU WANT TO BUY A GOOD RAZOR?"



GOING TO COVER.

Voice in the distance. "NOW, THEN, SMITH—COME ALONG!"
Smith. "OH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY, COME ALONG! WHEN HE WON'T MOVE A STEP; AND I'M AFRAID HE'S GOING TO LIE DOWN."



THE PIC-NIC.

Contented Man (loq.). "WHAT A NICE DAMP PLACE WE HAVE SECURED; AND HOW VERY FORTUNATE WE ARE IN THE WEATHER; IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SO PROVOKING FOR US ALL TO HAVE BROUGHT OUR UMBRELLAS AND THEN TO HAVE HAD A FINE DAY!! GLASS OF WINE, BRIGGS, EH?"



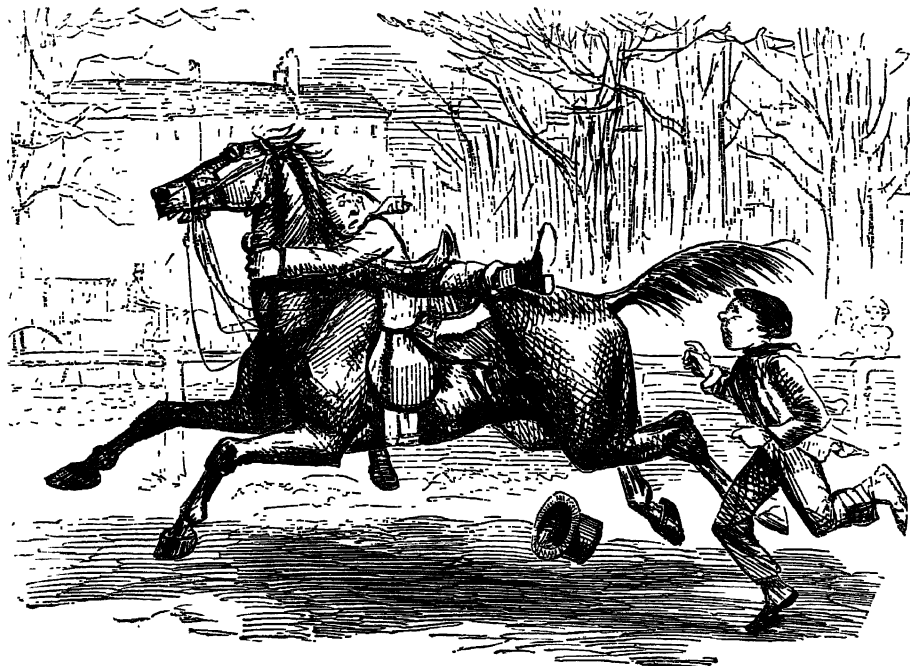
ROMANCE AND REALITY.

Beautiful Being (who is all soul). "HOW GRAND, HOW SOLEMN, DEAR FREDERICK, THIS IS! I REALLY THINK THE OCEAN IS MORE BEAUTIFUL UNDER THIS ASPECT THAN UNDER ANY OTHER!"
Frederick (who has about as much poetry in him as a Codfish). "HM—AH! YES. PER-WAPS. BY THE WAY, BLANCHE—THERE'S A FELLA SWIMMING. S'POSE WE ASK HIM IF HE CAN GET US SOME PRAWNS FOR BWEAKFAST TO-MOWAW MORNING?"



THE NOSE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS PUT OUT OF JOINT BY THE YOUNG ELEPHANT.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



RATHER SEVERE.

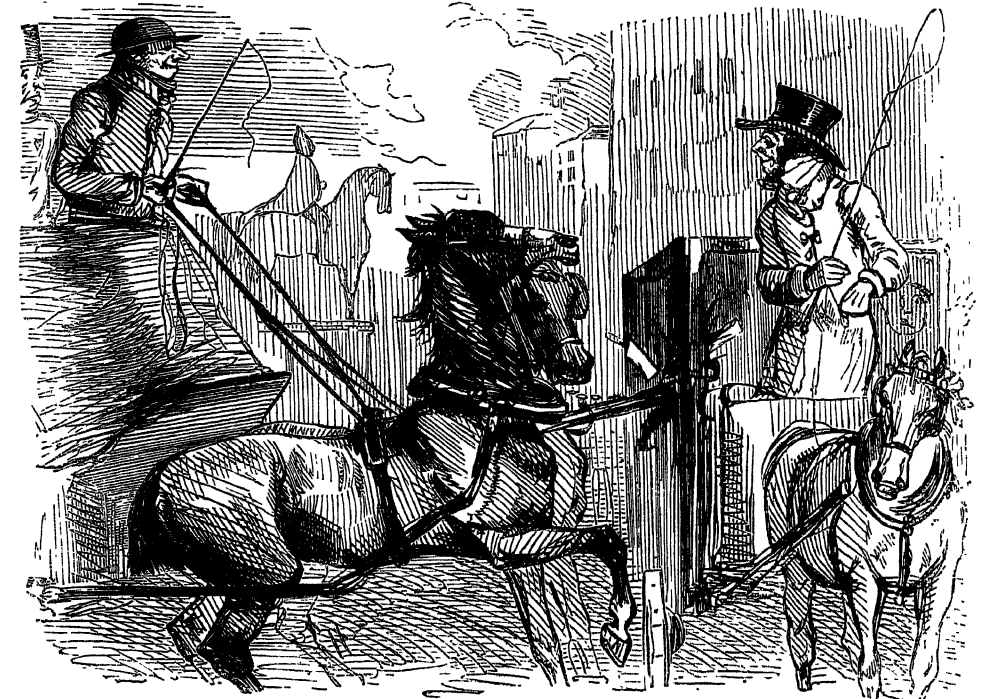
"SHALL I 'OLD YOUR 'ORSE, SIR?"



NO PLACE LIKE HOME—WHEN THE FAMILY ARE AT A WATERING-PLACE.

Old Party (who is taking care of the house). "OH, YES, SIR. YOU'LL FIND THE ROOM NICE AN' CLEAN—AN' I'M SURE THE BED'S HAired—FOR I'VE BIN AN' SLEP IN IT MY OWN SELF HEVERY NIGHT."

ON AND AFTER THE FIRST OF JANUARY THERE WILL BE A GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANNERS OF CAB AND OMNIBUS DRIVERS.



MANNERS MAKE THE MAN.

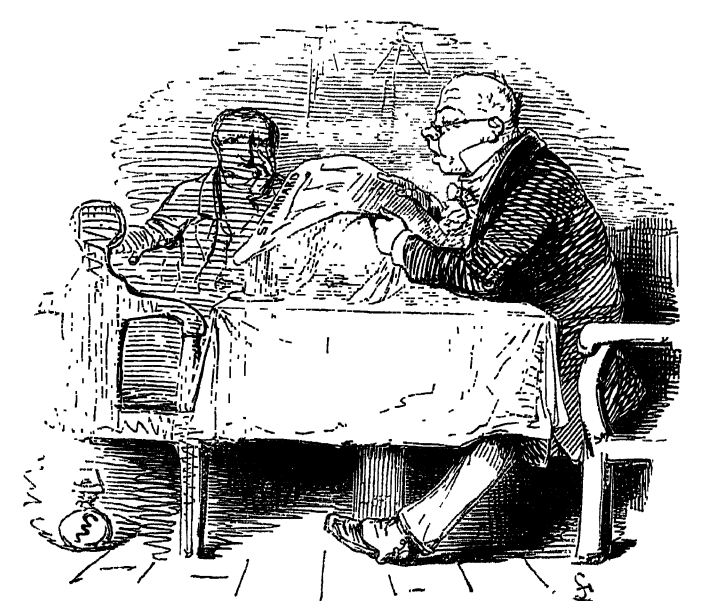
Omnibus Driver. "I BEG YOU A THOUSAND PARDONS, I AM SURE."
Cabman. "OH, PRAY DON'T MENTION IT. IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, BELIEVE ME!"



"DID YOU WANT YER DOOR SWEPT, MARM?"



PATERFAMILIAS PREFERS HIS OWN BEDROOM (WHICH THE WHITEWASHERS HAVE JUST LEFT) TO THE DISCOMFORT OF AN HOTEL.



SPELLING A NEWSPAPER.



GOING "OUT" TO AN "AT HOME."

Lovely Woman (to brute of a Husband). "GOOD GRACIOUS, WILLIAM—FAST ASLEEP! AND NOT DRESSED, I DECLARE! WHY IT'S NEARLY TWELVE O'CLOCK, AND THE BROUGHAM HAS BEEN WAITING THIS HALF-HOUR. GO AND GET READY THIS MOMENT, SIR!"



VERY CONSIDERATE.

Affable Little Gentleman. "DEAR, OH DEAR! HOW IT RAINS! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL GET VERY WET—CAN I OFFER YOU A GREAT COAT OR ANYTHING?"



THE RISING GENERATION.

Old Gentleman. "WELL, WALTER, I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE GOT INTO LATIN AND GREEK AT SCHOOL BY THIS TIME, EH?"

Juvenile. "OH, YES, SIR. I HAVE JUST FINISHED XENOPHON AND THUCYDIDES, AND AM NOW IN EURIPIDES. BY THE WAY, SIR, HOW WOULD YOU RENDER THE PASSAGE BEGINNING *κακὸς πέπρακται πανταχῇ*?"

Old Gentleman. "AHEM! HEY?—WHAT?—AHEM! HERE, RUGGLES, BRING ANOTHER BOTTLE OF CLARET, AND—EH? WHAT? WALTER, I THINK YOU HAD BETTER JOIN THE LADIES."



A BRITISH RUFFIAN.

Lady. "IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH WHAT I HAVE GIVEN YOU, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN HERE WHO WILL SETTLE WITH YOU."

Cabman. "NO, THERE AIN'T! THERE AIN'T NO GENTLEMAN HERE!"

Lady. "I TELL YOU THERE IS. THERE IS A GENTLEMAN IN THIS HOUSE."

Cabman. "OH, NO, THERE AIN'T, NOT IF HE BELONGS TO YOU!"



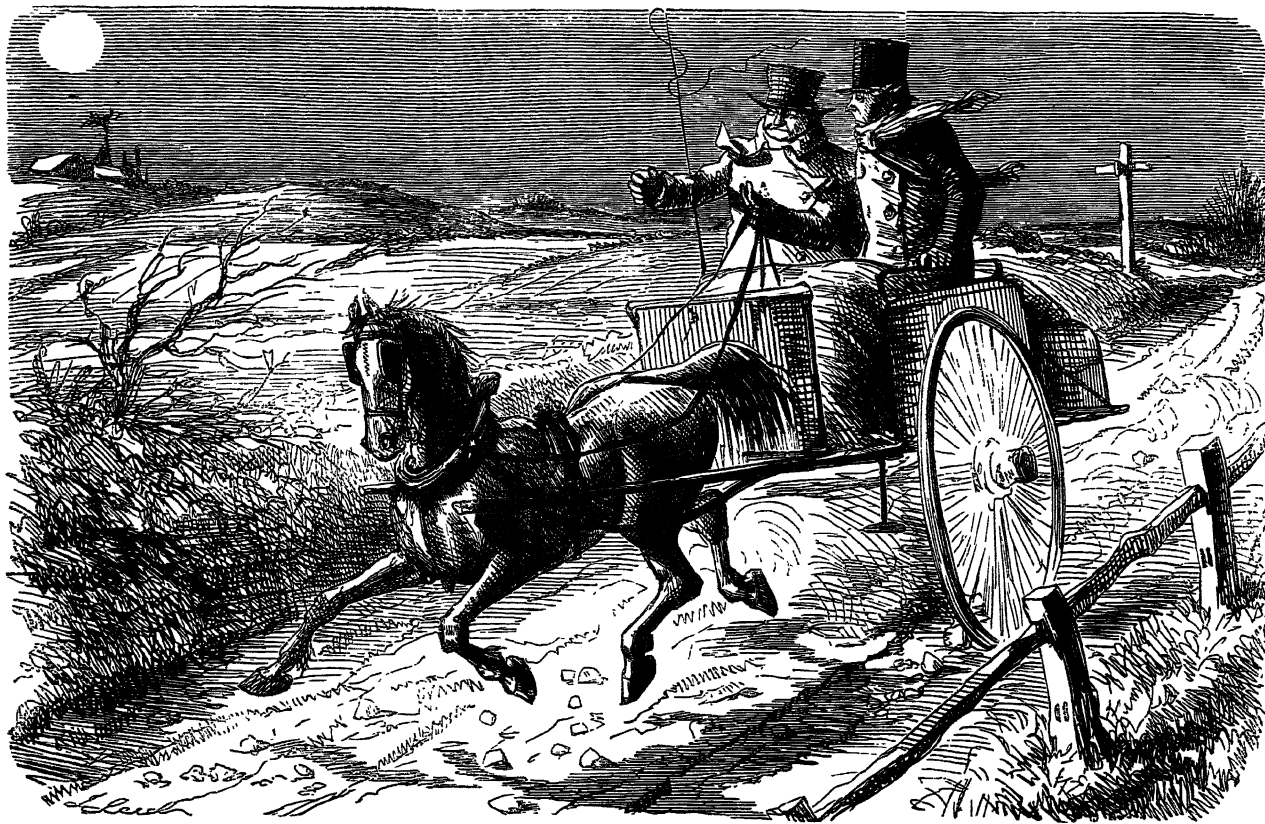
FILLING UP THE CENSUS PAPER.

Wife of his bosom. "UPON MY WORD, MR. PEEWITT! IS THIS THE WAY YOU FILL UP YOUR CENSUS? SO YOU CALL YOURSELF THE 'HEAD OF THE FAMILY'—DO YOU—AND ME A FEMALE!"



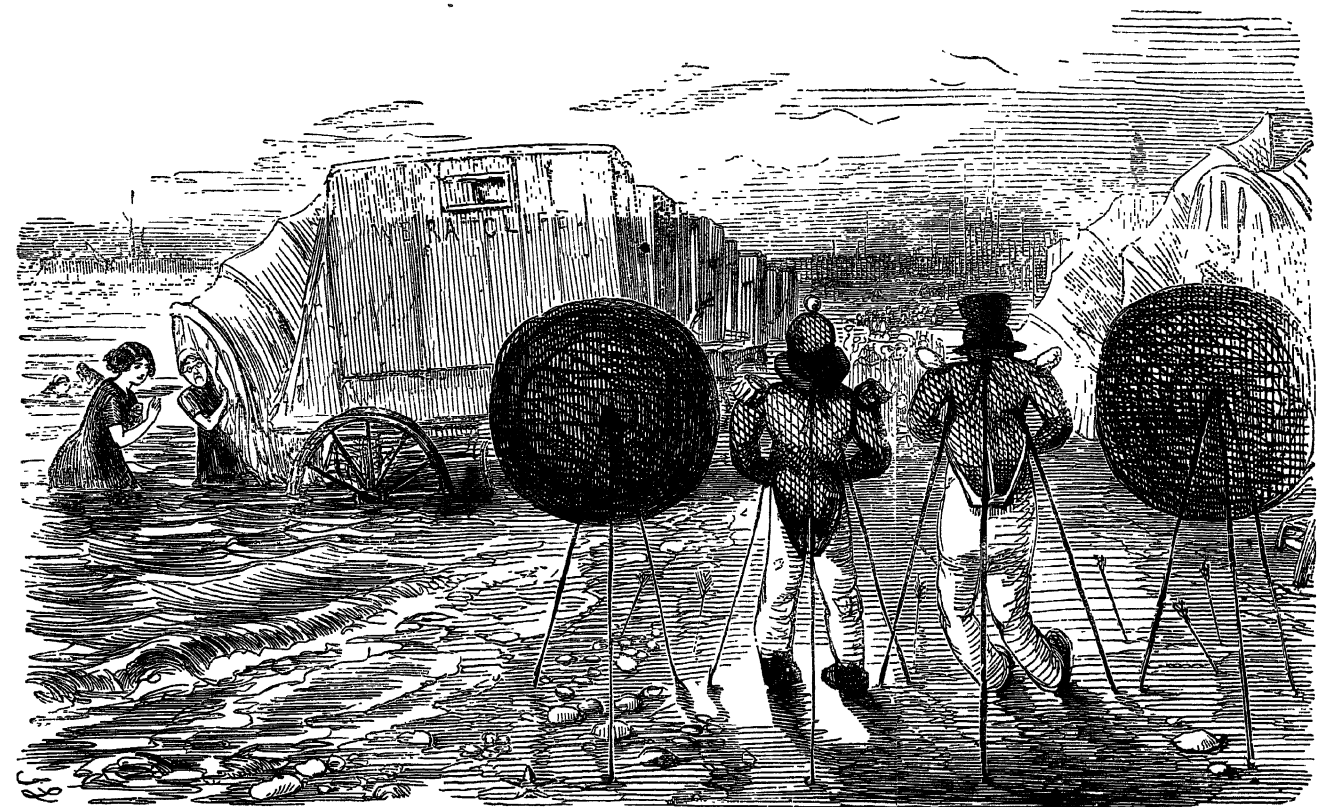
A MOST ALARMING SWELLING!

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



PLEASANT!

Nervous Gentleman. "DON'T YOU THINK, ROBERT, GOING SO FAST DOWN HILL IS VERY LIKELY TO MAKE THE HORSE FALL?"
Robert. "LOR BLESS YER—NO, SIR! I NEVER THREW A OSS DOWN IN MY LIFE, 'XCEPT ONCE, AND THAT WAS ONE FROSTY MOONLIGHT NIGHT (JUST SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS IT WAS), AS I WAS A-DRIVIN' A GENT (AS MIGHT BE YOU) FROM THE STATION, WHEN I THREW DOWN THIS WERRY OSS IN THIS WERRY IDENTICAL PLACE."



A SKETCH AT RAMSGATE.

Ellen (who loves a joke at AUNT FIDGET'S expense). "GOOD GRACIOUS, AUNT, THERE ARE TWO OFFICERS!"
Aunt Fidget (a short-sighted lady). "BLESS ME, SO THERE ARE! WELL; THEY MAY BE OFFICERS, BUT THEY ARE NOT GENTLEMEN, I'M SURE, OR THEY WOULDN'T STAND LOOKING AT US IN THAT IMPUDENT MANNER."



REWARD OF MERIT.

Ragged Urchin. "PLEASE, GIVE DAD A SHORT PIPE."
Barman. "CAN'T DO IT. DON'T KNOW HIM."
Ragged Urchin. "WHY, HE GETS DRUNK HERE EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT."
Barman. "OH! DOES HE, MY LITTLE DEAR? THEN 'ERE'S A NICE LONG 'UN, WITH A BIT OF WAX AT THE END."



DOING A LITTLE BILL.

"YOU SEE, OLD BOY, IT'S THE MEREST FORM IN THE WORLD. YOU HAVE ONLY TO—WHAT THEY CALL—ACCEPT IT, AND I'LL FIND THE MONEY WHEN IT COMES DUE."
Victim. "COME ALONG—GIVE US THE PEN."



A TIGHT FIT.

"YOUR BATH IS QUITE READY, MA'AM."
 "WELL BUT, MY GOOD GIRL, I CAN'T GET INTO SUCH A BIT OF A 'THING AS THAT!"

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PUNCH.



ALARMING.

Hairdresser. "THEY SAY, SIR, THE CHOLERA'S IN THE HAIR, SIR!"

Gent. (very uneasy). "INDEED! AH! THEN I HOPE YOU ARE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT THE BRUSHES YOU USE."

Hairdresser. "OH! I SEE YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND ME, SIR. I DON'T MEAN THE 'AIR OF THE 'ED, BUT THE HAIR OF THE ATMOSPHERE!"



FOX STEALS AWAY FROM THE COVER; BEARDED FOREIGNER OF DISTINCTION IMMEDIATELY GIVES CHASE.

Whipper-in (with excitement, loquitor). "'OLD 'ARD, THERE! 'OLD 'ARD! WHERE ARE YOU A-GALLOPING TO? DO YOU THINK YOU CAN CATCH A FOX?"

Foreigner of Distinction (with great glee). "I DO NOT KNOW, MON AMI; BUT I WILL TRAI—I WILL TRAI!"



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Domestic (soliloquising). "WELL! I'M SURE MISSUS HAD BETTER GIVE THIS NEW BONNET TO ME, INSTEAD OF STICKING SUCH A YOUNG-LOOKING THING UPON HER OLD SHOULDERS."
(*The impudent miss has immediate warning.*)



RETURNING FROM THE SEA-SIDE.—A LITTLE COMMISSION.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR,—MRS. GENERAL SLOWCOACH'S COMPLIMENTS, AND SHE SAYS IF YOU'RE GOING BY THE TRAIN THIS MORNING, SHE WOULD FEEL PERTICKLER OBLIGED BY YOUR TAKING CHARGE OF THIS LITTLE CASK OF SEA-WATER AS FAR AS HER 'OUSE."



THE BETTING FEVER.



STARTLING EFFECT OF THE "GOLD DIGGINS."

Reduced Goldsmith (log.). "NOW THEN, HERE YOU ARE!—A HANDSOME GOLD SNUFF-BOX AND A HA'PORTH OF SNUFF FOR A PENNY!"



A BON-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

First Juvenile. "THAT'S A PRETTY GIRL TALKING TO YOUNG ALGERNON BINKS!"

Second Juvenile. "HM—TOL-LOL! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER SOME SEASONS AGO."



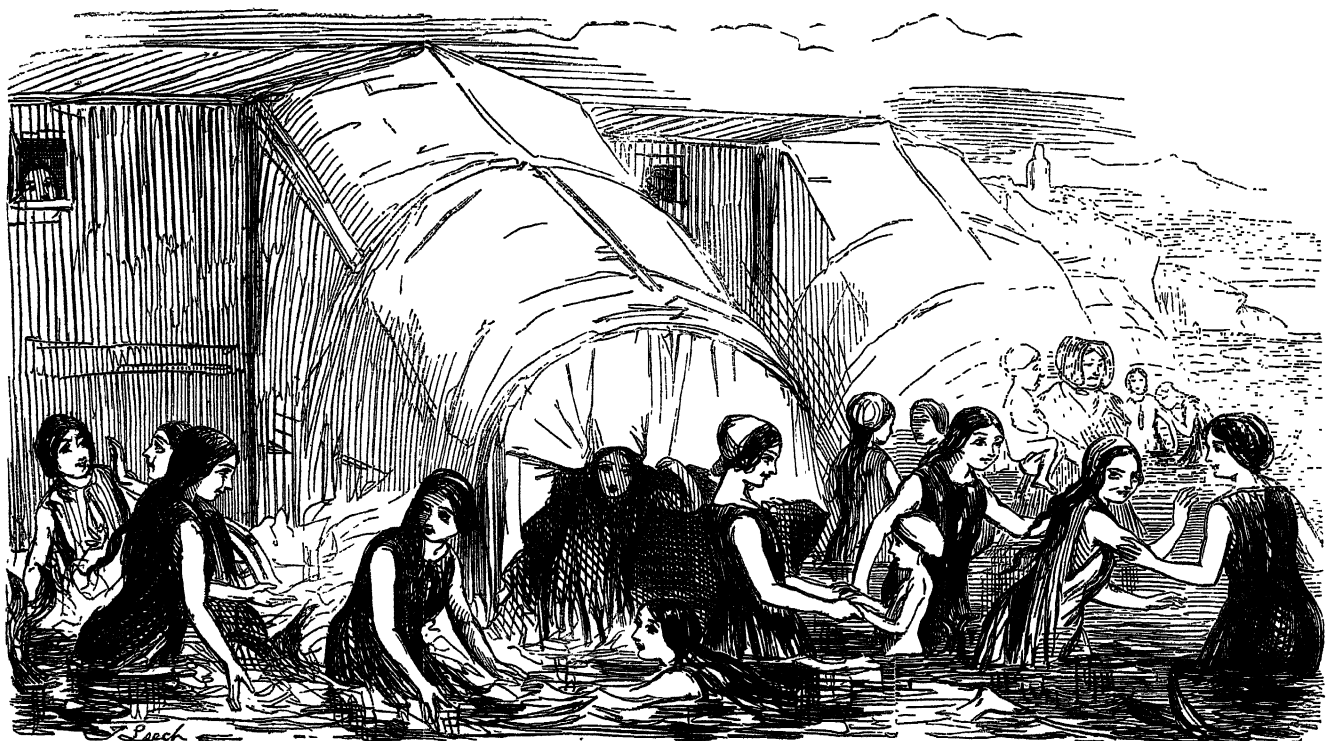
THROWING STONES THROUGH ICE.

A DELIGHTFUL RECREATION FOR YOUTH, WHICH COMBINES HEALTHFUL EXERCISE WITH THE LUXURY OF WINDOW-BREAKING, WITHOUT DANGER OR EXPENSE.



A JOLLY DOG.

"LOOK HERE, JAMES!—OLD MISSUS IS GONE OUT OF TOWN, AND I'VE GOT HER BEAST OF A DOG WOT'S FED UPON CHICKINGS TO TAKE CARE OF.—WON'T I TEACH HIM TO SWIM, NEETHER?"



MERMAIDS AT PLAY; OR, A NICE LITTLE WATER PARTY.



CRUEL!

Snob. "'AVE A CIGAR, COACHEE?"
Swell Busman. "NO, THANKEE—I ONLY SMOKE TOBACCE!"

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PUNCH.



SEA-SIDE LITERATURE FOR YOUNG LADIES; OR, DELIGHTS OF CROCHET.

First Young Lady (reads). "10TH ROW—3 LONG WITH THREE CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO THIRD SMALL SPACE, 1 LONG INTO SAME SPACE, 5 LONG WITH THREE CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO MIDDLE SPACE, 1 LONG INTO SAME SPACE, 3 LONG WITH 3 CHAIN AFTER EACH INTO NEXT SPACE, 1 LONG IN SAME SPACE, 5 CHAIN, DITTO IN MIDDLE OF LARGE SPACE, 5 CHAIN, REPEAT."
Second and Third Young Ladies (in ecstasies). "OH, HOW SWEETLY PRETTY!!!"



WALTONIANS.—SCENE.—ROOM IN COUNTRY-HOUSE.—BREAKFAST-TIME.

Master Tom. "OH, ROBERT!"
Robert. "YES, SIR!"
Master Tom. "OH, I SAY, ROBERT! THE LADIES WANT ME TO TAKE 'EM OUT FISHING TO-DAY, SO JUST TELL YOUNG EVANS I SHALL WANT HIM TO GO WITH ME TO GET SOME WASP GRUBS; AND—LOOK HERE! TELL THE GARDENER HE MUST GET ME SOME LARGE LOBWORMS DIRECTLY, AND A FEW SMALL FROGS, AS PERHAPS WE SHALL TRY FOR A JACK. AND—HI! ROBERT, TELL HIM TO SEND 'EM IN HERE, THAT I MAY SEE WHEETHER THEY'RE THE RIGHT SORT!"
[General Exclamation of "Nasty Monkey!" from the Ladies. Old Gentleman being rather deaf, wishes MASTER TOM'S remarks repeated.]



TRUE RESPECTABILITY.

First Costermonger. "I WONDER A RESPECTABLE COVE LIKE YOU, BILL, CARRIES YOUR OWN COLLYFLOWERS! WHY DON'T YER KEEP A CARRIDGE LIKE MINE?"
Second Costermonger. "WHY DON'T I KEEP A CARRIDGE? WHY, BECAUSE I DON'T CHOOSE TO WASTE MY HINCUUM IN MERE SHOW AND FASHIONABLE DISPLAY!"



A YOUNG GENTLEMAN AND SCHOLAR.

Fond Mother. "WHY, HE DOESN'T WRITE VERY WELL YET, BUT HE GETS ON NICELY WITH HIS SPELLING. COME, ALEXANDER, WHAT DOES D. O. G. SPELL?"
Infant Prodigy (with extraordinary quickness). "CAT!"



"WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH TOMMY?"
"BOO! HOO! I'VE CUT MY FINGER WITH AUNT'S SCISSORS."
"THAT'S A GOOD BOY! ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



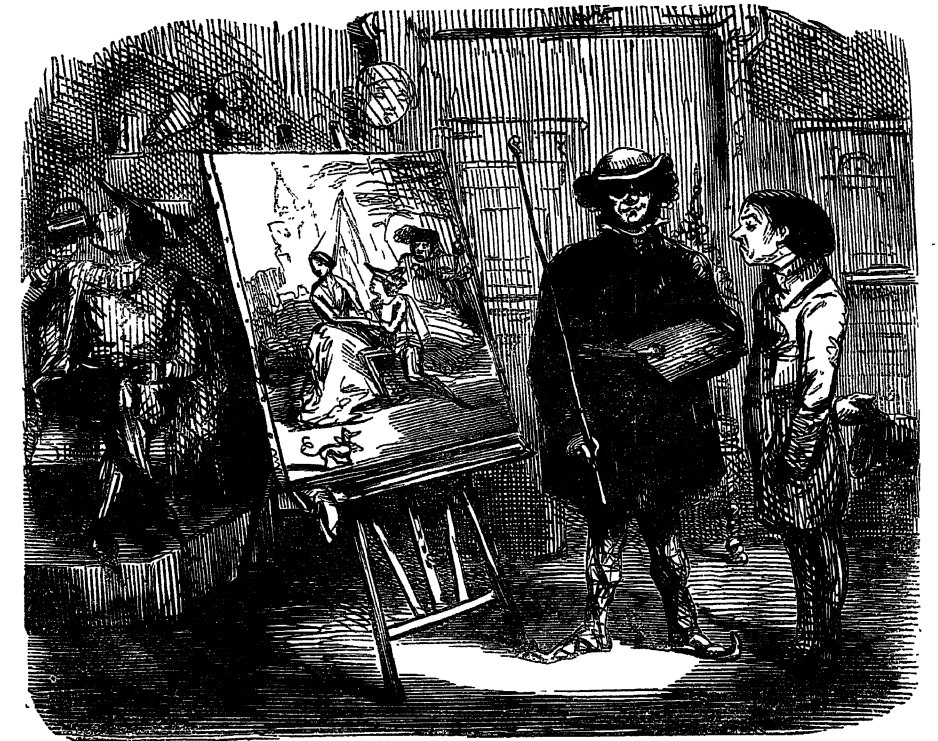
PERFECT SINCERITY; OR, THINKINGS ALOUD.

Medical Man. "STUPID OLD FOOL! WHY, THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH HIM, EXCEPT WHAT ARISES FROM HIS OVER EATING AND DRINKING HIMSELF—ONLY I CAN'T AFFORD TO TELL HIM SO."



PERFECT SINCERITY; OR, THINKINGS ALOUD.

Mamma. "YOU ARE A DISAGREEABLE OLD BACHELOR, AND GENERALLY HATE CHILDREN, I KNOW—BUT ISN'T DEAR LITTLE WORMWOOD A FINE, NOBLE LITTLE FELLOW!"
Old Gent. "WELL, IF YOU WANT MY CANDID OPINION, I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU AT ONCE—THAT I THINK HIM THE MOST DETESTABLE LITTLE BEAST I EVER SAW—AND IF YOU IMAGINE I AM GOING TO LEAVE HIM ANYTHING BECAUSE YOU HAVE NAMED HIM AFTER ME, YOU ARE MIGHTILY MISTAKEN."



PERFECT SINCERITY; OR, THINKINGS ALOUD.

Artist No. 1. "THERE, MASTER OKER, I FLATTER MYSELF THAT WILL TAKE THE SHINE OUT OF YOUR PRECIOUS PRODUCTION, ALTHOUGH YOU DO THINK NOBODY CAN PAINT BUT YOURSELF."

Artist No. 2. "HEY! DEAR, DEAR, DEAR! THAT'S VERY BAD. BY JOVE, MY BOY, IT'S A DREADFUL FALLING-OFF FROM LAST YEAR. IF I WERE YOU, I SHOULD THINK TWICE BEFORE I SENT IT IN."

Artist No. 1. "MERE ENVY.—ILLIBERAL HUMBUG."



EASY SHAVING.



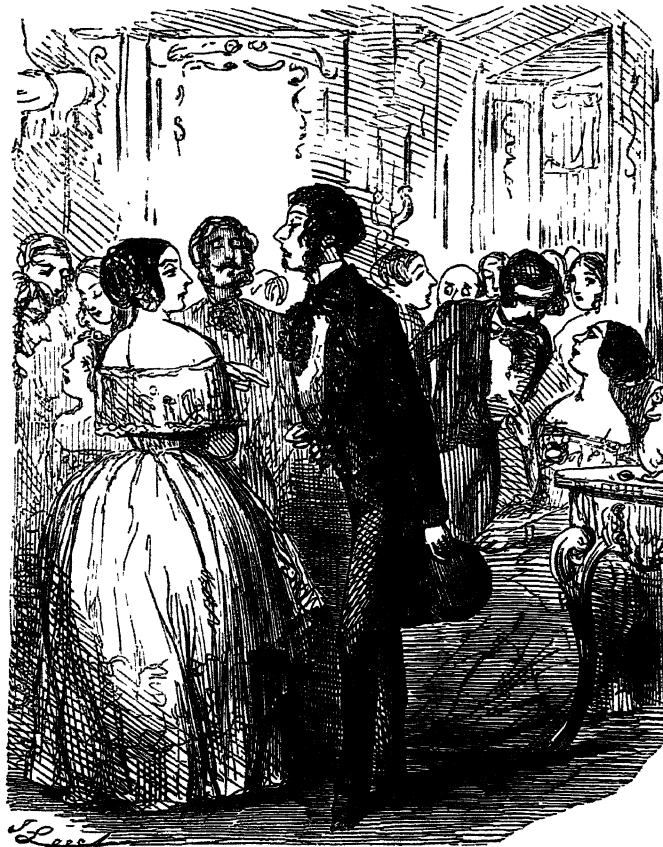
Groom. "THAT'S ANOTHER FAVOURITE OSS OF MASTER'S, SIR, AND A GOOD UN HE IS, TOO, SIR, ONLY HE AIN'T VERY QUIET."

Mr. Green. "OH, HOW DO YOU MEAN—'NOT VERY QUIET?'"

Groom. "WHY, SIR, HE'D GET YOU UP IN A CORNER, AND KICK YER BRAINS OUT IN NO TIME. HE'S A'MOST KILLED TWO MEN ALREADY."



STAGE STRUCK.



PERFECT SINCERITY; OR, THINKINGS ALOUD.

"ARE YOU GOING?"
 "WHY, YE-ES. THE FACT IS, THAT YOUR PARTY IS SO SLOW, AND I AM WEALLY SO INFERNALLY BORED, THAT I SHALL GO SOMEWHERE AND SMORE A QUIET CIGAR."
 "WELL, GOOD NIGHT. AS YOU ARE BY NO MEANS HANDSOME, A GREAT PUPPY, AND NOT IN THE LEAST AMUSING, I THINK IT'S THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO."



AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.

Equestrian. "NO, I SHAN'T STOP FOR THE LAST RACE; I MUST GET TŌ TOWN TO GO TO AN EVENING PARTY."



VERY LOW PEOPLE.

Purveyor of Poultry. "WHAT SORT O' PEOPLE ARE THEY AT NUMBER TWELVE, JACK?"
Purveyor of Meat. "OH! A RUBBISHIN' LOT. LEG O' MUTTON A' MONDAYS, AND 'ASH AN' COLD MEAT THE REST O' THE WEEK."



NO DOUBT.

"NOW I DARE SAY, BILL, THAT AIR BEAST OF A DOG IS A GOOD DEAL MORE PETTED THAN YOU OR I SHOULD BE."

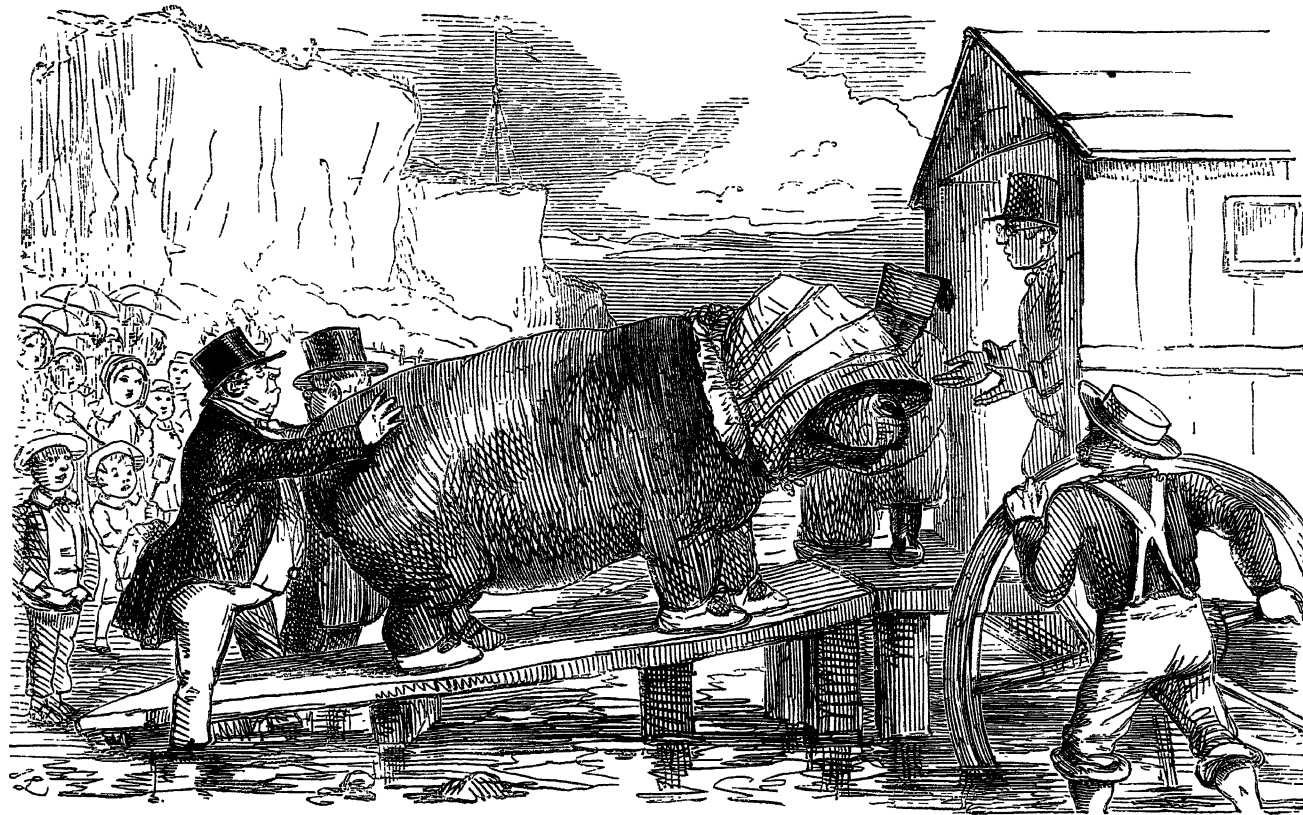


A WEIGHTY MATTER.

Cavalry Officer (who rides 'about five stone). "I'M DOOCED GLAD WE'RE IN THE HEAVIES: AIN'T YOU, CHARLEY? IT WOULD BE A HORRID BORE TO BE SENT OUT TO THE CAPE LIKE THOSE POOR LIGHT BOBS,"*

* Light Dragons.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



THE SEA-SIDE SEASON.

DELICATE STATE OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS. IT IS ORDERED CHANGE OF AIR, AND A LITTLE SEA-BATHING.



WAITING FOR A DIP.

Proprietor of Machine (log.). "SORRY TO KEEP YOU SUCH A LONG TIME A WAITIN', SIR; BUT REALLY THEY STOP IN SUCH A TIME THAT WE HAVEN'T A MACHINE TO BLESS OURSELVES WITH. THERE'S CRUMPTON'S COTTAGES HAS BEEN IN THE WATER THIS THREE QUARTERS OF AN HOUR; AND ALBION HOUSE TAKES THE LONGEST TIME TO DRESS OF ANY GENT I EVER SEE. OH! HERE'S PROSPECT PLACE A COMING HOUT. NOW YOU CAN GO IN, SIR."



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING. No. 1.

FIRST GET YOUR SEASONED "SCREW."



A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING. No. 2.

ABOUT FOUR MILES "DOWN THE ROAD" GET PROPERLY SPLASHED AT A PUBLIC-HOUSE.



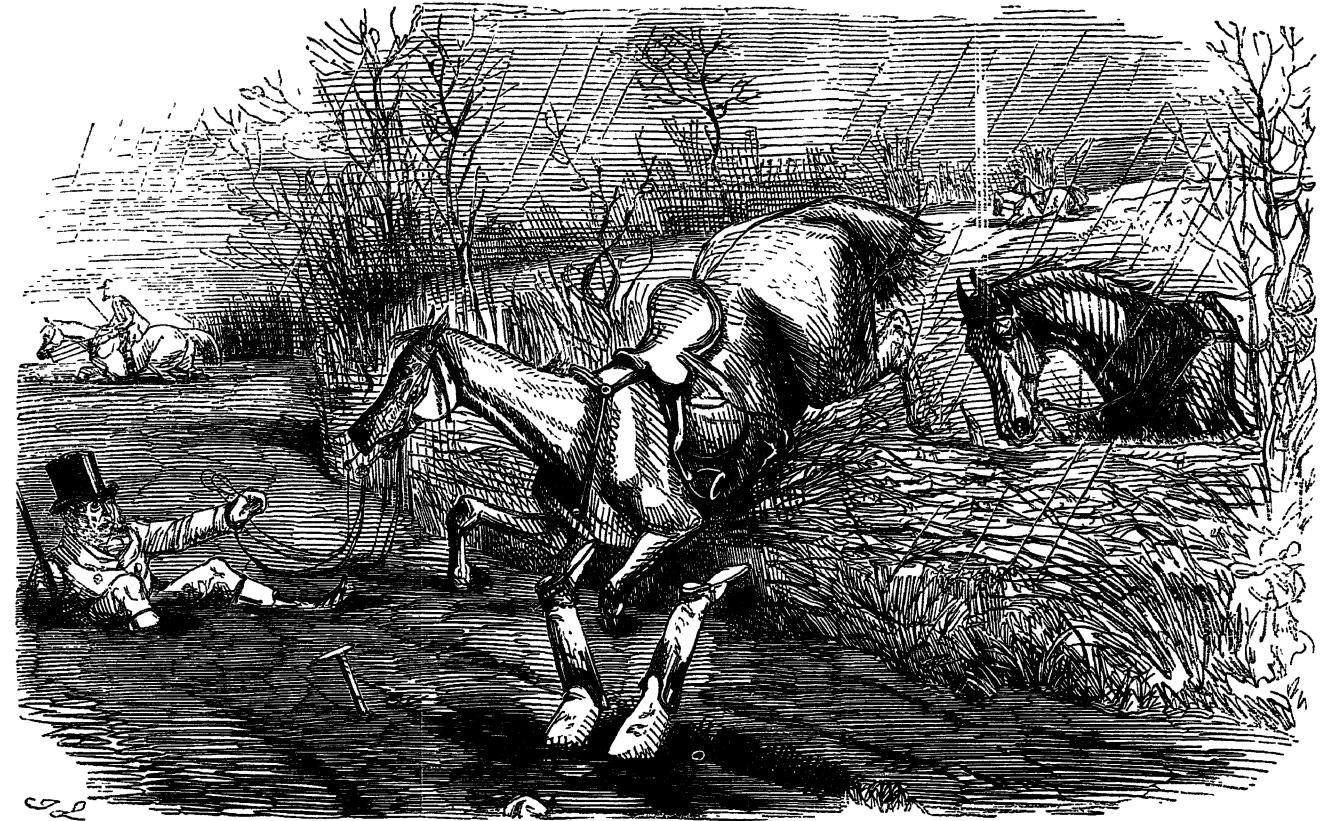
A CHEAP DAY'S HUNTING. No. 3.

AND RETURN HOME SMOKING A CHEROOT, TO THE ADMIRATION OF THE POPULACE.



THE GENTLE CRAFT.

Contemplative Man (in punt). "I DON'T SO MUCH CARE ABOUT THE SPORT, IT'S THE DELICIOUS REPOSE I ENJOY SO."



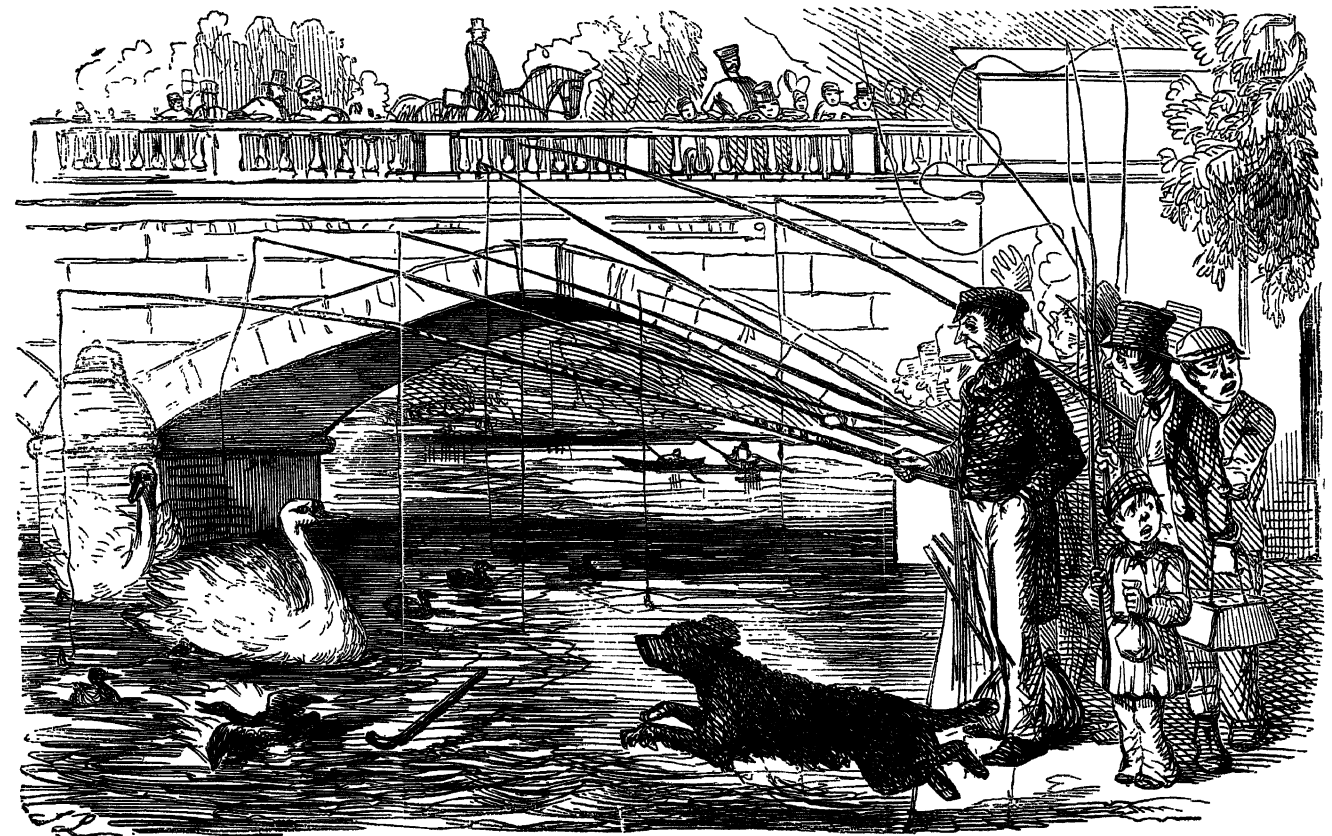
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

"THE COUNTRY IS AWFULLY DEEP, BUT THE FALLING IS DELIGHTFULLY SOFT AND SAFE."



A PLEASANT STATE OF THINGS.

Piscator (at the top of his voice). "HI—TOM! BRING THE LANDING-NET; HE'S PULLED ME IN, AND GOT ROUND A POST."



ANGLING IN THE SERPENTINE.—SATURDAY, P.M.

Piscator No. 1. "HAD EVER A BITE, JIM?"

Piscator No. 2. "NOT YET—I ONLY COME HERE LAST WEDNESDAY!"



BLOOMERIANA.—A DREAM.



A POSER FOR A BLOOMER.

Old Gentleman. "BEFORE I CAN ENTERTAIN YOUR PROPOSAL, AND GIVE MY CONSENT TO YOUR MARRYING MY SON, I MUST ASK YOU WHETHER YOU ARE IN A POSITION—A—TO—A—KEEP HIM IN THE STYLE TO WHICH—A—I MAY SAY—HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN ACCUSTOMED? AHEN!"



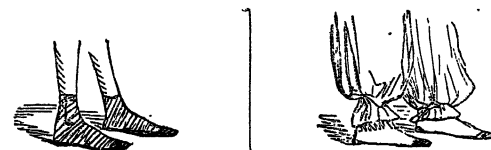
SOMETHING MORE APROPOS OF BLOOMERISM.

(BEHIND THE COUNTER THERE IS ONE OF THE "INFERIOR ANIMALS.")

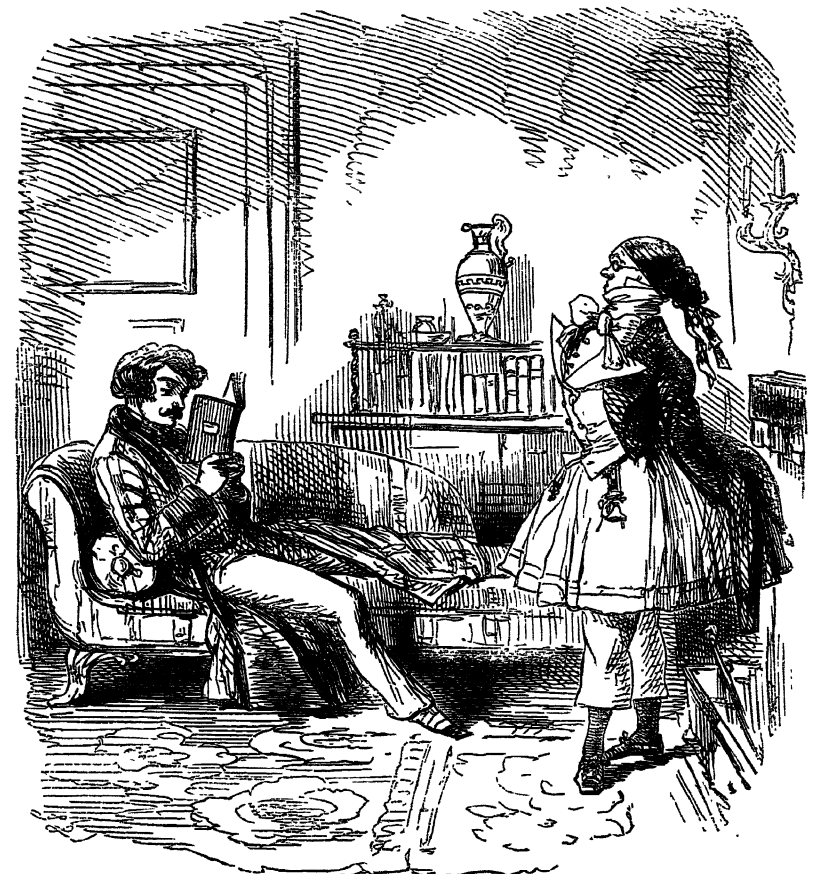


APROPOS OF BLOOMERISM.

No. 1. (who is looking at the Print of the Bloomer Costume). "WELL, NOW, UPON MY WORD I DON'T SEE ANYTHING RIDICULOUS IN IT. I SHALL CERTAINLY ADOPT IT."
No. 2. "FOR MY PART, I SO THOROUGHLY DESPISE CONVENTIONALITY, THAT I HAVE ORDERED ALL MY NEW THINGS TO BE MADE IN THAT VERY RATIONAL STYLE!"



THE SORT OF LEG THAT LOOKS WELL IN BLOOMER PETTICOONS.



BLOOMERISM!

Strong-minded Female. "NOW, DO, PRAY, ALFRED, PUT DOWN THAT FOOLISH NOVEL, AND DO SOMETHING RATIONAL. GO AND PLAY SOMETHING ON THE PIANO; YOU NEVER PRACTISE NOW YOU'RE MARRIED."



ONE OF THE DELIGHTFUL RESULTS OF BLOOMERISM—THE LADIES WILL POP THE QUESTION.

Superior Creature. "SAY! OH, SAY, DEAREST! WILL YOU BE MIND?" &c., &c.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



A PROBABLE INCIDENT IF *THAT* BLOOMERISM ISN'T PUT DOWN.

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISS, THE DRESSMAKER HAS BROUGHT HOME YOUR NEW—AH—FROCK."



BLOOMERISM IN A BALL-ROOM.

Bloomer. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING THE NEXT POLKA WITH YOU?"



NORTH-EAST WIND, THERMOMETER SEVERAL INCHES BELOW FREEZING.

Brighton Boatman. "DID YOU WANT A PLEASURE BOAT THIS MORNING SIR? NICE DAY FOR A ROW!!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

Eton Boy (log.). "COME, GOVERNOR! JUST ONE TOAST, 'THE LADIES!'"



COMING TO THE POINT.

Lover. "SWEET GIRL, LET ME—HERE—AWAY FROM THE BUSY HUM OF MEN—AND WHERE NO MORTAL EYE CAN SEE US—DECLARE THAT PASSION WHICH—WHICH—"
Lady. "THERE! FOR GOODNESS' SAKE GET UP, MR. TOMKINS, AND DON'T BE RIDICULOUS—JUST CONSIDER ALL THE TELESCOPES FROM 'THE PARADE!'"



STREET DIALOGUE.

First Boy. "I'LL PUNCH YER ED, IF YER SAY MUCH."
Second Boy. "WHO'LL PUNCH MY ED?"—*First Boy.* "I WILL."
Second Boy. "YOU WILL?"—*First Boy.* "YES, I WILL."
Second Boy. "WELL!—DO IT."—*First Boy.* "AH!"
Second Boy. "YES!"—*First Boy.* "OH!" [Boys evaporate.]



BARRACK LIFE.

First Heavy Swell (lately absent). "WELL, 'GUS, MY BOY—HOW DID YOU KEEP IT UP HERE ON CHRISTMAS DAY?"

Second Do. "OH! IT WAS TERRIBLY SLOW—FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A SUNDAY WITHOUT 'BELL'S LIFE!'"



NOT A DIFFICULT THING TO FORETELL.

"LET THE POOR GIPSY TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN."



BON-BON FROM A JUVENILE PARTY.

Doctor. "AHEM! WELL! AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY YOUNG FRIEND ADOLPHUS?"
Fond Mother. "WHY, HE'S NOT AT ALL THE THING, DOCTOR. HE WAS AT A JUVENILE PARTY LAST NIGHT, WHERE THERE WAS A TWELFTH CAKE; AND IT PAINS ME TO SAY, THAT BESIDES EATING A GREAT DEAL TOO MUCH OF THE CAKE, HE WAS IMPRUDENT ENOUGH TO EAT A HARLEQUIN AND A MAN ON HORSEBACK, AND, I AM SORRY TO ADD, A CUPID AND A BIRDCAGE FROM THE TOP OF IT!"



SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY—THE OLD DOG POINTS CAPITALLY.

"I TELL YER WHAT IT IS, SAM! IF THIS FOOL OF A DOG IS GOING TO STAND STILL LIKE THIS HERE IN EVERY FIELD HE COMES TO, WE MAY AS WELL SHUT UP SHOP, FOR WE SHAN'T FIND NO PARTRIDGES."



AWFUL SCENE ON THE CHAIN PIER, BRIGHTON.

Nursemaid. "LAWK! THERE GOES CHARLEY, AND HE'S TOOK HIS MAR'S PARASOL. WHAT WILL MISSUS SAY?"



GLORIOUS NEWS.

"WELL, RUGGLES, IT'S ALL RIGHT!"
 "WHAT'S ALL RIGHT?"
 "WHY! WE ARE TO HAVE MARIO AGAIN."

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

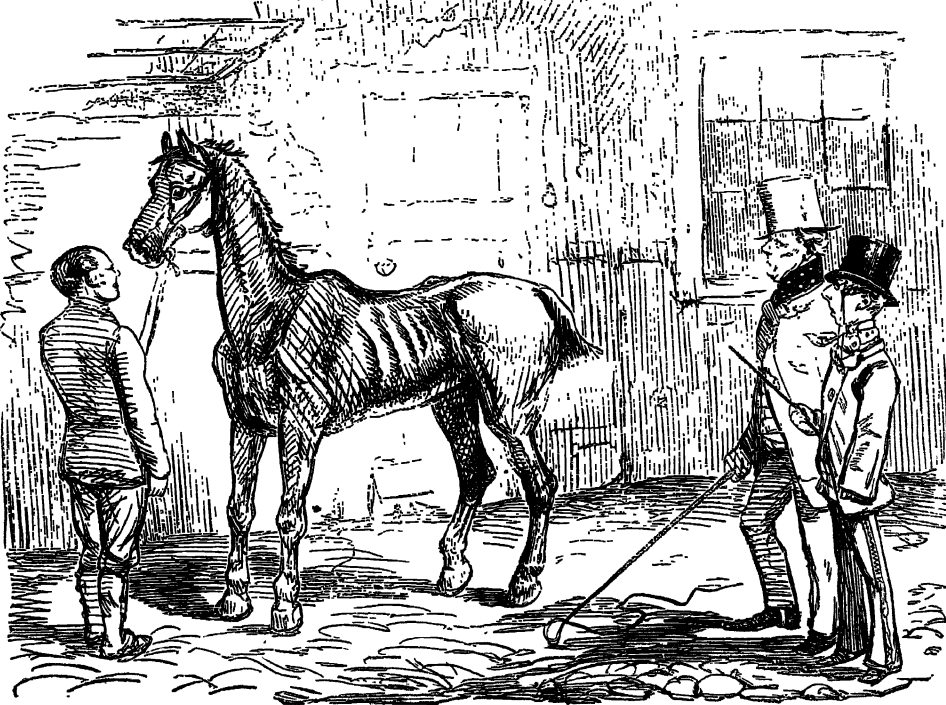
Head of the Family. "FOR WHAT WE ARE GOING TO RECEIVE, MAKE US TRULY THANKFUL.—HEM! COLD MUTTON AGAIN!"

Wife of his Bossum. "AND A VERY GOOD DINNER TOO, ALEXANDER. SOMEBODY MUST BE ECONOMICAL. PEOPLE CAN'T EXPECT TO HAVE RICHMOND AND GREENWICH DINNERS OUT OF THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPING MONEY I HAVE."



SOLICITUDE.

Child (screams and without any stops). "HANNER MARIA YER TIRESOME HAGGERWATIN' LITTLE USSY COME OUT OF THE ROAD DO WITH YER LITTLE BROTHER DID YER WANT TO BE RUNNED OVER BY OMNIBUSTES AND KILLED DEAD OH DEAR OH DEAR WHO'D BE A NUSS?"



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Dealer. "THERE! HE AIN'T A 'ORSE MADE UP FOR SALE. HE'LL GO ON IMPROVIN' EVERY DAY YOU KEEP HIM—HE WILL."



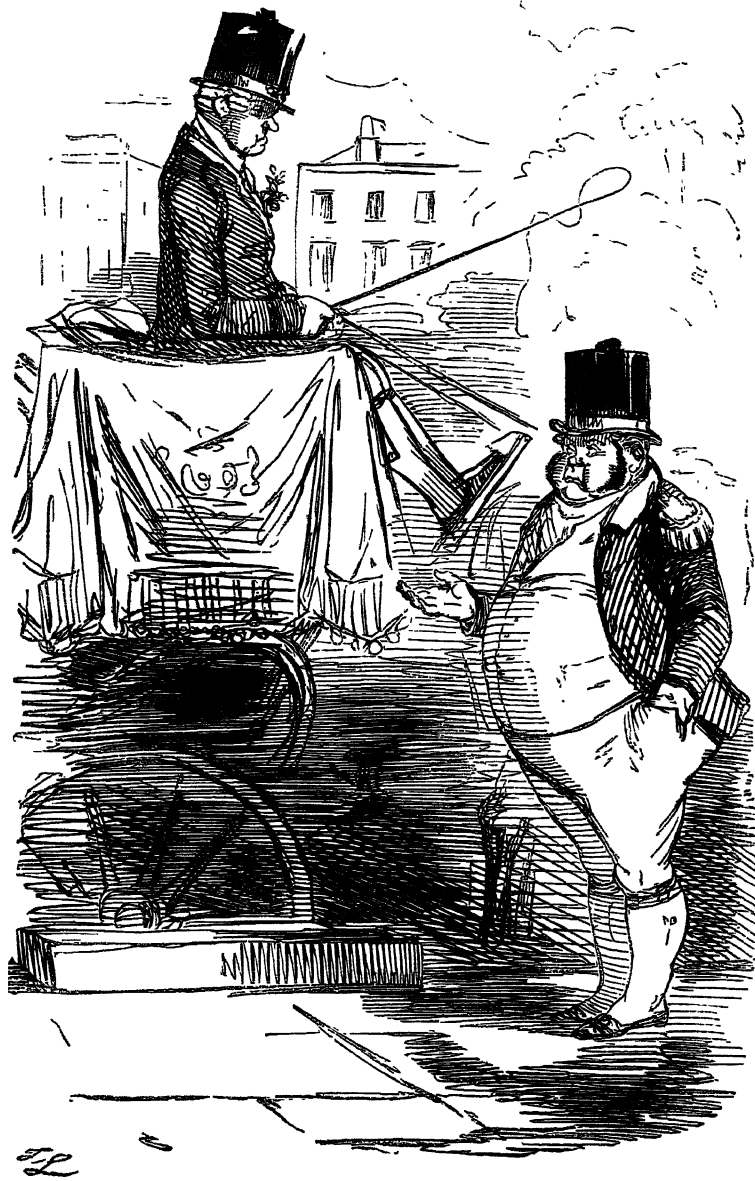
TERRIBLE DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

"LAWK, JOHN! IF YOU HAVEN'T BIN AND LET MASTER'S LIBERY FIRE OUT AGAIN"



MEN OF THE WORLD.

First Man of the World. "HEARD OF MISS F——'S MARRIAGE, CHARLEY?"
Second Do. "AH! I HEARD IT SPOKEN OF. I BELIEVE IT WAS A MARRIAGE OF INCLINATION ON BOTH SIDES?"
First Do. "YES! IT WAS A BAD JOB. THOSE MATCHES NEVER TURN OUT WELL!"



FLUNKEIANA.

Coachman. "WHY—WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOHN THOMAS?"
Footman. "MATTER ENUFF! HERE'S THE MARCHIONESS BIN AN GIV ME NOTICE BECAUSE I DON'T MATCH JOSEPH,—AND I MUST GO, UNLESS I CAN GET MY FAT DOWN IN A WEEK!"



FLUNKEIANA.

Serious Flunkey. "I SHOULD REQUIRE, MADAM, FORTY POUNDS A YEAR, TWO SUITS OF CLOTHES, TWO 'ATS, MEAT AND HALE THREE TIMES A DAY, AND PIETY HINDISPENSABLE."



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

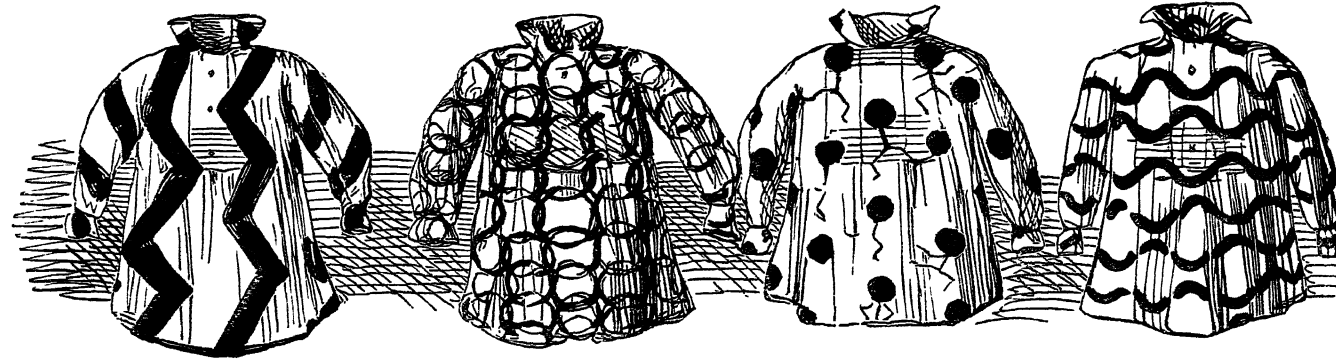
Equestrian. "NOW, BOY, DON'T YOU BE TAKING OFF YOUR HAT TO MAKE ME A BOW—YOU'LL FRIGHTEN MY HORSE."
Boy. "A—A—A WARN'T A-GOING TO!"



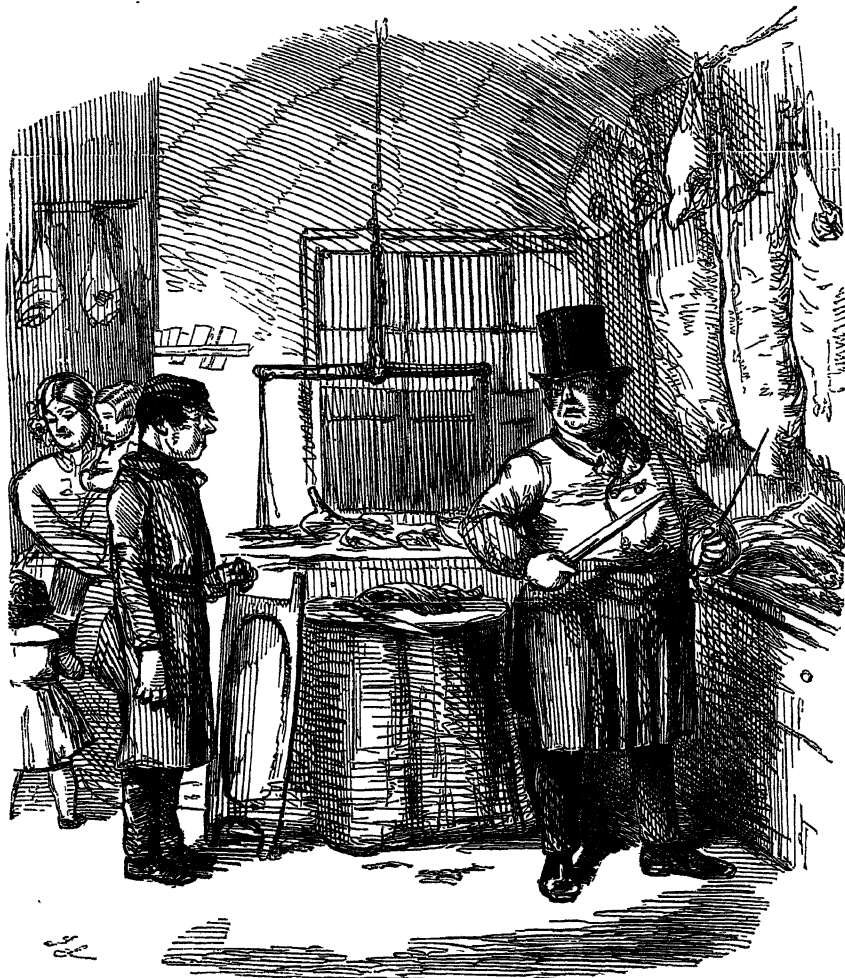
PLEASANT.

Old Acquaintance. "AVE A DRAIN, BILL?"
Bus Driver. "WHY, YER SEE, JIM, THIS 'ERE YOUNG HOSS HAS ON'Y BIN IN 'ARNES ONCE AFORE, AND HE'S SUCH A BEGGAR TO BOLT, TEN TO ONE IF I LEAVE 'IM HE'LL BE A-RUNNIN' HOFF AND A-SMASHIN' INTO SUTHUN. HOWEVER—HERE (handing reins to timid passenger), LAY HOLD, SIR, I'LL CHANCE IT!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



MORE NOVELTY IN THE SHIRT WAY.



A HORRIBLE BUSINESS.

Master Butcher. "DID YOU TAKE OLD MAJOR DUMBLEDORE'S RIBS TO NO. 12?"

Boy. "YES, SIR."

Master Butcher. "THEN CUT MISS WIGGLES'S SHOULDER AND NECK, AND HANG MR. FOODLE'S LEGS TILL THEY'RE QUITE TENDER!"



A PRIVATE OPINION.

"WELL, I THINK THIS IS THE NEATEST THING I HAVE SEEN FOR A LONG TIME."



AN EYE TO BUSINESS.



A WATERING-PLACE YARN.

Youths. "Then, I suppose, when you were a smuggler, you used to have reg'lar combats and fights?"

Boatman. "Combats and Fights! Lor love yer, we was a'most always at it. Once in partickler I call to mind. There was me and BILL BOKER (BLACK BILL we had used to call him) and four more had just run a cargo—(middle of the night it wos, and so uncommon dark you couldn't see an inch afore yer)—had just run a cargo of 'Ollands and pocket handkerchers—when we see about a hundred yards from where we wos—a comin down the clift—the Coast Guard! Well! without saying a word, blowed if they didn't up pieces and let fly right at us. We fired agin—and—dear eyes! p'raps the bullets warn't flying about neither! It wos desprit wurk—we wos fightin 'most all night!"

Youths. "Lor! and which won?"

Boatman. "Oh—we won! But we wos wounded awful! BILL BOKER wos shot in the leg and in the harm—so wos JIM JAWLEY—and I had three balls through my head and two in the stummuck (wich I feel 'em now sometimes in the winter I do), besides bein' run through with a cutlass, and all my front teeth knocked out by the Perventive man's telescope, wich luckily shut up or there's no knowin' wot might 'a bin the consequence. Ah! there wos goins on then. But lor, it ain't nothin' like it now!"

[*Youths are deeply impressed.*]



PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.

Little Hairdresser (mildly). "YER 'AIR'S VERY THIN ON THE TOP, SIR."

Gentleman (of ungovernable temper). "MY HAIR THIN ON THE TOP, SIR? AND WHAT IF IT IS! CONFOUND YOU, YOU PUPPY, DO YOU HINK I CAME HERE TO BE INSULTED AND TOLD OF MY PERSONAL DEFECTS? I'LL THIN YOUR TOP!!"



FLUNKEIANA.—Enter THOMAS, who gives warning.

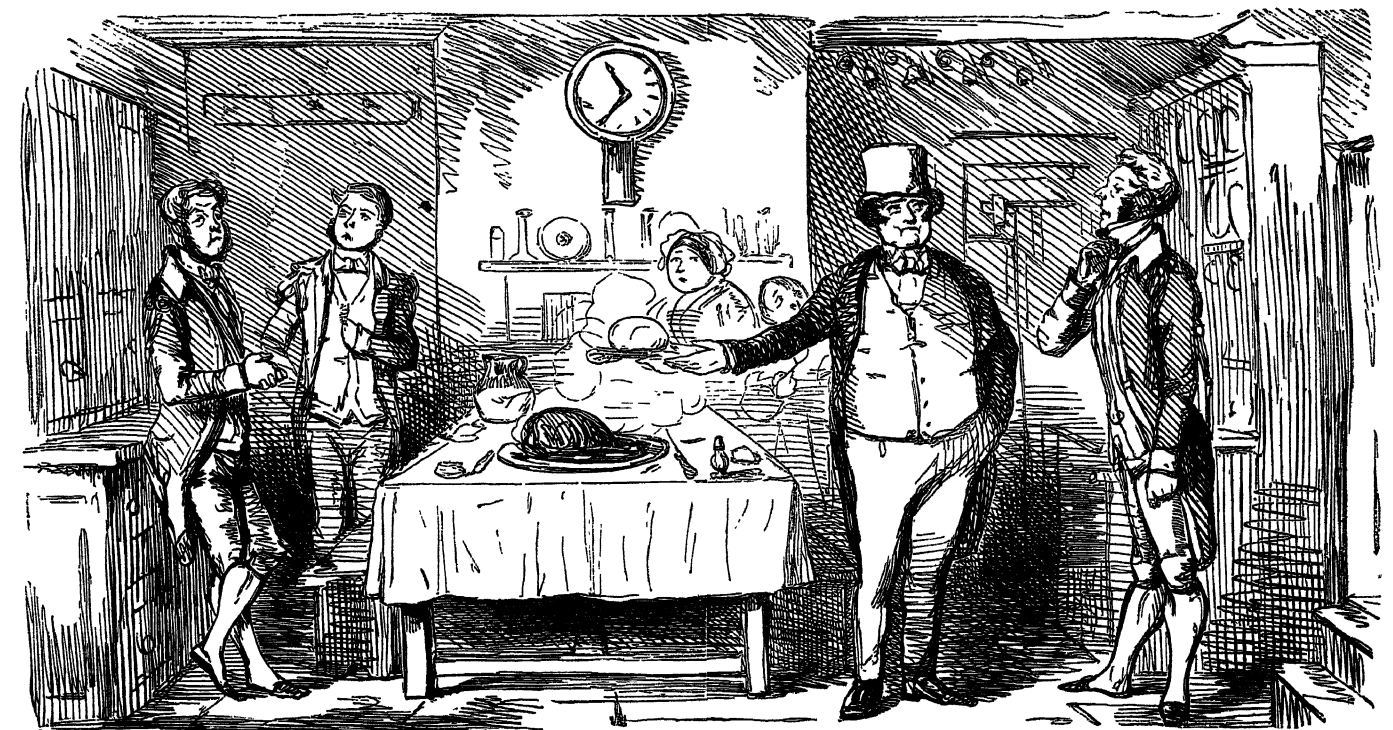
Gentleman. "OH, CERTAINLY! YOU CAN GO, OF COURSE; BUT, AS YOU HAVE BEEN WITH ME FOR NINE YEARS, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW THE REASON."

Thomas. "WHY, SIR, IT'S MY FEELINS. YOU USED ALWAYS TO READ PRAYERS, SIR, YOURSELF—AND SINCE MISS WILKINS HAS BEEN HERE, SHE'S BIN A-READING OF 'EM. NOW, I CAN'T BEMEAN MYSELF BY SAYIN' 'AMEN' TO A GUV'NESS."



FLUNKEIANA.

Flunkey. "HOW DARE YOU BRING ME A STEEL FORK, SIR!"



FLUNKEIANA.

Master of the House. "NOW, PRAY WHAT IS IT YOU COMPLAIN OF? IS NOT A ROAST LEG OF MUTTON, WITH PLENTY OF PUDDING, VEGETABLES, AND BEER, A SUBSTANTIAL DINNER ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

Flunkey. "OH! SUBSTANTIAL ENOUGH, NO DOUBT, SIR; BUT, IT REALLY IS A QUIZZEEN THAT—AW—ME AND THE OTHER GENTLEMEN HAS NOT BIN ACCUSTOMED TO. IT'S VERY CORSE—VERY CORSE INDEED, SIR!!"



VALUABLE HINT.

ALWAYS BOLT THE DOOR OF YOUR MACHINE AFTER BATHING, OR YOU MAY BE SERVED AS POOR MR. BRIGGS WAS ONE DAY. HIS DISASTER IS REPRESENTED ABOVE.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Wife (much startled). "GOOD GRACIOUS, REGINALD! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN?"
Reginald (who is very fond of shooting). "HUSH! HUSH! MY DEAR—I'VE KILLED TWO!"
Wife. "MY GOODNESS! TWO WHAT?—THIEVES?"
Reginald. "NO, DEAR. TWO OF THOSE CONFOUNDED RABBITS THAT ARE ALWAYS EATING THE VERBENA! THERE, GO TO SLEEP, DARLING—I'LL HAVE ANOTHER DIRECTLY."



A LITTLE SURPRISE.

Little Foot Page (unexpectedly). "HERE'S SOME GENTLEMEN, PLEASE, SIR."



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Servant Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MEM, COULD I GO OUT FOR HALF-AN-HOUR TO BUY A BIT OF RIBBIN, MEM?"



DISTRESSING RESULT OF EMIGRATION.

Lady. "YES, MY DEAR. JOHN LEFT US WITHOUT ANY WARNING, AND WE CAN'T MATCH THE OTHER FOOTMAN, BECAUSE ALL THE TALL MEN ARE GONE TO AUSTRALIA."

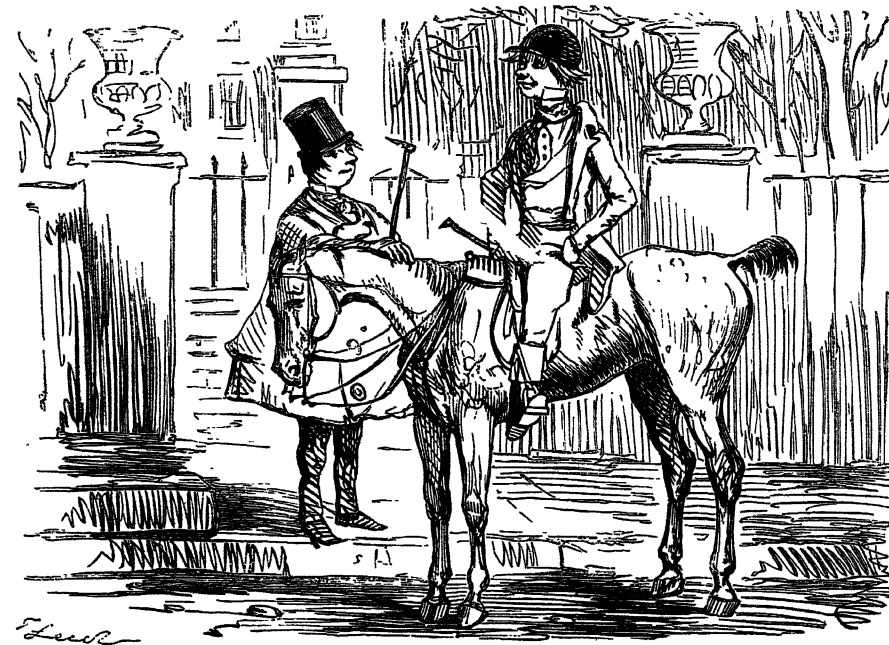


THE LITTLE DINNER PARTY.

Boy. "OH! IF YOU PLEASE 'M—COOK'S VERY SORRY 'M—BUT COULD SHE SPEAK TO YOU A MOMENT?"



A DESIGN, SHOWING HOW THE PRETTY HOODS NOW WORN BY LADIES MIGHT BE MADE USEFUL AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.



SPLendid DAY WITH THE "QUEEN'S."

First Sporting Snob. "WELL, BILL, WHAT SORT OF A DAY HAVE YER HAD?"
Second ditto. "OH, MAGNIFICENT, MY BOY! I SEE THE 'OUNDS SEVERAL TIMES; AND NONE OF YER NASTY 'EDGES AN' DITCHES, EITHER; BUT A PRIME TURNPIKE ROAD ALL THE WAY."



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Wife of your Bussum. "OH, I DON'T WANT TO INTERRUPT YOU, DEAR. I ONLY WANT SOME MONEY FOR BABY'S SOCKS—AND TO KNOW WHETHER YOU WILL HAVE THE MUTTON COLD OR HASHED."



SAILORS ON SHORE CAROUSING—AS IT WILL BE WHEN THE GROG IS STOPPED.

DOMESTIC BLISS.



SCENE—The Kitchen.

Cook. "WHO WAS THAT AT THE DOOR, MARY?"
Mary. "OH! SUCH A NICE-SPOKEN GENTLEMAN WITH MOUSTARCHERS. HE'S A WRITIN' A LETTER IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. HE SAYS HE'S A OLD SCHOOLFELLER OF MASTER'S, JUST COME FROM INDIA."



SCENE—The Hall.

THE NICE-SPOKEN GENTLEMAN IS SEEN DEPARTING WITH WHAT GREAT-COATS AND OTHER TRIFLES HE MAY HAVE LAID HIS HANDS UPON.



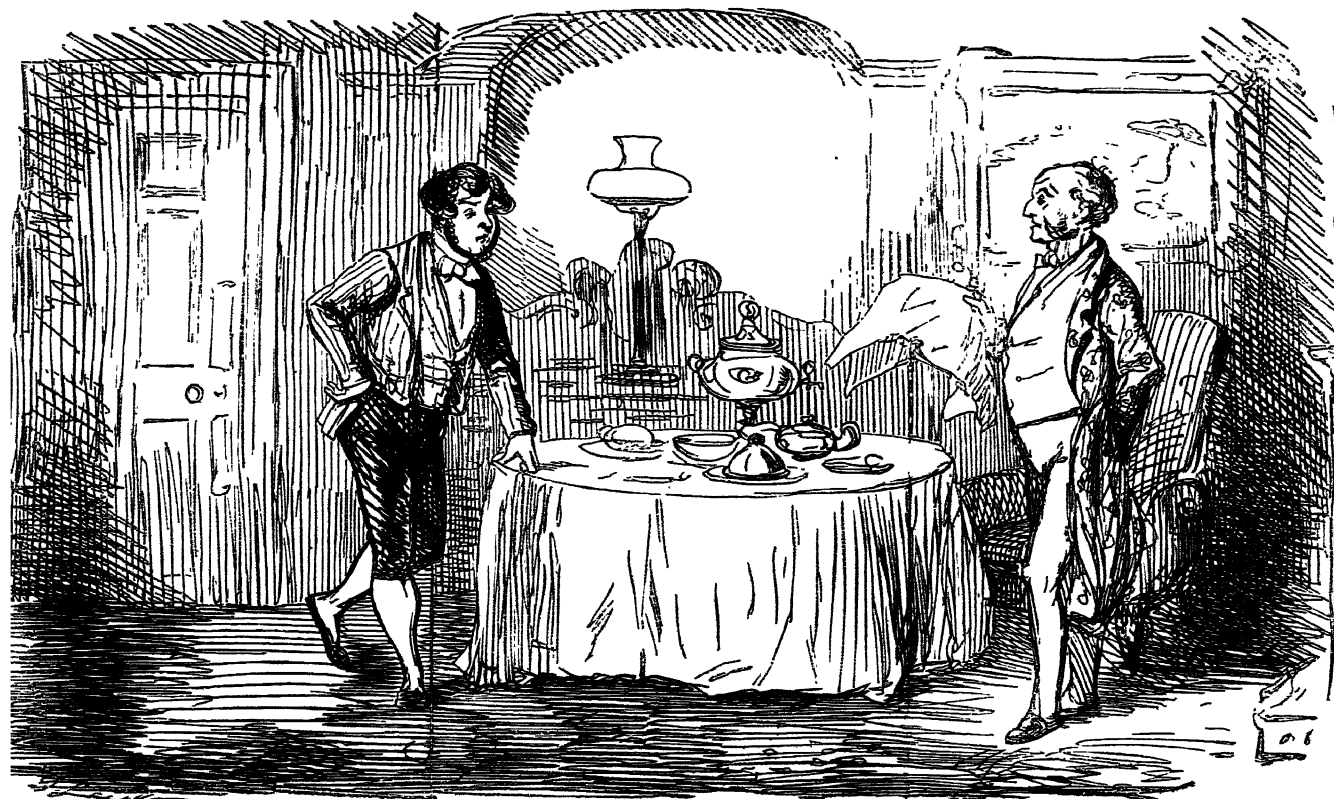
HOW TO MAKE CULPRITS COMFORTABLE; OR, HINTS FOR PRISON DISCIPLINE.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Young Mother (joyously). "THE DEAR LITTLE CREATURE IS GETTING ON SO NICELY; IT'S BEGINNING QUITE TO TAKE NOTICE."
First Mother of a Family (blandly). "OH! MY DEAR! THAT IS NOT TAKING NOTICE; IT'S ONLY THE WIND."
Second ditto. "YOU SHOULD GIVE IT A LITTLE DILL-WATER, DEAR. YOU WOULD FIND," &c. &c.
Third ditto. "WELL, IF IT WAS MY CHILD, I SHOULD," &c. &c.
Fourth ditto. "NOW, WHEN I WAS NURSING MY LITTLE GREGORY, I USED," &c. &c.
Fifth ditto. "WELL, NOW, I WOULD NOT FOR THE WORLD THAT A BABY OF MINE," &c. &c.
Sixth ditto. "INDEED, I HAVE KNOWN CHILDREN OBLIGED TO ENDURE THE MOST HORRIBLE AGONY," &c. &c.
Seventh ditto. "DEPEND UPON IT, LOVE; AND YOU KNOW I HAVE HAD A LARGE FAMILY—AND IF YOU WILL BE ADVISED BY ME," &c. &c.

[Young Mother becomes quite bewildered, and gives herself up to despair.]



FLUNKEIANA.

Flunkey. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT THERE IS ONE THING I SHOULD LIKE TO MENTION AT ONCE. I AM AFRAID—A—THAT I AM EXPECTED TO CLEAN THE BOOTS."

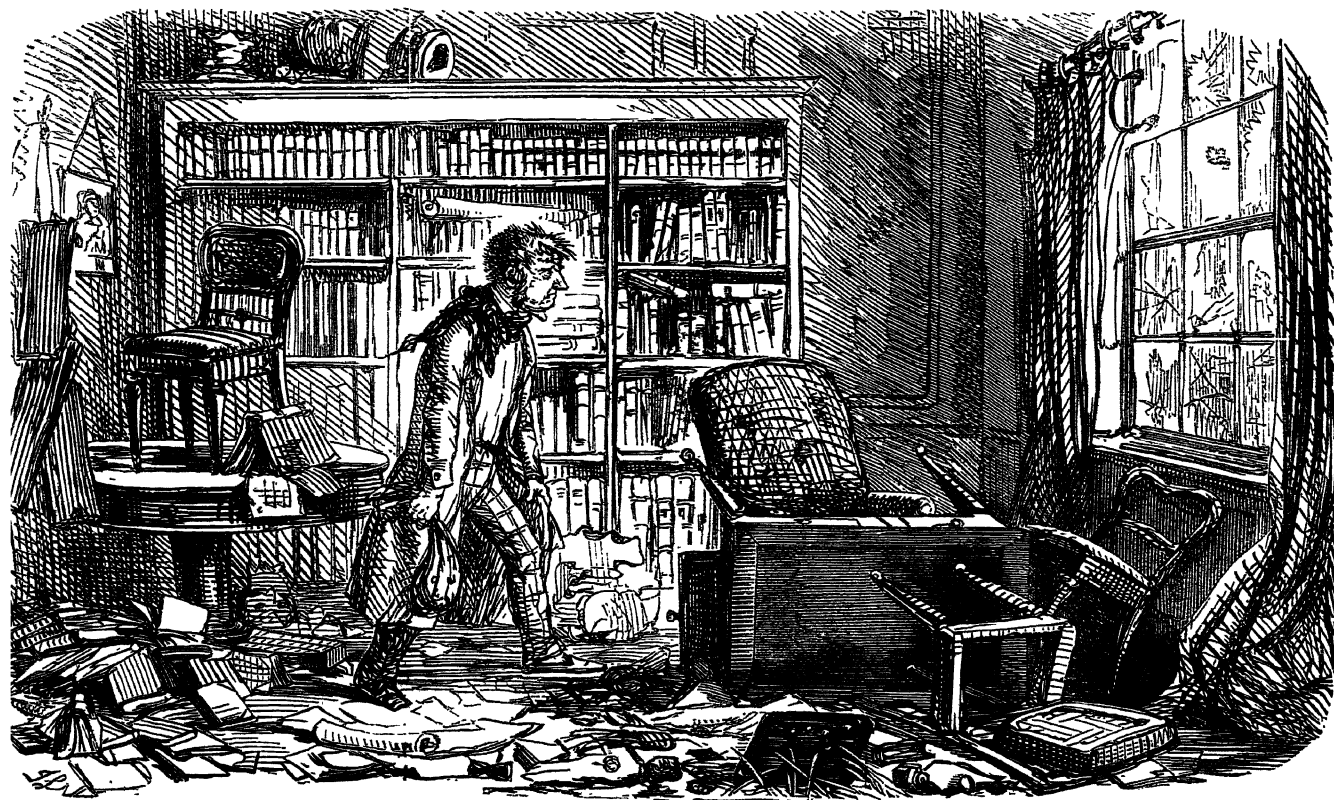
Gentleman. "BLESS ME! OH DEAR, NO! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE; I ALWAYS CLEAN THEM MYSELF—AND IF YOU WILL LEAVE YOUR SHOES OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR, I WILL GIVE THEM A POLISH AT THE SAME TIME."



FLUNKEIANA.

SCENE—A PUBLIC-HOUSE BURY ST. EDMUND'S, AFTER THE DINNER GIVEN BY THE MAYOR OF BURY TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Country Footman meekly inquires of London Footman. "PRAY, SIR, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR TOWN? A NICE PLACE, AIN'T IT?"
London Footman (condescendingly). "VELL, JOSEPH, I LIKES YOUR TOWN WELL ENOUGH. IT'S CLEAN; YOUR STREETS ARE HAIRY; AND YOU'VE LOTS OF REWINS. BUT I DON'T LIKE YOUR CHAMPAGNE; IT'S ALL GEWSBERRY."



SUBJECT FOR A PICTURE.—IRRITABLE GENTLEMAN DISTURBED BY BLUEBOTTLE.



Sporting Man (loquutor). "I SAY, CHARLES—THAT'S A PROMISING LITTLE FILLY ALONG O' THAT BAY-HAIRED WOMAN WHO'S TALKING TO THE BLACK-COB-LOOKING MAN!"



ELEGANT AND RATIONAL DINNER COSTUME FOR CLOSE WEATHER.



FISHING OFF BRIGHTON.

"OH YES! IT'S VERY EASY TO SAY 'CATCH HOLD OF HIM!'"



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Domestic. "HERE'S MISS BRADSHAW, MUM, HAS JUST COME; SHE'S GONE UP-STAIRS, MUM."
Angelina. "OH, VERY WELL—I WILL—"
Edwin. "BRADSHAW!! WHO THE DEUCE IS MISS BRADSHAW?"
Angelina. "OH, IT'S NOTHING OF CONSEQUENCE, DEAR—SHALL I GIVE YOU SOME MORE TEA, DEAR?"
Edwin. "YES; BUT WHO IS MISS BRADSHAW? WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHO MISS BRADSHAW IS?"
Angelina. "LAW! EDWIN! IF YOU MUST KNOW, IT'S—IT'S—TH'—THE *Dressmaker*."



Country Friend to Sporting Gent from Town. "WELL, JACK, I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD HAVE A CAPITAL DAY. YOU SEE THE FROST IS QUITE GONE."



FLUNKIANA.

Lady. "YOU WISH TO LEAVE—REALLY IT'S VERY INCONVENIENT. PRAY—HAVE YOU ANY REASON TO BE DISSATISFIED WITH YOUR PLACE?"
Flunkiey. "OH, DEAR NO, MA'AM—NOT DISSATISFIED EXACTLY; BUT—A—THE FACT IS, MA'AM, YOU DON'T KEEP NO VEHICLE, AND I FIND I MISS MY CARRIAGE EXERCISE."



AN ENTHUSIASTIC FISHERMAN.

'WHAT A BORE! JUST LIKE MY LUCK. NO SOONER HAVE I GOT MY TACKLE READY, AND SETTLED DOWN TO A BOOK, THAN THERE COMES A CONFOUNDED BITE!'



A SELL.

Enter SPORTING YOUTH, who has lost the hounds.

Youth. "SEEN THE HOUNDS GO THROUGH HERE, PIKEY?"

Pikey. "E-AS, A HAVE—TUPPENSE!"

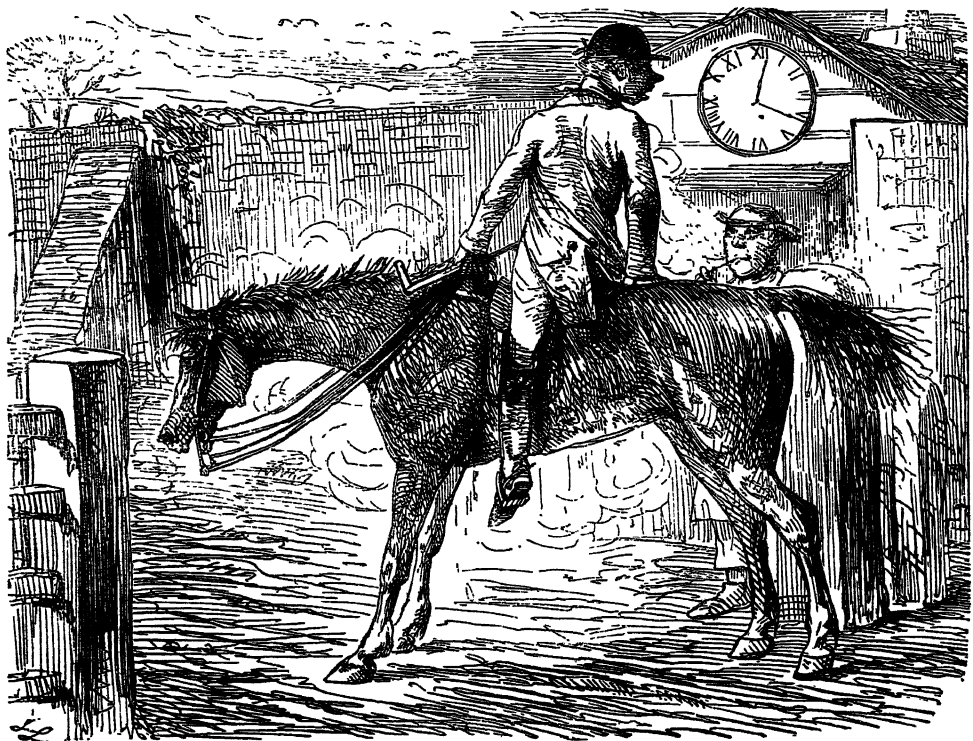
[Youth pays the twopence and gallops on.]

A lapse of twenty minutes is supposed to have taken place, when



PLEASURES OF THE STUDIO.

AT THE BEGINNING OF APRIL, WHEN EVERY MOMENT IS OF CONSEQUENCE, MR. FLAKE WHITE'S MODEL FOR HAMLET APPEARS WITH A BLACK EYE, WHICH HE DECLARES IS THE EFFECT OF INFLUENZA.



Re-enter SPORTING YOUTH.

Youth (in a high state of excitement). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME YOU HAD SEEN THE HOUNDS GO THROUGH HERE?"

Pikey. "E-AS, SO A DID; SEED 'EM YESTERDAY!"



A SPORTING CHARACTER.

"ARE YOU GOING TO HASCOT, BILL?"

"WHY, YES; I'M GOING TO CHAPERONG THIS YOUNG FEMALE DOWN BY THE RAIL."



GROSS INSULT.

UNIVERSITY MAN HAVING SPENT A FEW DAYS IN TOWN AT THE END OF TERM IS ABOUT TO GO HOME.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter (condescendingly). "GOING HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS, SIR?"

University MAN (hurling himself into Hansom). "EUSTON SQUA-A-A-RE!"



THE WORST OF EVENING PARTIES.

Ned. "HALLO, BILL, ARE YOU GOING TO THE EAGLE TO-NIGHT?"
Bill. "WHY, NO! IT'S SUCH A BORE TO DRESS."



FLUNKEIANA.

French Maid. "YOU LIKE A—ZE—SEA—SIDE, M'SIEUR JEAN THOMAS?"
John Thomas. "PAR BOKHOO, MAMZELLE—PAR BOKHOO. I'VE—AW—BIN SO ACCUSTOMED TO—AW—GALEITY IN TOWN, THAT I'M—AW—A'MOST KILLED WITH ARNWEZ DOWN HERE."



THE AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS DODGE.

Beggar. "DID YOU GET THE LAMB'S PRY?"
His Child. "ALL RIGHT."
Beggar. "WELL, NOW, RUN HOME AND TELL YER MOTHER NOT TO BOIL THE SPARKERGRASS TILL I COME."



THE HONEYMOON.

AUGUSTUS MAKES THE TEA FOR THE FIRST MONTH OF HIS MARRIAGE.



EXCESSIVELY POLITE.

Well-bred Man. "YOUR HORSE SEEMS A LITTLE IMPATIENT, SIR! PRAY GO FIRST!"



FLUNKEIANA.

Gentleman. "SIXTY POUNDS A YEAR!! WHY, MAN, ARE YOU AWARE THAT SUCH A SUM IS MORE THAN IS FREQUENTLY GIVEN TO A CURATE?"
Flunkey. "OH, YES, SIR; BUT THEN YOU WOULD HARDLY, I HOPE, GO FOR TO COMPARE ME WITH THE INFERIOR ORDER OF CLERGY."



THE DERBY DAY.

THE STUPID OLD COUPLE WHO CROSS THE COURSE AS THE RACE BEGINS.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Edwin. "NOW, UPON MY LIFE, ANGELINA, THIS IS TOO BAD—NO BUTTONS AGAIN."
Angelina. "WELL, MY DEAR, IT'S OF NO USE FIDGETTING ME ABOUT IT. YOU MUST SPEAK TO ANN. YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO DO EVERYTHING."



THE GREAT TENTH OF APRIL, 1848.

1st. "TALK OF INTERRUPTION TO BUSINESS! VY, I GIVE YER MY VORD OF HONOUR, THAT WOT WITH THEM SPECIALS AND THE REGLAR CRUSHERS, I AIN'T SO MUCH AS PRIGGED A SINGLE HANDKERCHER FOR A WEEK."
2nd. "OH, IT'S ENUFF TO MAKE VUN TURN RESPECTABLE."



THE GREAT TENTH OF APRIL, 1848.

Special Constable. "NOW, MIND, YOU KNOW—IF I KILL YOU, IT'S NOTHING; BUT IF YOU KILL ME, BY JINGO, IT'S MURDER."



A HEAVY BLOW.

Alderman Gobble. "WHAW-T! PULL DOWN TEMPLE BAR? OH DEAR! RING FOR THE SHERRY. THEY'LL BE FOR DESTROYING GOG AND MAGOG NEXT."



THE RISING GENERATION.

Harry (to TOM). "THERE'S ONE GREAT BORE ABOUT A WATERING-PLACE: THEY SELL SUCH HORRID CIGARS."



A GOOD SIZED FLOAT.

Little Gent (with undue familiarity). "I SAY, MY OLD COCKYWAX,—I S'POSE THE FISH AIN'T VERY LARGE OFF RAMSGIT—ARE THEY?"
Fisherman. "WELL! I SHOULDN'T SAY AS THEY WAS WERRY SMALL—WHEN WE'RE OBLIGED TO USE SICH FLOATS AS THEM TO OUR FISHIN' TACKLE! MY YOUNG COCKYWAX!" (Gent is shut up.)



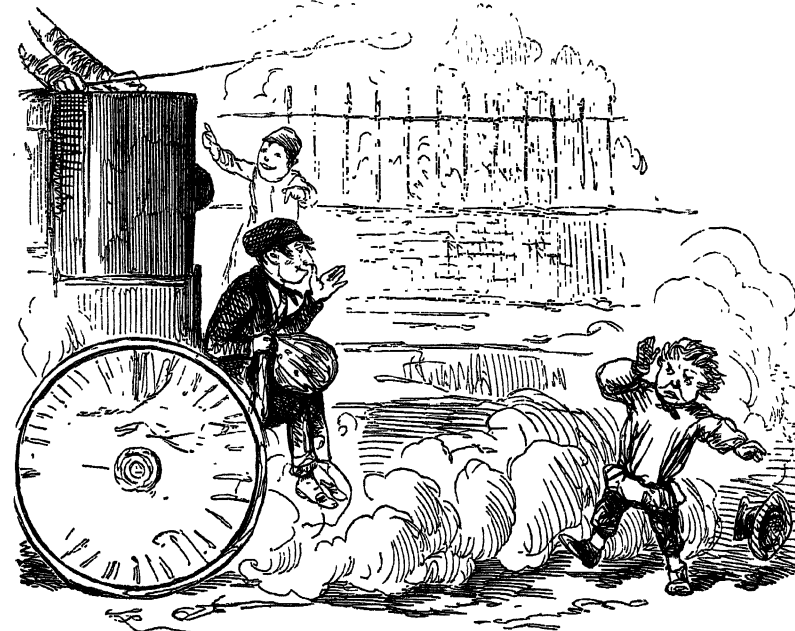
HOW TO DRESS A LOBSTER.

Rude Boy. "OH, LOOK 'ERE, JIM!—IF 'ERE AIN'T A LOBSTER BIN AND OUT-GROWNED HIS CLOAK!"



THE OPERA.

"PLEASE, SIR, GIVE US YOUR TICKET, IF YOU AIN'T A-GOIN' IN AGAIN."



CUT HIM DOWN BEHIND.



AN EXCLUSIVE.

Enter Small Swell (who draws as follows). "A—BROWN, A—WANT SOME MORE COATS!"
Snip. "YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR. HOW MANY WOULD YOU PLEASE TO WANT?"
Small Swell. "A—LET ME SEE; A'LL HAVE EIGHT. A—NO, A'LL HAVE NINE; LOOK HERE! A—SHALL WANT SOME TROWERS."
Snip. "YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR. HOW MANY WOULD YOU LIKE?"
Small Swell. "A—I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY. S'POSE WE SAY TWENTY-FOUR PAIRS; AND LOOK HERE! SHOW ME SOME PATTERNS THAT WON'T BE WORN BY ANY SNOBS!"



ARITHMETIC IN THE UNIVERSITY—SIGNS OF THE COMMISSION.

"I SAY, FRANK, MY BOY—IF TROUNCER'S AT 5 TO 2, AND NUTSHELL AT 3 TO 1, WHAT'S THE BETTING AGAINST THE PAIR OF THEM!"
"I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW—TAKE YOU 6 TO 1."



OYSTERS IN JUNE—DELICIOUS.

"NOW, MY LITTLE MAN—HERE'S YOUR FINE NATIVES! ONLY 'A PENNY A LOT,'"



THE GREAT TENTH OF APRIL, 1848.

SPECIAL CONSTABLE PREPARING FOR THE WORST—DRYING HIS GUNPOWDER IN THE FRYING-PAN.



FLUNKEIANA.

Old Gent. "THOMAS, I HAVE ALWAYS PLACED THE GREATEST CONFIDENCE IN YOU. NOW TELL ME. THOMAS, HOW IS IT THAT MY BUTCHER'S BILLS ARE SO LARGE, AND THAT I ALWAYS HAVE SUCH BAD DINNERS?"
Thomas. "REALLY, SIR, I DON'T KNOW, FOR I'M SURE WE NEVER HAVE ANYTHING NICE IN THE KITCHEN THAT WE DON'T ALWAYS SEND SOME OF IT UP INTO THE PARLOUR!"



LITTLE BOY HAS A PENN'ORTH—ALARMING RESULT.



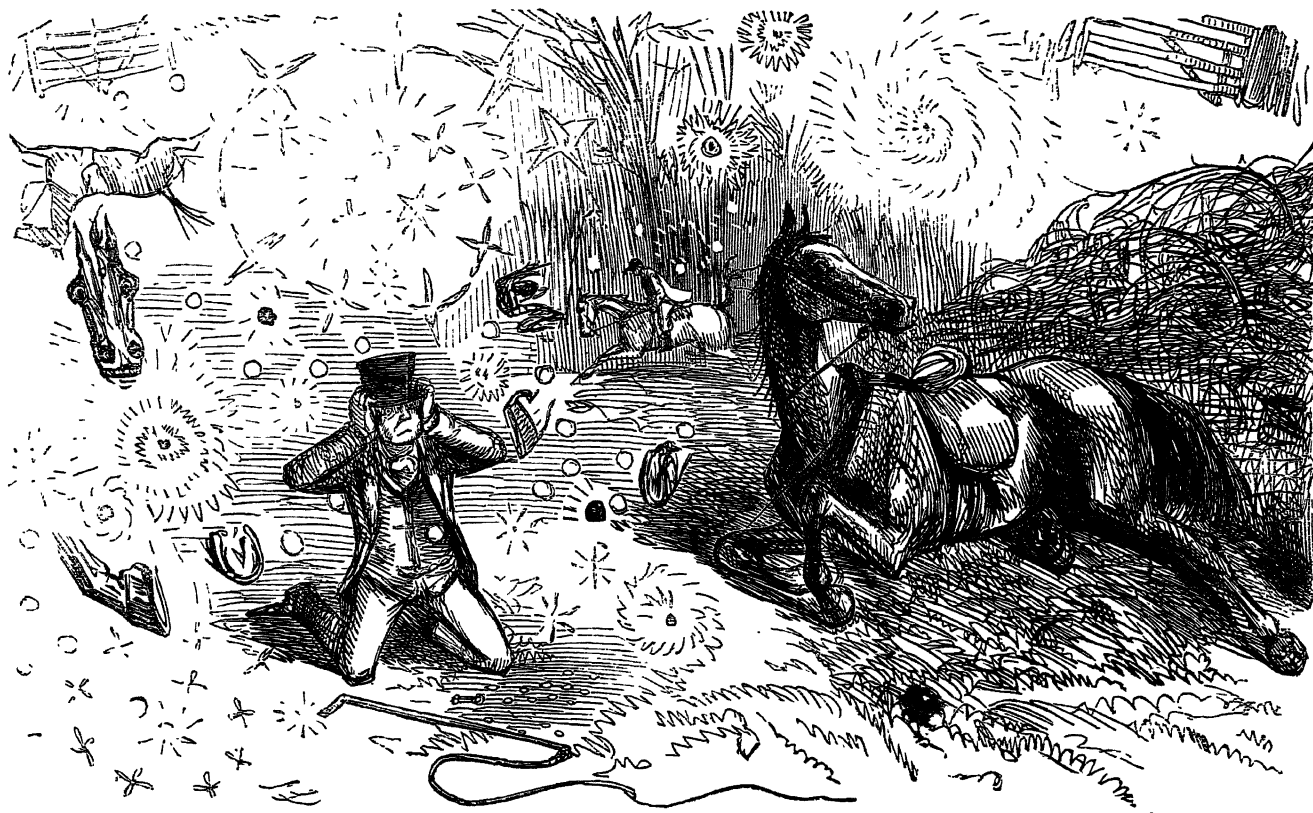
SKETCH OF A "LORD OF THE CREATION" ON HIS RETURN FROM THE DERBY.



AWFUL INSTANCE OF PERCEPTION OF CHARACTER IN AN INFANT PRODIGY.

Prodigy. "MAMMA, LOOK DERE! DERE PAPA!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



HUNTING MEMORANDUM—APPEARANCE OF THINGS IN GENERAL TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST TURNED A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT!!

* &C. &C. REPRESENT SPARKS OF DIVERS BEAUTIFUL COLOURS.



PROBABLE RESULT OF THE COCHIN CHINA FOWL MANIA.



SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 1.

Street Boy (to his natural enemy, the Policeman). "SNOWBALLS, SIR! NO, SIR! I HAVEN'T SEEN NO ONE THROW NO SNOWBALLS, SIR!"



SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 2.

Street Boy. "HOH! SOOSANNER! DON'T YER CRY FOR ME! FOL DE ROL DE RIDDLE LOL. HERE'S A JOLLY SLIDE. CUT AWAY, YOUNG 'UN. IT'S ALL SERENE!"



SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 3.

Playful Youth. "PLEASE, SIR, I WASN'T A HEAVIN' AT YOU—I WAS HEAVIN' AT BILLY JONES."



THE BIRTHDAY.

Cousin Emily. "AND SO IT'S LITTLE ALFRED'S BIRTHDAY TO-MORROW. NOW, WHAT WOULD HE LIKE BEST FOR A PRESENT?"
Alfred (after much reflection). "WHY, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE A—I SHOULD LIKE A TESTAMENT—AND—A—A—AND—OH, I KNOW! I SHOULD LIKE A SQUIRT!!"



BECOMING.

Emma. "WHAT DO YOU THINK, DEAR GRAN'MA? THE LADIES IN PARIS WEAR THEIR HAIR TAKEN OFF THE FOREHEAD AND SPRINKLED WITH SILVER!"
Grandma. "DO THEY, INDEED! WELL, MY DARLING, SO LONG AS THEY ARE RESPECTABLE, THERE CAN BE NO HARM IN GREY LOCKS."



THE HAT-MOVING EXPERIMENT.

IT IS NECESSARY TO GET A HAT. TWO OR MORE PERSONS PLACE THEIR HANDS ON THE RIM THEREOF, THE LITTLE FINGERS OF EACH PERSON BEING IN CONTACT. IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES, OR HALF-AN-HOUR, OR PERHAPS MORE, THE HAT WILL BEGIN TO JUMP AND REVOLVE RAPIDLY.

(N.B. The Party above, with the Moustaches, thinks that in the pursuit of Science he could perform the experiment over and over again.)



DISCERNMENT.

Clever Child. "OH! DO LOOK HERE, MAMMA DEAR, SUCH A FUNNY THING! ME GOT ANOTHER FOREHEAD AT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD." [BOKER is



A FALSE POSITION.

Individual (who is not over strong in his head, or firm on his legs). "D-D-D-WALTZING—EVER—MAKE—YOU—GIDDY? BECAUSE, I—SHALL—BE—HAPPY TO—SIT—DOWN—WHENEVER—YOU'RE—TIRED!"
Girl (who is in high dancing condition). "OH, DEAR, NO—I COULD WALTZ ALL NIGHT!"



THE CONSCIENTIOUS STABLE-KEEPER.

Gent (who meditates a ride). "HALLO! WHY, CONFOUND IT. THAT'S MY SADDLE HORSE, ISN'T IT?"
Fly-Man. "YES, SIR! IT'S ALL RIGHT; MASTER SAYS YOU'RE WERRY PARTICULAR ABOUT 'AVIN OF 'IM EXERCISED REGULAR—SO WE PUTS 'IM INTO THE BROOM WHEN YOU AIN'T OUT A RIDIN'!"



DOMESTIC SANITARY REGULATIONS.



A HACK FOR THE DAY.

Stable-Keeper (to little Gent). "SET TO KICKING, AND THEN BOLTED INTO A SHOP! DID HE, NOW? AH! HE ALWAYS WAS A LIGHT-ARTED 'OSS."



A PICTURE.

SHOWING WHAT MASTER TOM DID AFTER SEE-ING A PAN-TO-MIME—BUT YOU WOULD NOT DO SO—OH DEAR NO!—BECAUSE YOU ARE A GOOD BOY.



SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Servant Gal. "WELL, MAM—HEVERYTHINK CONSIDERED—I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T SUIT ME. I'VE ALWAYS BIN BROUGHT UP GENTEEL; AND I COULDN'T GO NOWHERES WHERE THERE ALN'T NO FOOTMAN KEP'."



SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

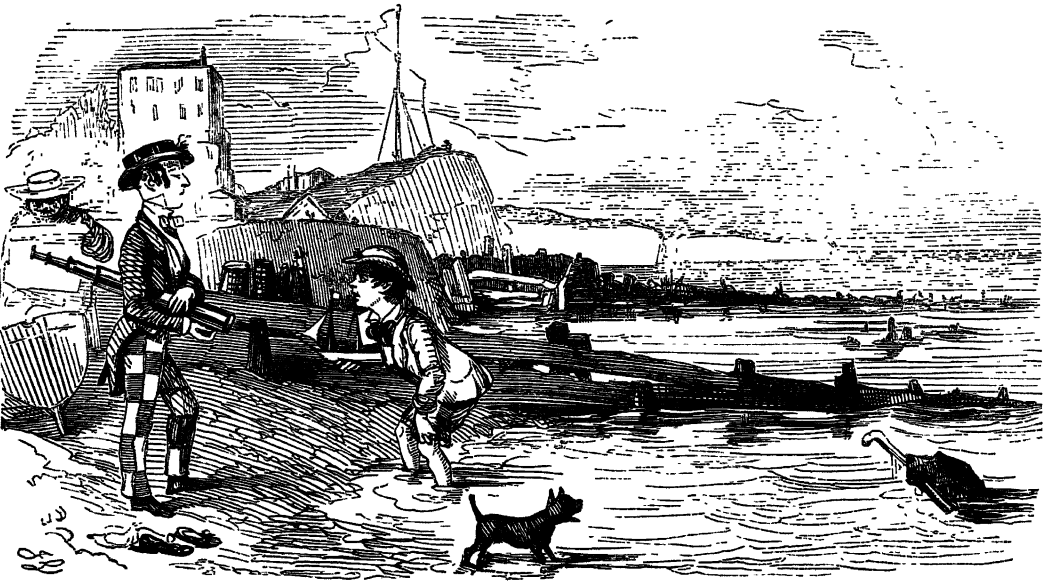
Old Lady. "WHAT IS IT, BOY?"
Boy. "PLEASE'M—IT'S A PAIR OF WHITE SATING SHOES, AND THE LADY'S FAN WOT'S BIN MENDE—NAME OF MISS JULIER PEARLASH!"
Old Lady. "MISS!!!!!!?"
Voice from the Area. "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, MUM. IT'S ME!"



SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Servant Gal (who has quarrelled with her bread-and-butter). "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, I FIND THERE'S COLD MEAT FOR DINNER IN THE KITCHEN. DID YOU EXPECT ME TO EAT IT?"
Lady. "OF COURSE I EXPECT YOU TO EAT IT, AND AN EXCELLENT DINNER, TOO."
Servant. "OH, THEN, IF YOU PLEASE'M, I SHOULD LIKE TO LEAVE THIS DAY MONTH."
[Exit Idiot.]



THE RISING GENERATION AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Augustus. "ISN'T IT JOLLY, FRANK, BRING DOWN HERE FOR THE HOLIDAYS?"
Incipient Swell. "H'M! PRETTY WELL FOR THAT. I CONFESS I MISS THE GAITY OF TOWN."



MAY-DAY.

DISTRESSING POSITION OF A SENTIMENTAL GENTLEMAN, WHO WAS ABOUT TO OFFER HIS HAND AND HEART TO THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM—HOSPITALITY.

Officer. "WELL, BUT LOOK HERE, OLD FELLOW; WHY NOT STOP ALL NIGHT?"



THE GREENWICH DINNER.—A CONVIVIAL MOMENT.

Gentleman (under the influence of White Bait). "WELL, OLD FELLA—REKLECT—PRESHENT COMPANY DINE IERE WITH ME EVERY MONDAY, THURSDAY, AN' SAT'DY—FRIDAY—NO—TOOSDAY, THURSDAY, AND SAT'DY—MIND AN' DON' FORGET—I SAY—WHAT A GOOD FELLA YOU ARE—GREATEST 'STEEM AND REGARD FOR YOU, OLD FELLA!!!"



THE NEW BONNET.

Frederick. "THERE, NOW, HOW VERY PROVOKING! I'VE LEFT THE PRAYER BOOKS AT HOME!"
Maria. "WELL, DEAR, NEVER MIND; BUT DO TELL ME, IS MY BONNET STRAIGHT?"



A GREAT MENTAL EFFORT.

First Cock Sparrow. "WHAT A MIWACKULOUS TYE, FWANK! HOW THE DOOSE DO YOU MANAGE IT?"
Second Cock Sparrow. "YAS. I FANCY IT IS RATHER GRAND; BUT THEN, YOU SEE, I GIVE THE WHOLE OF MY MIND TO IT."



A SON AND HEIR.

Son and Heir. "HOW MANY OF US ARE THERE? WHY, IF YOU COUNT THE GIRLS, THERE ARE SIX—BUT SOME PEOPLE DON'T COUNT THE GIRLS.—I'M ONE."



CRUEL.

"REMEMBER THE STEWARD, SIR, IF YOU PLEASE."



A CAUTION TO LITTLE BOYS AT A FESTIVE SEASON.

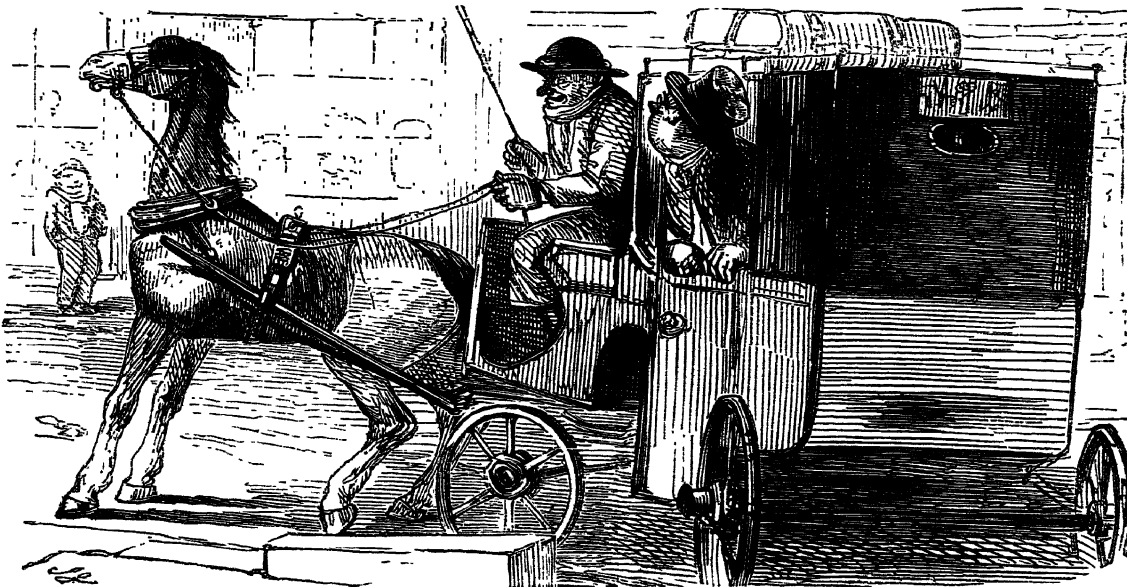
Mamma. "WHY, MY DEAREST ALBERT, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?—SO GOOD, TOO, AS YOU HAVE BEEN ALL DAY!"

Spoiled Little Boy. "BOO-HOO! I'VE EATEN SO—MUCH BE-EF AND T-TURKEY, THAT I CAN'T EAT ANY P-PLUM P-P-PUDDING!"
[Oh, what a very greedy little fellow.]



STRONG ASSERTION.

Omnibus Driver (addressing another). "YOU'RE A PRETTY FELLOW, YOU ARE. YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN? WHY, I'VE SEEN A BETTER MAN THAN YOU MADE OUT OF TEA LEAVES."



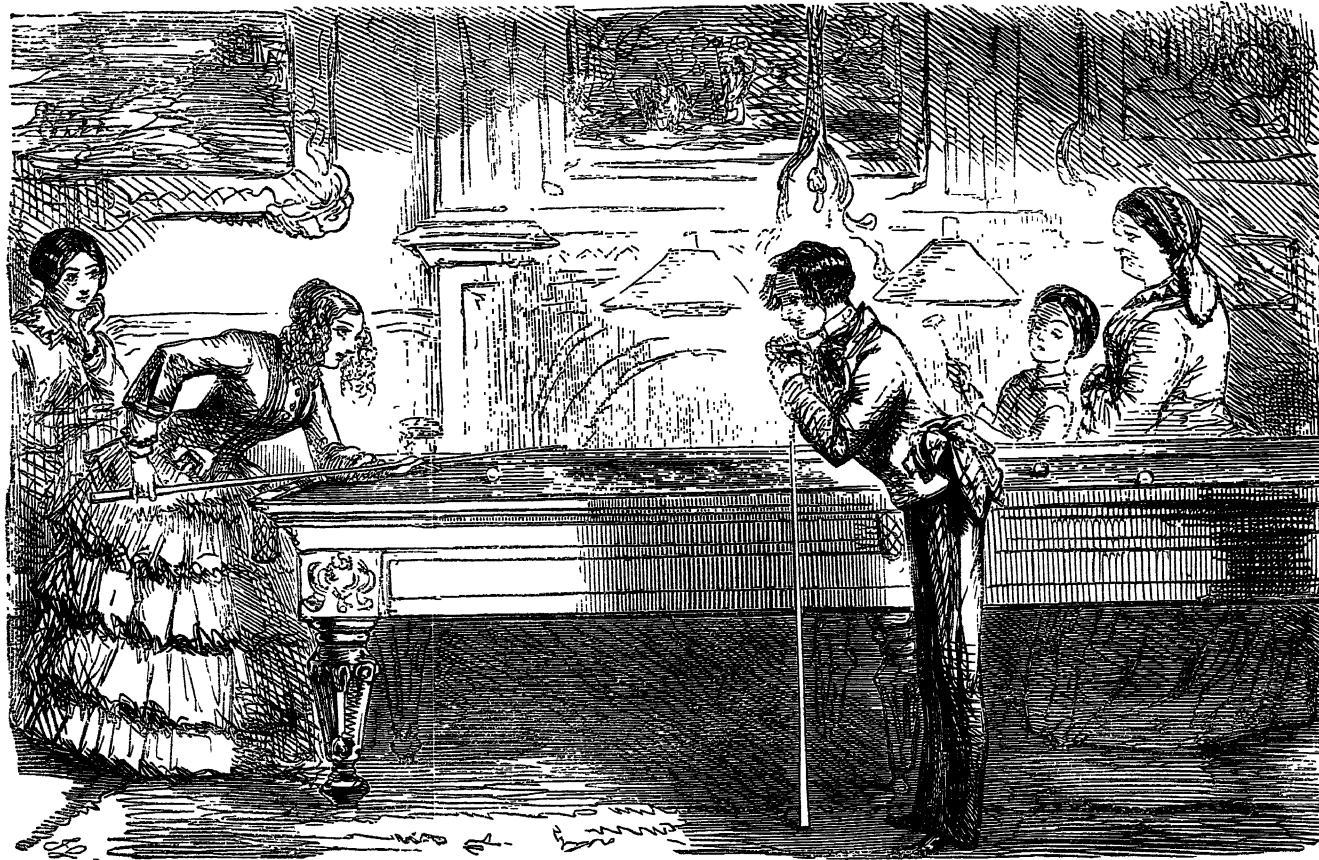
THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS IN A HURRY TO GET TO THE STATION—CAB HORSE JIBS MOST RESOLUTELY.

Old Gent. "NOW, THEN, DRIVER. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Cabman. "OH, IT'S NOTHIN', SIR. HE'S ONLY A LEETLE TOO FRESH, SIR!"



AGGRAVATING—RATHER!



A NICE GAME AT BILLIARDS.

Pretty Cousin. "LET ME SEE, FREDERICK, I'M JUST EIGHTEEN TO YOUR LOVE?"
Frederick (who is always so ridiculous). "THAT IS PRECISELY THE STATE OF THE CASE, MY DEAREST GEORGINA."
Mamma (with severity). "COME, LUNCHEON IS QUITE READY."



THE ROAD-SIDE ON THE DERBY DAY.

A "DRAG" FULL OF GUARDSMEN IS SUPPOSED TO BE PASSING.



SPECIAL CONSTABLES, APRIL 10, 1848.—DISTRIBUTION OF THE STAVES.



SPECIAL CONSTABLE GOING ON DUTY, APRIL 10, 1848.

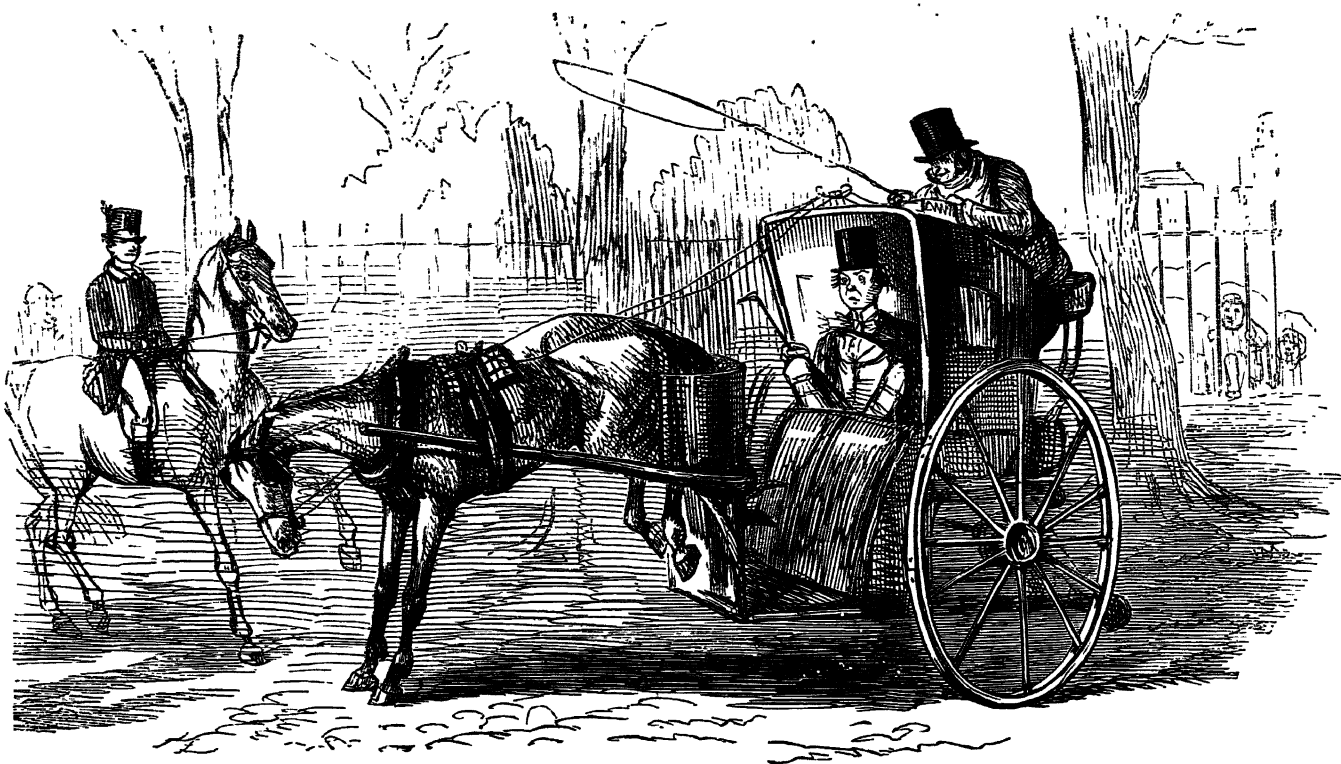
Time—Two in the Morning.

Captain of the Beat. "OH! WE HAVE JUST LOOKED IN TO SAY THAT IT IS YOUR TURN TO GO ON DUTY. THE ROOKERY AT THE BACK OF SLAUGHTER'S ALLEY IS YOUR BEAT, I BELIEVE. YOU WILL LOSE NO TIME, IF YOU PLEASE, FOR IT'S A DREADFUL NEIGHBOURHOOD, AND ALL THE POLICE HAVE BEEN WITHDRAWN—INDEED, SEVERAL MOST BRUTAL AND SAVAGE ATTACKS HAVE TAKEN PLACE ALREADY!"



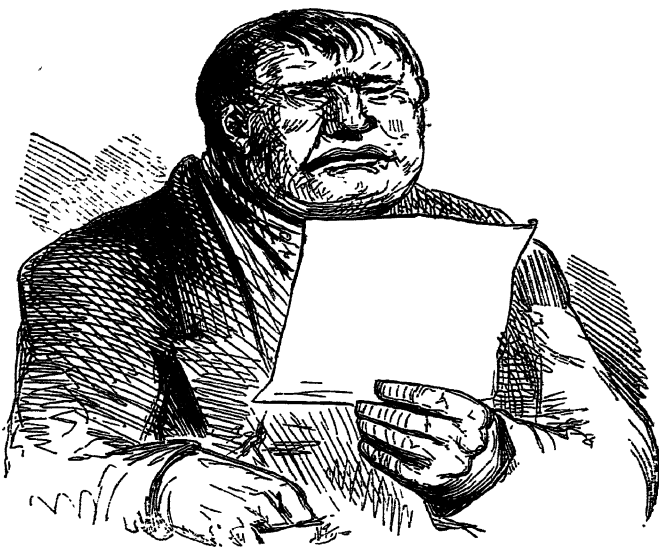
HOW No. 4 ENJOYED HIMSELF.

AND



A PLAYFUL CREATURE.

Cabby. "DON'T BE ALARMED, SIR, IT'S ONLY HIS PLAY."

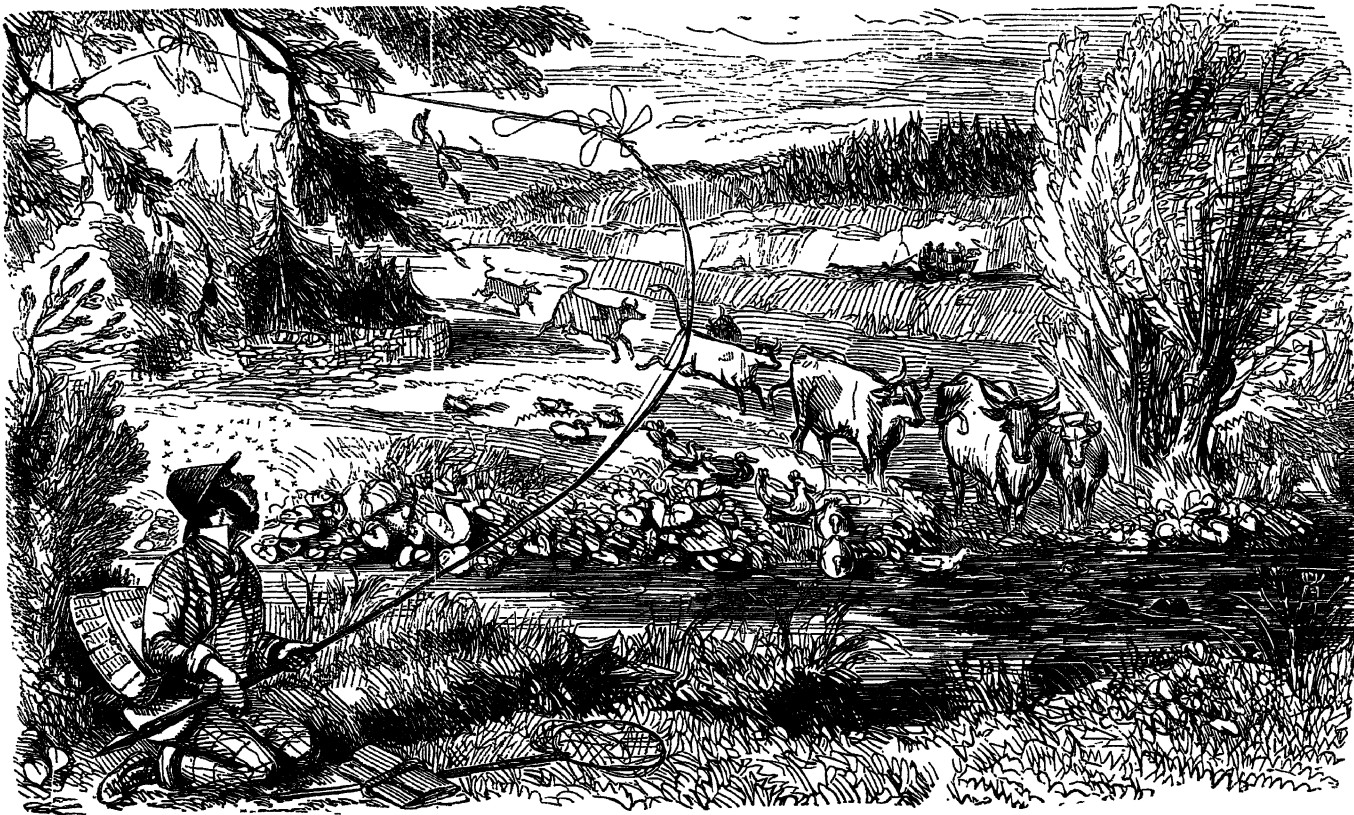


A SKETCH OF CHARACTER BY PROFESSOR MILKANSOP,
THE CELEBRATED GRAPHIOLOGIST.

Gentleman (reads). "‘INTELLIGENT; STRONG RELIGIOUS FEELINGS!
FOND OF LITTLE CHILDREN; LOVES MUSIC, POETRY, AND THE FINE
ARTS; IS RELUCTANT TO TAKE OFFENCE, GENEROUS, AND FORGIVING.’
—WELL, I'M BLOWED, IF THAT AIN'T WONDERFUL; WHY, IT'S MY
KARACTUR TO A T!"



HOW No. 8 SUFFERED IN CONSEQUENCE.



FLY-FISHING.

FAVOURABLE WIND AND THE TROUT RISING AS FAST AS POSSIBLE.

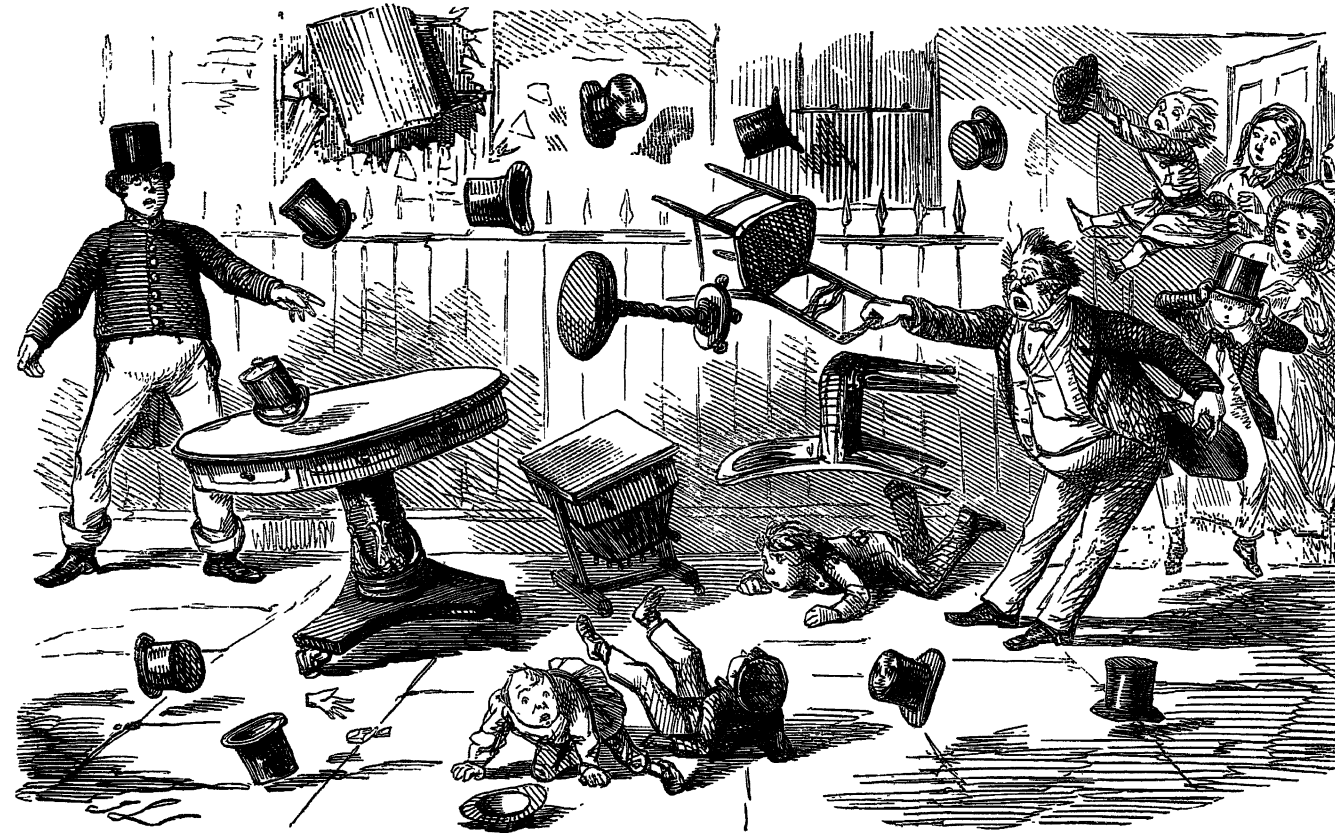


L'ÉTÉ.



A VERY VULGAR SUBJECT.

William. "HERE'S WISHIN' YOU GOOD 'EALTH, JIM, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"
James. "THANK'YE, BILL, THANK'YE. I HAD OUGHT TO BE A HAPPY COVE—FOR I'VE GOT A WIFE AS CAN THRASH ANY MAN OF HER WEIGHT—AND I'VE GOT A CHILD OF TWO YEARS AND A ARF AS CAN EAT TWO POUNDS O' BEEFSTEAK AT A SITTING—LET ALONE OWNIN' THE SMALLEST BLACK AND TAN TERRIER IN THE WORLD!"



SINGULAR BUT RATHER ALARMING EFFECT PRODUCED BY IMPRUDENTLY TRYING THE HAT AND TABLE MOVING EXPERIMENT.



ELEGANT HABIT.

Mamma. "MY DEAR FREDERICK, DO PRAY TAKE YOUR HANDS OUT OF YOUR POCKETS!"
Frederick. "COULDN'T DO IT, MAMMA, DEAR; ALL OUR MEN AT CAMBRIDGE WEAR THEIR HANDS IN THEIR POCKETS, AND I COULDN'T DISGRACE MY COLLEGE BY TAKING MINE OUT!"



DISTWESSING—VEWY.

X. 42. "DID YOU CALL THE POLICE, SIR?"
Swell (who would perish rather than disturb his shirt collar). "YA—AS, A—I'VE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO DWOP MY UMBRELLAW, AND THERE ISN'T A BOY WITHIN A MILE TO PICK IT UP—A—WILL YOU HAVE THE GOODNESS?"



WHEN IT IS DELIGHTFUL TO LOSE A BET.

Grace. "TEDDINGTON FIRST?—THEN THAT WILL MAKE FOUR DOZEN AND A HALF. REMEMBER, SIXES! TWO DOZEN WHITE, AND THE REST PALE DRAB AND LAVENDER."



STUDY OF AN ELDERLY FEMALE HAILING THE LAST OMBLEBUS.

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FROM THE COLLECTION OF W^m PUNCH.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET.
1857.



A LARGE BUMP OF CAUTION.

Flora. "OH, LET US SIT HERE, AUNT, THE BREEZE IS SO DELIGHTFUL."
Aunt. "YES, DOVE!—IT'S VERY NICE, I DARE SAY; BUT I WON'T COME ANY NEARER TO THE CLIFF, FOR I AM ALWAYS AFRAID OF SLIPPING THROUGH THOSE RAILINGS!"



DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

Old Gent. "I SAY, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS HOLD YOUR PONY TOGETHER GOING UP HILL, AND OVER PLOUGHED LAND!"
Young Nimrod. "ALL RIGHT, OLD COCK! DON'T YOU TEACH YOUR GRANDMOTHER TO SUCK EGGS! THERE'S MY MAN BY THE HAY-STACK WITH MY SECOND HORSE!"



First Young Lady. "OH, DEAR! HOW DULL THE OLD TOWN IS, NOW ALL THE OFFICERS ARE GONE ABROAD!"
Second Ditto (a trifle older). "H'M!—FOR MY PART, I'M VERY GLAD THEY'RE GONE, FOR THEY WERE ALWAYS FOLLOWING ONE ABOUT!"



CURIOUS MODE OF CONDUCTING A RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT.



WHY, INDEED?

Perceptive Child. "MAMMA, DEAR! WHY DO THOSE GENTLEMEN DRESS THEMSELVES LIKE THE FUNNY LITTLE MEN IN MY NOAH'S ARK?"



Charles (who is rather addicted to telling). "—AND TALKING OF GOODWOOD RACES, WE'VE GOT SUCH A JOLLY SWEEP AT OUR CLUB!"
Constance. "A SWEEP, CHARLES!—WELL! I NEVER THOUGHT MUCH OF YOUR CLUB FRIENDS, BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU ASSOCIATED WITH PEOPLE OF THAT SORT!"



LATEST FROM PARIS.

Beautiful Being. "WELL, I MUST SAY, PARKER, THAT I LIKE THE HAIR DRESSED A L'IMPÉRATRICE. IT SHOWS SO MUCH OF THE FACE."



OUR DEAR OLD PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS OFFSPRING TO SEE THE PANTOMIME. UNFORTUNATELY, "THE ROADS" (AS THE CABMAN SAYS) "IS SO ORRIBUL BAD AND SLIPPY," THAT HE IS OBLIGED TO WALK WITH HIS DARLINGS THE GREATER PART OF THE WAY HOME.



GOOD NEWS! REAL SENTIMENT!

The Lady Emmeline. "NO, DEAREST CONSTANCE, I AM NOT UNHAPPY. THESE ARE TEARS OF JOY! FOR SEE HOW THE DEAR LORD AUBREY WRITES—(Reads an advertisement)—'I have much pleasure in giving my testimony to the skill of Professor Puffenburg, who has extracted two very troublesome corns without causing me any pain.—De Belgrave.' DEAR, DEAR AUBREY, THEN YOU ARE HAPPY!"



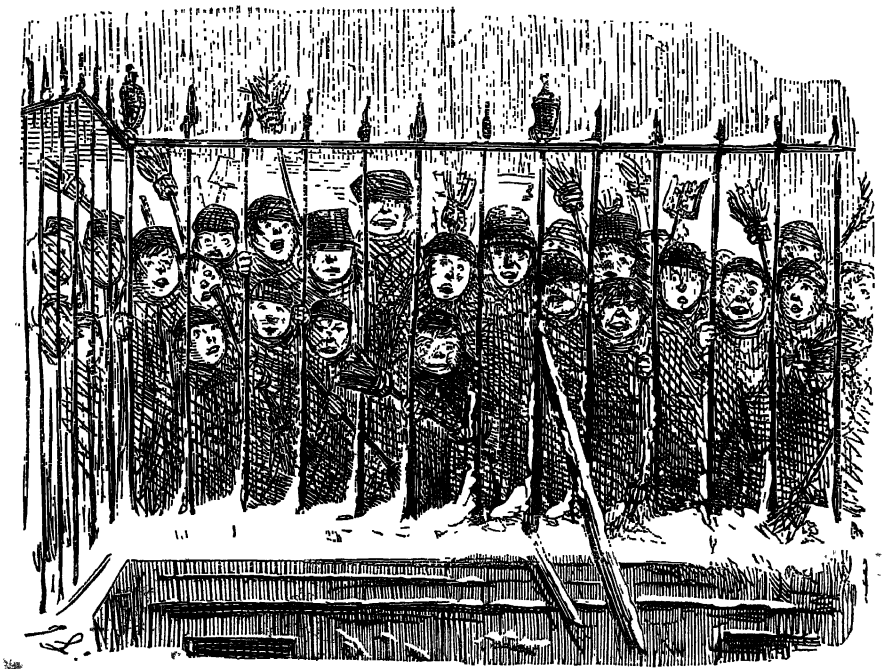
TRUTH IS GREAT.

Unsophisticated Little Girl. "NOW, YOU A'DONE, BILLY. IF YOU AIN'T QUIET DIRECTLY, I'LL GIVE YEE TO THIS GREAT, BIG HUGLY MAN!"
[Immense delight of Swell in gorgeous array.]



SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH THE KITCHEN BOILER.

Dedicated to PATERFAMILIAS, whoever he might be.



"WANT' YOUR DOOR DONE, MUM?"



Man on the Grey (who comes Express pace over the Stile, and cannons against two quiet riders). "BEG PARDON, GENTLEMEN, BUT MY HORSE HAS GOT NO MOUTH."



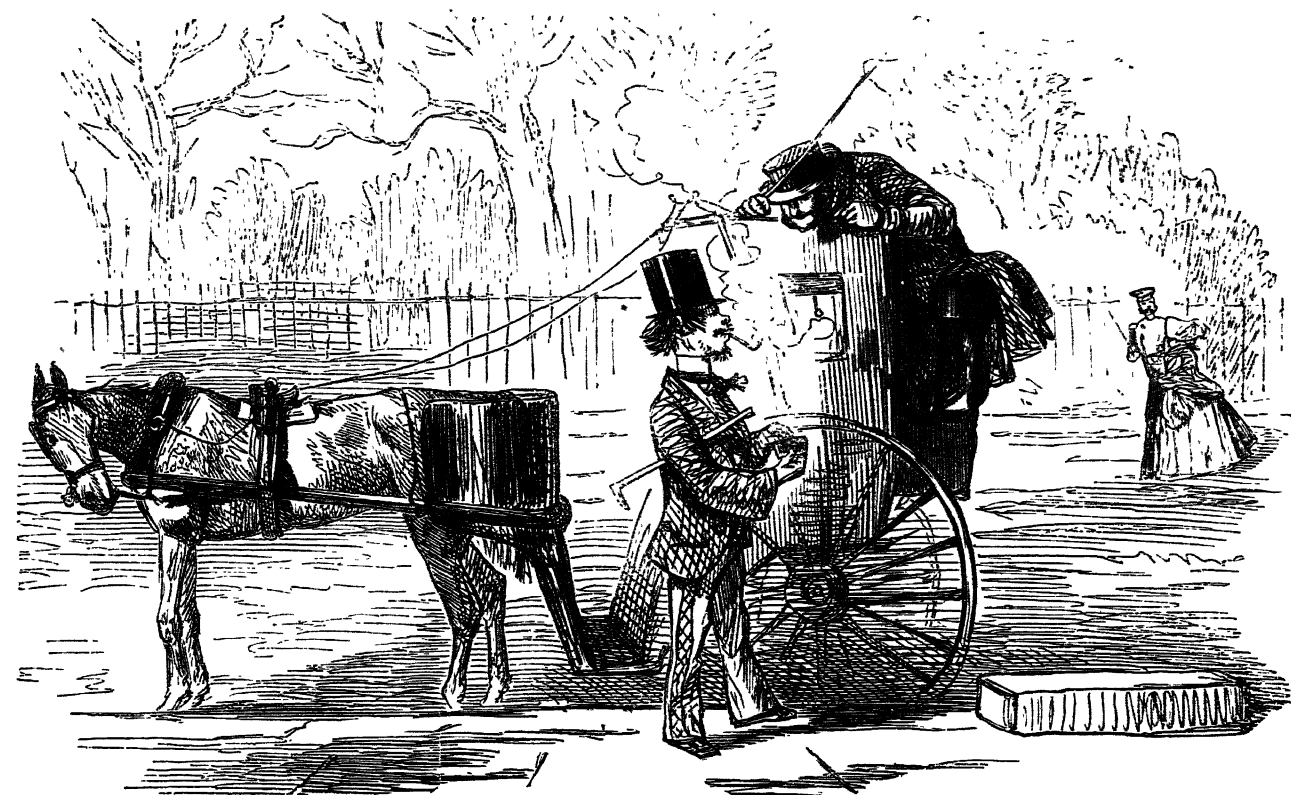
THE ROUND HAT, LADEN WITH NOVELS, IN A STORM.
Ancient Mariner. "HOLD ON A BIT, MISS—I'LL TOW YOU OFF—YOU SHOULD NEVER CARRY SO MUCH SAIL IN A SOU-WESTER!"



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.
DISMAY OF MR. JAMES JESSAMY ON BEING TOLD THAT HE WILL SPOIL THE WHOLE THING IF HE DOESN'T SHAVE OFF HIS WHISKERS.



SUBURBAN FELICITY. GRATIFYING DOMESTIC (POULTRY) INCIDENT.
Buttons! PLEASE 'M! BE QUICK, 'M! HERE'S THE COACHING CHINA A CLUCKING LIKE HANYTHINK. HE'VE BEEN AND LAID A HEGG!!!
LIKE THE



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.—GAMMONING A GENT.

Little Gent. "OW MUCH?"

Caddy. "WELL! I'D RATHER LEAVE IT TO YOU, SIR! AND WHAT WE POOR HANSOMS IS TO DO WHEN ALL YOU OFFICERS IS GONE ABROAD, GOODNESS KNOWS."



ENTER MR. BOTTLES, THE BUTLER.

Master Fred. "THERE! THAT'S CAPITAL! STAND STILL, BOTTLES, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THE CHINESE DO THE KNIFE TRICK AT THE PLAY."
[BOTTLES is much interested.]



"FLUNKEYIANA—A FACT.

Flunkey (out of place). "THERE'S JUST ONE QUESTION I SHOULD LIKE TO ASK YOUR LADYSHIP—HAM I ENGAGED FOR WORK, OR HAM I ENGAGED FOR ORNAMENT?"



DURING THE FROST A CERTAIN FOX-HUNTER INCREASES IN WEIGHT, AND GETS TOO BIG FOR HIS CLOTHES.

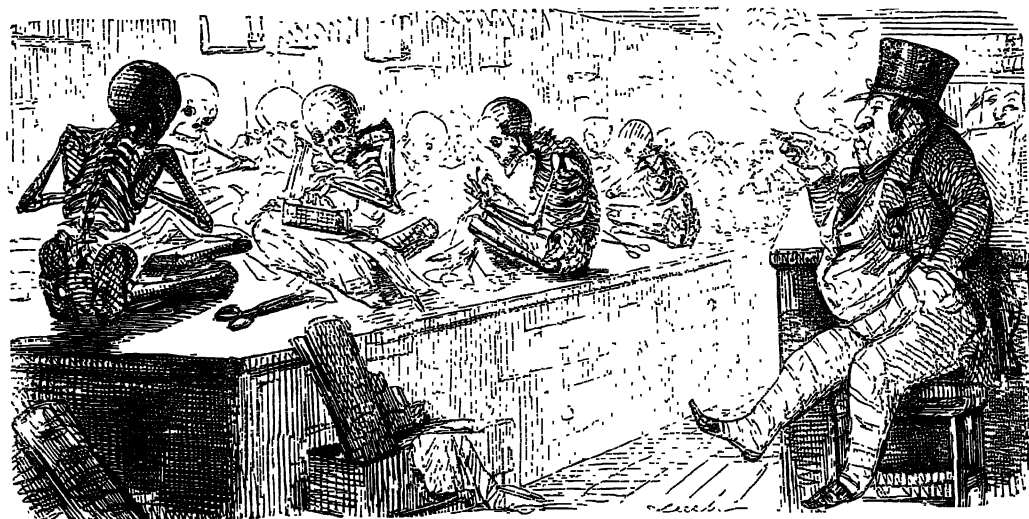


Undergraduate. "YOU DON'T OBJECT TO SMOKING, I HOPE?"
Old Party (probably a Director). "YES, SIR! I OBJECT VERY MUCH INDEED!—
FACT, I HAVE THE STRONGEST OBJECTION TO SMOKING!!!"
Undergraduate. "HM! HA! SOME PEOPLE HAVE." [Smokes for the next fifty miles.]



HOW TO GET A CONNECTION.

gman (to Ancient Party). "YES MISS—THANK YOU MISS—IS THERE ANY OTHER
ARTICLE MISS?—CAN WE SEND IT FOR YOU MISS?"
[Old Lady thinks it SUCH a nice shop, and SUCH well-behaved young men.]



THE CHEAP TAILOR AND HIS WORKMEN.



THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

First Sporting Gent (reads). "CAUTION.—NO HORSEMAN WILL, ON ANY ACCOUNT, BE ALLOWED TO FOLLOW THE RACEHORSES OVER THE STEEPLE-CHASE COURSE.' DEAR ME HOW
PROVOKING! I SHOULD A LIKED TO HAVE POPPED OVER THIS BROOK!"
Second Gent thinks they had better not interfere with any of the Regulations.



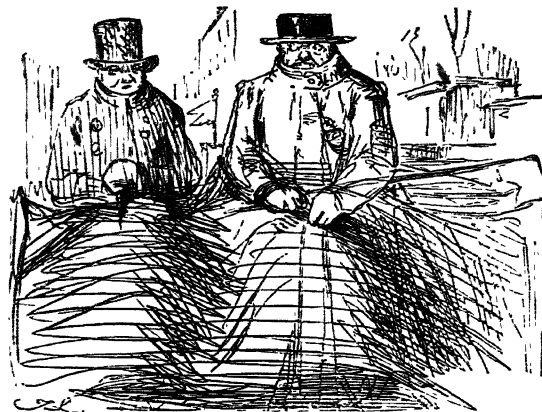
THE REAL USE OF THE BEAR-SKIN CAP—A HIN



PERFECT SINCERITY, OR THINKING
Genius. "BY THE WAY, DID YOU GLANCE OVER THE
'THE INTELLECT OF WOMAN, AND HER SOCIAL POSITION
PENCE ABOUT YOUR OPINION; ONLY, IF YOU CAN SAY
OF COURSE I SHALL BE PLEASED."
Common Sense. "WHY, I TRIED IT, BUT UPON MY LIFE
TEMPTIBLE RUBBISH, THAT I COULDN'T GET ON; AND, TO
THINK THAT A SNUG LITTLE THING IN THE CHEESEMOMORE
MORE IN YOUR WAY THAN LITERATURE."
Genius. "AH, YOU MUST BE A FOOL!"

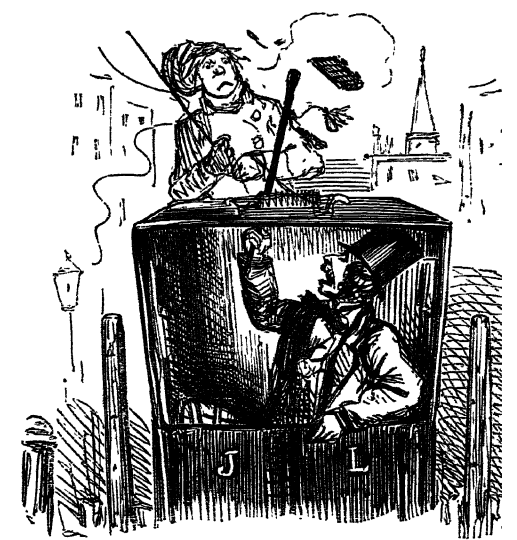


A LITTLE BIT OF SENTIMENT.]



INCIDENT IN A FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Omnibus Driver. "THIS IS ORRIBLE VURK IN PARIS, SIR. VY, THEY TELL ME THEY'VE BIN AND BURNT ALL THE BUSSES!"



CABMAN IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE TAKEN THE WRONG TURNING—THAT'S ALL!



A BRUTAL FELLOW.

Policeman. "NOW, MUM! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Injured Female. "IF YOU PLEASE, MISTER—I WANT TO GIVE MY WRETCH OF A 'USBAND IN CHARGE. HE'S ALWAYS A KNOCKING OF ME DOWN AND A STAMPIN' ON ME!"

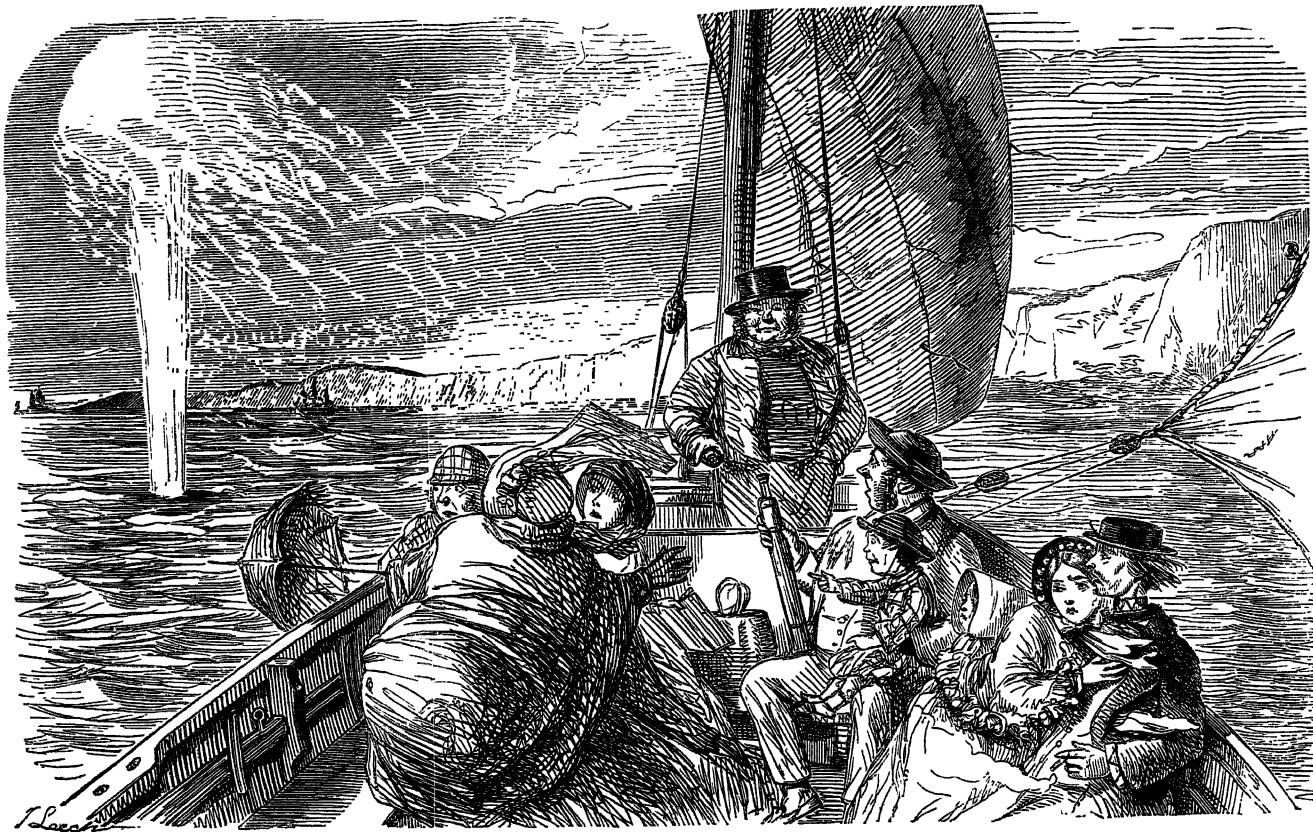


FROZEN OUT FOX-HUNTERS.



IN A VERY BAD WAY.

"WHY, YOU SEEM QUITE WRETCHED, FRANK!"
"WRETCHED, MY BOY! AH, YOU MAY IMAGINE HOW WRETCHED I TELL YOU I DON'T EVEN CARE HOW MY TROWERS ARE MADE!"



A DELICIOUS SAIL—OFF DOVER.

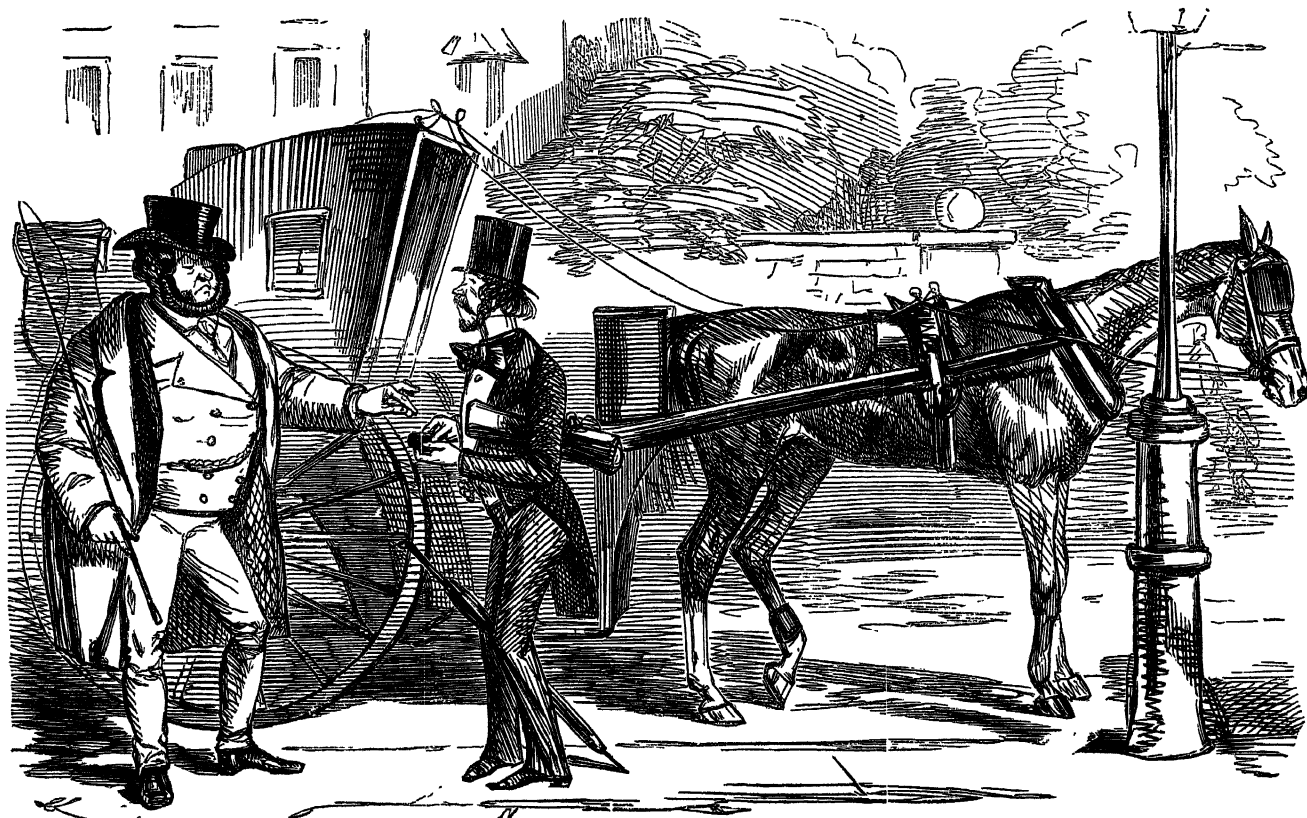
Old Lady. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, MR. BOATMAN! WHAT'S THAT?"

Stolid Boatman. "THAT, MUM! NUTHUN, MUM. ONLY THE ARTILLERY A PRAC-TI-SIN', AND THAT'S ONE O' THE CANNON BALLS WHAT'S JUST STRUCK THE WATER!!"



THE BANQUET AT GUILDHALL, 1851—TRUE POLITENESS.

Alderman Gobble. "NOW THEN, GALS! I'VE QUITE DONE. CAN I GET YOU ANY GRUB?"



THE NEW ACT.

Hansom Cabby. "H'M! SIXPENCE. YOU HAD BETTER KEEP IT. YOU MAY WANT IT FOR YOUR WASHING OR SOMETHINK!"



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Sportsman (in Standing Beans). "WHERE TO, NOW, JACK?"

Jack. "WELL! LET'S SEE! I SHOULD JUST GO UP THE BEANS AGAIN, AND ACROSS THE TOP END, BEAT DOWN THE OTHER SIDE AND ROUND BY THE BOTTOM; WHILE YOU'RE THERE, GET OVER AND TRY OLD HAYCOCK'S STANDING OATS—HE WON'T MIND—I'LL STOP HERE AND MARK!"



A THOROUGH GOOD COOK.

Lady. "THEN WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE, PRAY?"

Cook. "WELL, MA'AM, AFTER I'M DONE WORK, I AM VERY FOND OF SINGING AND PLAYING ON THE ACCORDIUM, AND MISSUS HADN'T USED TO LIKE IT—AND SO I GIVE NOTICE!"



BOTTOM FISHING.

* *Piscator No. 1 (miserably).* "NOW, TOM, DO LEAVE OFF. IT ISN'T OF ANY USE; AND IT'S GETTING QUITE DARK."

Piscator No. 2. "LEAVE OFF!! WHAT A PRECIOUS DISAGREEABLE CHAP YOU ARE. YOU COME OUT FOR A DAY'S PLEASURE, AND YOU'RE ALWAYS A WANTING TO GO HOME!"



SEA-SIDE.—THE BATHING HOUR.

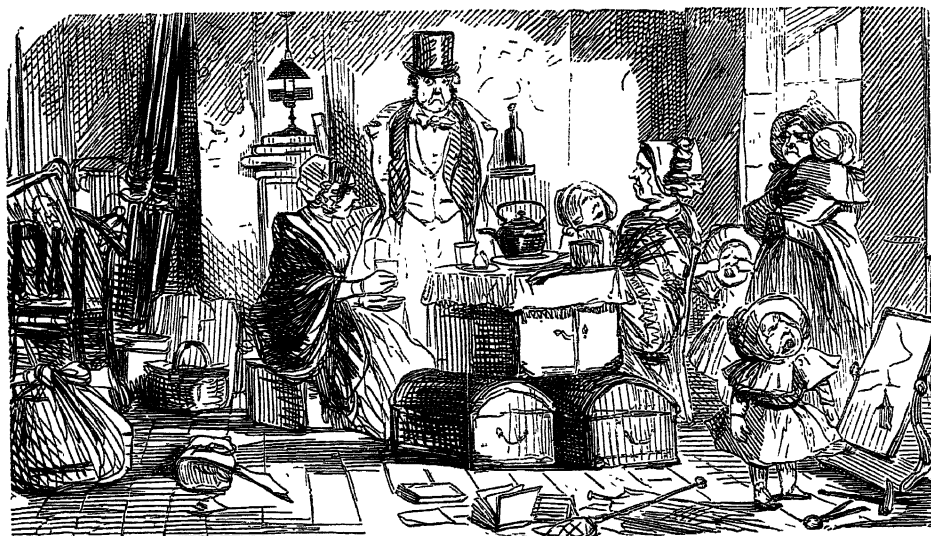


THE NEW PURCHASE.

Blanche (who dotes on horses). "THERE, FRANK. ISN'T SHE A PRETTY CREATURE? PAPA GAVE HER TO ME THIS MORNING—SHE IS SO GOOD TEMPERED! AND WHAT A NICE HEAD AND NECK SHE HAS! HASN'T SHE? SHE'S QUITE YOUNG, TOO—AND SUCH A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH!—NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY, SIR, EH?"

Frank (who is so absurd). "H'M! LET'S SEE. PRETTY CREATURE!—GOOD TEMPERED!—NICE HEAD AND NECK!—YOUNG!—AND A BEAUTIFUL MOUTH!—WHY, I SAY, YOU MAKE A CAPITAL PAIR!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



MOVING.

Father of the Family. "OH! IT'S ALL STUFF AND NONSENSE, MRS. G., IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MANAGED OVER AND OVER AGAIN BY THIS TIME."

Mrs. G. "LAW, MY DEAR, HOW YOU TALK! AND I'M SURE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PUT TO MUCH INCONVENIENCE."

Mother-in-Law. "THERE, THERE, JEMIMA. DON'T ANSWER HIM; IT'S QUITE RIDICULOUS."



SOMETIMES YOU "PICK UP" HUNTERS FOR NEXT TO NOTHING

Dealer. "THERE NOW! YOU WANT A HUNTER. THERE HE IS. HE'S QUIET, WELL BE WITH YOUR WEIGHT, HE'S UP TO ANY HOUNDS, AND AN UNCOMMON CLEVER FENCER!"

Sporting Gent. "OH! COME NOW! THAT WON'T DO. I'VE HEARD OF A 'ORSE DAT NOT SO JOLLY GREEN AS TO BELIEVE A 'ORSE CAN FENCE, YOU KNOW!"



THE WEATHER IN THE PARKS.

Skate Proprietor. "NOW, MARM! 'AVE A PAIR ON?"



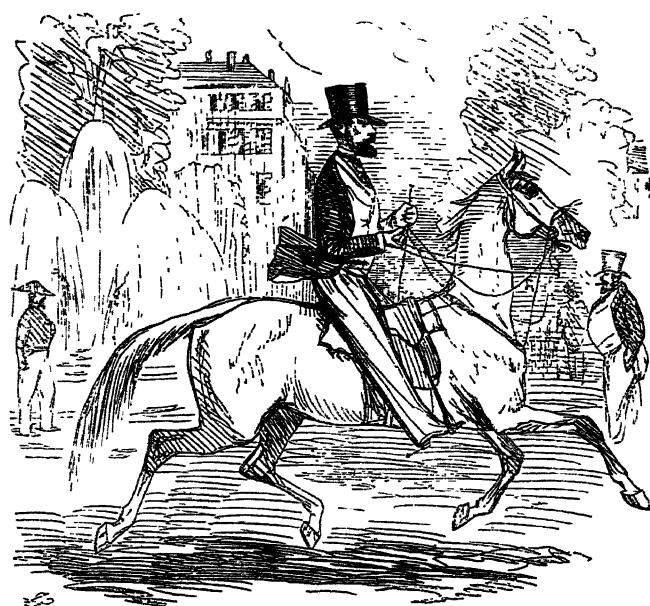
Clown (*log.*). "PRETTY GREECHUR!"



FIRST NIGHT IN THE NEW HOUSE.—AWFUL DISCOVERY OF BLACK BEETLES.



RICH OLD LADY IS OVERWHELMED WITH BARRELLED OYSTER DISTANT RELATIVES.



PROMENADE ON HORSEBACK.



AQUATICS.—A COMFORTABLE RAN-DAN.

Jolly Young Waterman. "HOLLOA! HI! POLICE! BACK WATER, JACK! WE'VE GOT INTO A NEST OF SWANS, AND THEY'RE A PITCHIN' INTO ME."



DREADFUL CRISIS.

Victim. "HOPE YOU WILL NOT BE OFFENDED, SIR; BUT I SHOULD BE VERY GLAD IF YOU COULD SETTLE MY LITTLE BILL UP TO CHRISTMAS."

Mr. Dunup. "OFFENDED, MY DEAR BOY! NOT IN THE LEAST! BUT THE FACT IS, I HAVE 'SUSPENDED CASH PAYMENTS' FOR SOME TIME."

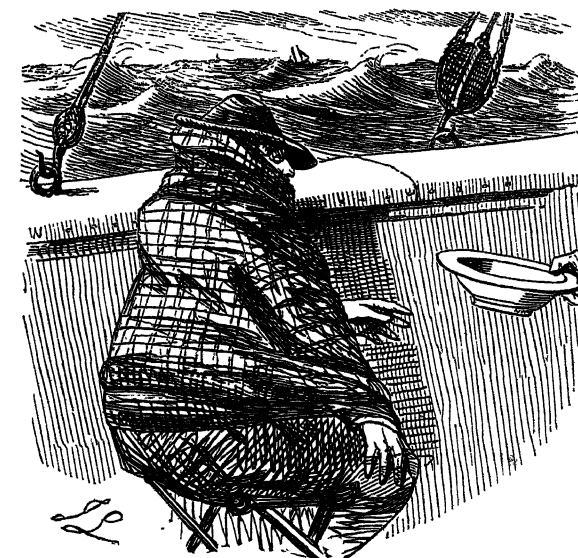


THE BEST PREVENTIVE AGAINST SEA SICKNESS.

WHEN YOU CROSS THE CHANNEL, ESPECIALLY IF IT SHOULD BE BLOWING HARD, "KEEP YOUR PECKER UP," (AS THAT AGREEABLE RATTLE, YOUNG FIPSON, CALLS IT,) BY MAKING A HEARTY MEAL AT THE "SHIP" OR "PAVILION."



AND ONCE ON BOARD, FIX YOUR EYES UPON SOME DISTANT OBJECT, AND ADAPT THE MOVEMENTS OF YOUR BODY TO THE ROLLING OF THE VESSEL, AND THE RESULT WILL PROBABLY BE, AS OPPOSITE



THE RESULT!



Managing Mamma. "MY GOODNESS, ELLEN, HOW WRETCHEDLY PALE YOU LOOK. FOR GOODNESS' SAKE BITE YOUR LIPS AND RUB YOUR CHEEKS."



AQUATICS.

WHO IS THIS? WHY THIS IS MR. JOHN CHUBB PULLING ONE OF HIS LONG, SLOW, STEADY STROKES. HE IS TAKING MORE PAINS THAN USUAL, BECAUSE THOSE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS ARE SITTING ON THE LAWN DRAWING FROM NATURE.



THE RETURN FROM A MASQUERADE.



Chorus (of nice young Ladies). "OH! OF ALL AND OF ALL, I NEVER! ISN'T IT THE DARLINGEST, SWEETEST, PRETTIEST, LITTLE DEAR DARLING DARLING! OH! DID YOU EVER!!"

Solo (by horrid plain-spoken Boy). "H'M! I THINK IT'S A NASTY, UGLY LITTLE BEAST, FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE A CAT OR A MONKEY." [Sensation.]



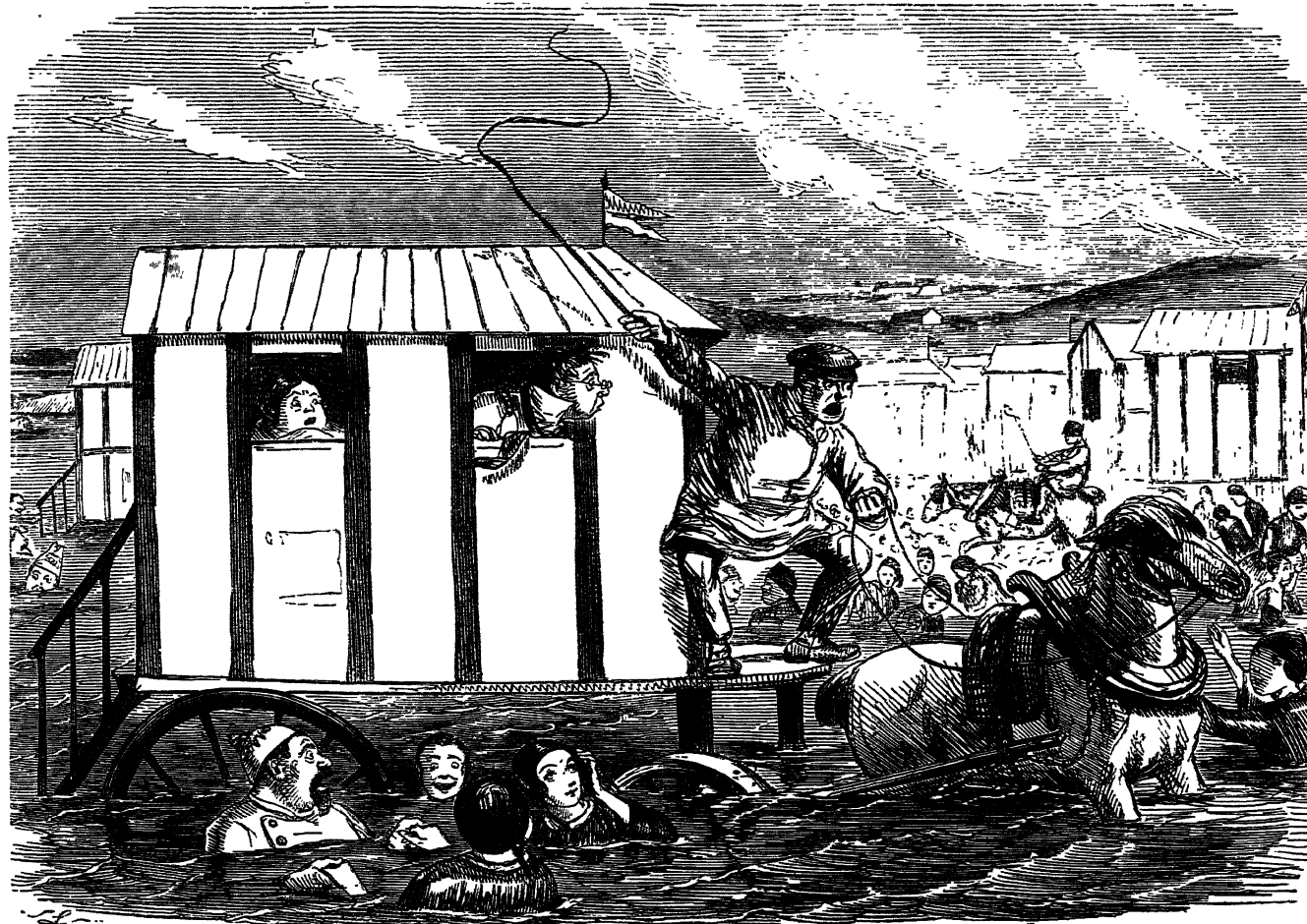
AND—HERE ARE THE GIRLS IN THE ROUND HATS.



(AFTER A GREAT DEAL OF COAXING AND PERSUASION, MASTER TOM IS PREVAILED UPON TO PAY HIS QUARTERLY VISIT TO THE DENTIST. INCONSIDERATE AND VULGAR STREET BOYS UNFORTUNATELY PASS AT THE MOMENT HIS OBJECTIONS ARE OVERCOME.)

First Inconsiderate Street Boy. "OH CRIKEY! IF HERE AIN'T A CHAP GOIN' TO HAVE A GRINDER OUT. MY EYE, WHAT FANGS!"

Second Inconsiderate Do. do. "OH, I WOULDN'T BE 'IM. WON'T THERE BE A SCR-E-W-A-U-N-CH NEETHER?" [And of course MASTER TOM relapses into his previous very obstinate state.]



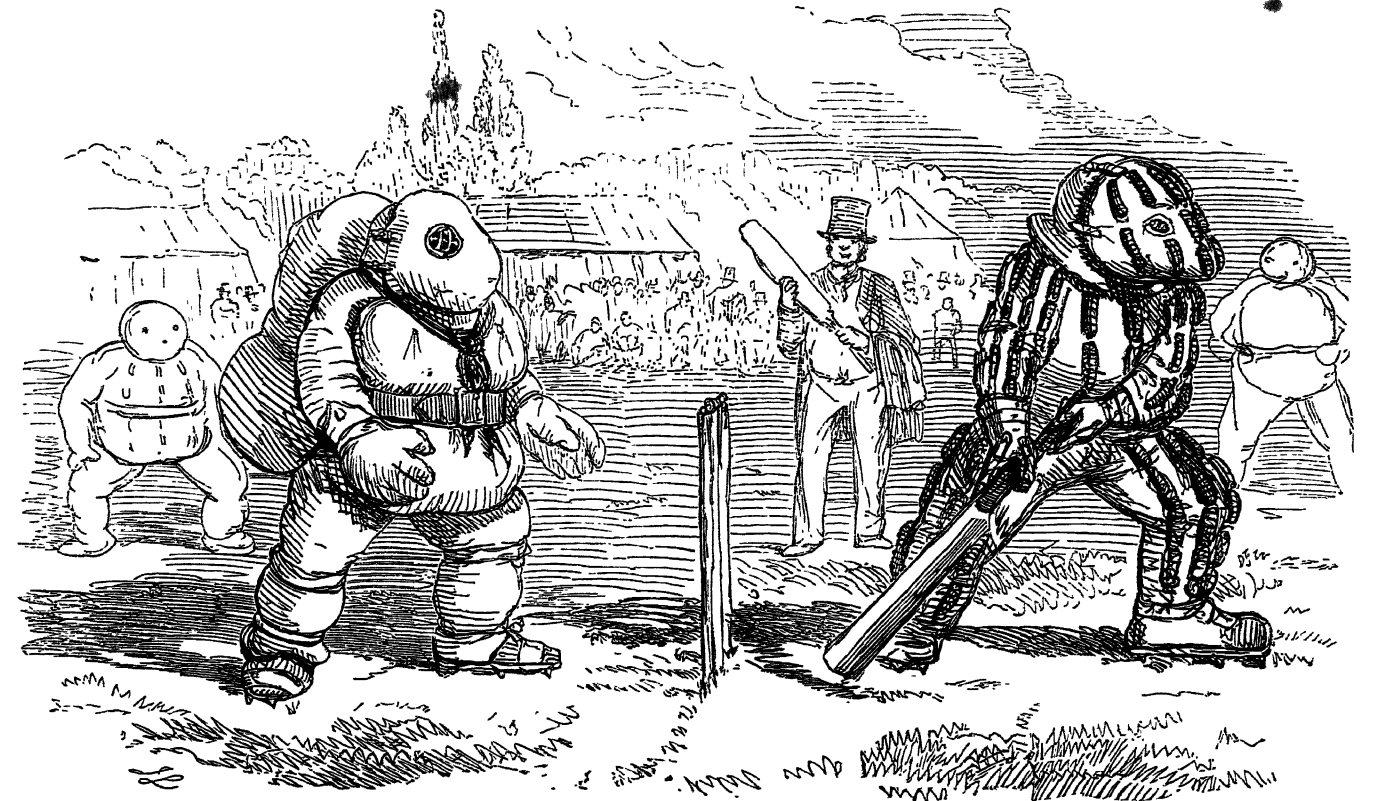
A BATH AT BOULOGNE.

APPALLING POSITION OF MR. AND MRS. TOMKINS, WHO HAD A JIB HORSE WHEN THE TIDE WAS COMING IN.



WHAT A DREADFUL STORY.

Stout Party. "STOP! HERE! CABMAN! WE WANT TO GO AS FAR TER-WARDS WHITECHAPEL AS WE CAN FOR SIXPENCE?"
Cabman. "VERY SORRY, MUM! BUT THE OSS HAS BIN OUT ALL DAY—DEAD BEAT, MUM—GOING HOME, MUM."



NEW CRICKETING DRESSES TO PROTECT ALL ENGLAND AGAINST THE PRESENT SWIFT BOWLING.

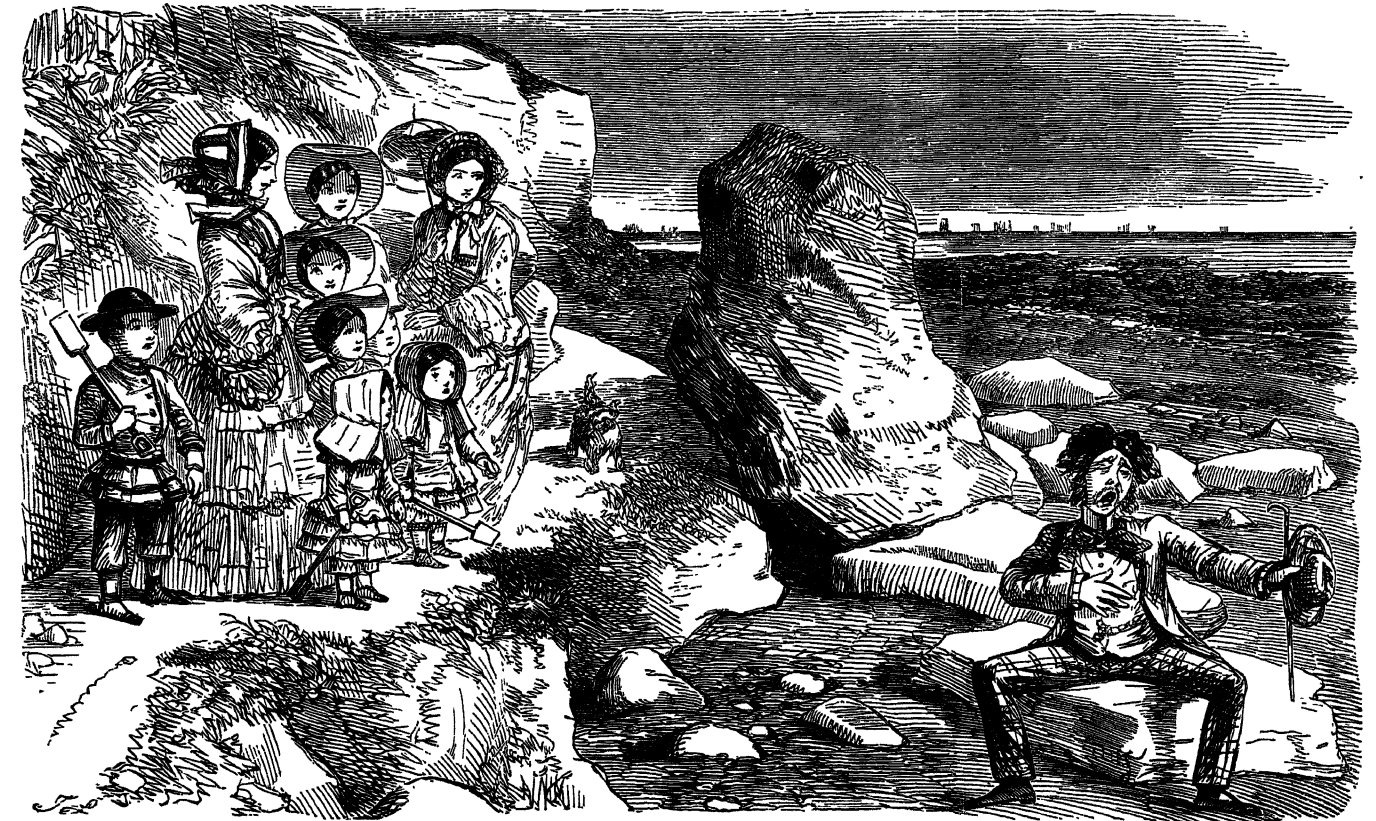


TABLEAU REPRESENTING A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WHO FANCIES HE IS ALONE BY THE "SAD SEA WAVES." HE TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY OF GOING THROUGH THE LAST SCENE OF "LUCIA."

N.B. The Young Gentleman's voice (which he imagines to be like MARIO'S) is of the most feeble and uncertain quality.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!



MARY PROTECTING THE WEAKER SEX.



THE DRAWING-ROOM.



Old Gentleman. "YOU ARE A VERY SAUCY, IMPUDENT WOMAN, AND I'LL CERTAINLY SUMMON YOU!"
Conductress. "THANK YE, SIR! (To Driver.) GO ON, SARAH; NEVER MIND THE OLD COVE."



MISS BROWN KINDLY TAKES HER COUSIN OUT FISHING.

Inferior Animal. "OH DEAR! MISS BROWN! HERE'S A FISH TAKEN ALL MY BATT. DO COME AND PUT ON ANOTHER WORM!"



THE DINING-ROOM.

Lady of the House. "NOW THEN, GIRLS! FILL YOUR GLASSES! BUMPERS! HERE'S JUST ONE TOAST WHICH I AM SURE YOU WILL ALL DRINK WITH PLEASURE. THE GENTLEMEN!"



THE WOMAN AT THE WHEEL.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION!



THE ARREST BY BAILIFFS.

"AND SERVE HER RIGHT TOO.—EXTRAVAGANCE IN A MAN IS, IN SOME DEGREE, EXCUSABLE, FOR HE KNOWS NO BETTER—BUT, IN A WOMAN, IT IS QUITE UNPARDONABLE."



EFFICIENCY OF FEMALE POLICE IN WHAT IS VULGARLY CALLED A "JOLLY ROW."



NATURALLY THE FEMALE THINKS SHOPPING VERY FOOLISH AND TIRESOME.

Superior Creature. "FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, EDWARD, DO COME AWAY! WHEN YOU ONCE GET INTO A SHOP, THERE'S NO GETTING YOU OUT AGAIN."



THE BAND AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.



THE PARLIAMENTARY FEMALE.

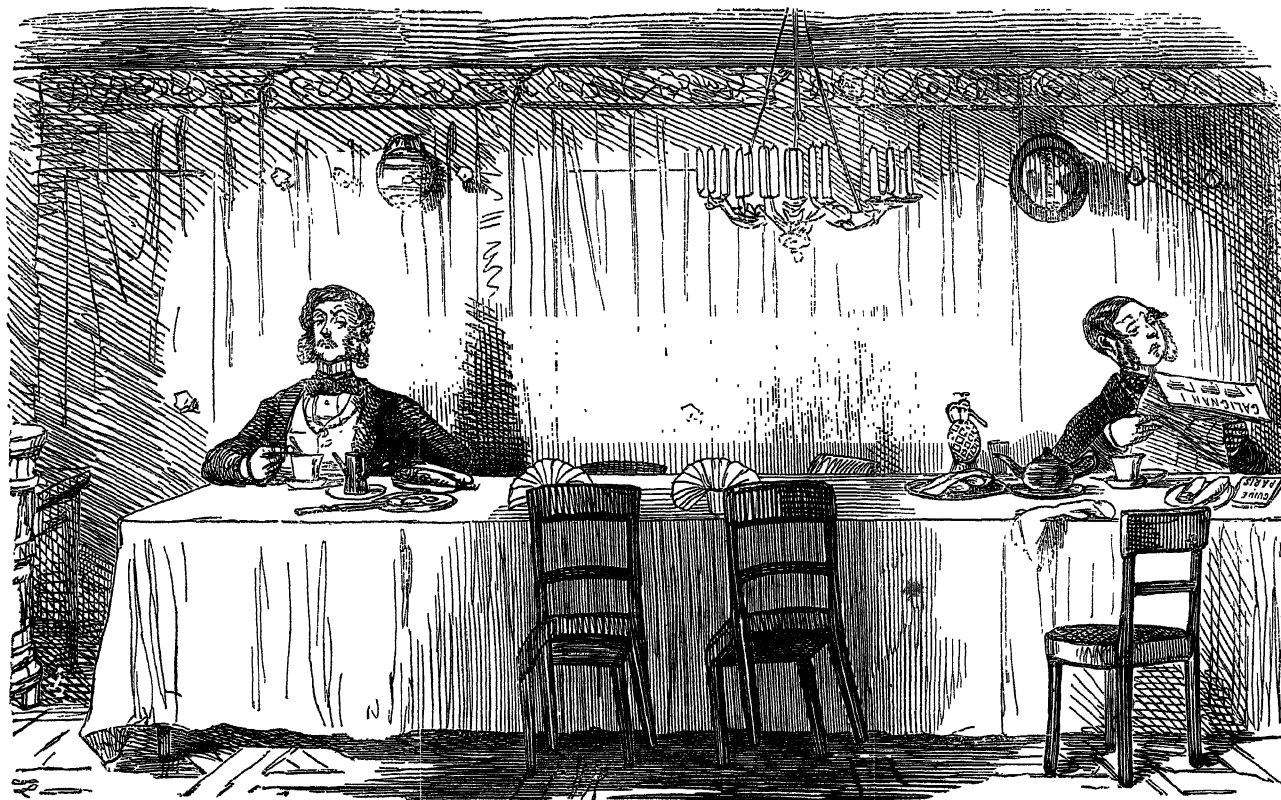
Father of the Family. "COME, DEAR; WE SO SELDOM GO OUT TOGETHER NOW—CAN'T YOU TAKE US ALL TO THE PLAY TO-NIGHT?"
Mistress of the House, and M.P. "HOW YOU TALK, CHARLES! DON'T YOU SEE THAT I AM TOO BUSY. I HAVE A COMMITTEE TO-MORROW MORNING, AND I HAVE MY SPEECH ON THE GREAT CROCHET QUESTION TO PREPARE FOR THE EVENING."



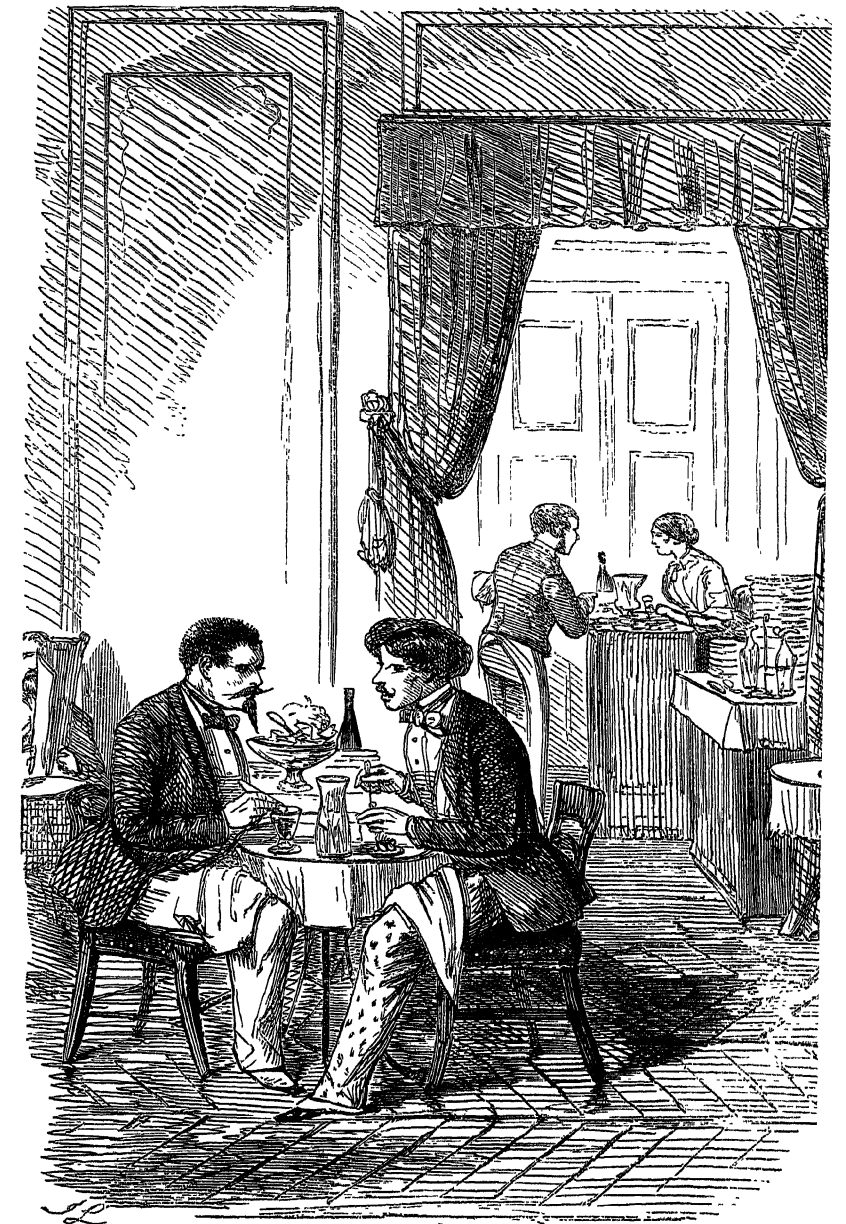
"HOW COOL AND NICE THE FRENCH-POLISHED FLOORS ARE;—BUT—UGH!—
OH DEAR!—HOW HARD!"



POLITENESS AS IN PARIS.
(A Perfidious Misrepresentation of course.)



"GENTLE SUBSCRIBER! DID YOU EVER SEE TWO STRANGE ENGLISHMEN BREAKFASTING AT A TABLE D'HÔTE ABROAD? WELL! ISN'T IT A
CHEERFUL THING!"



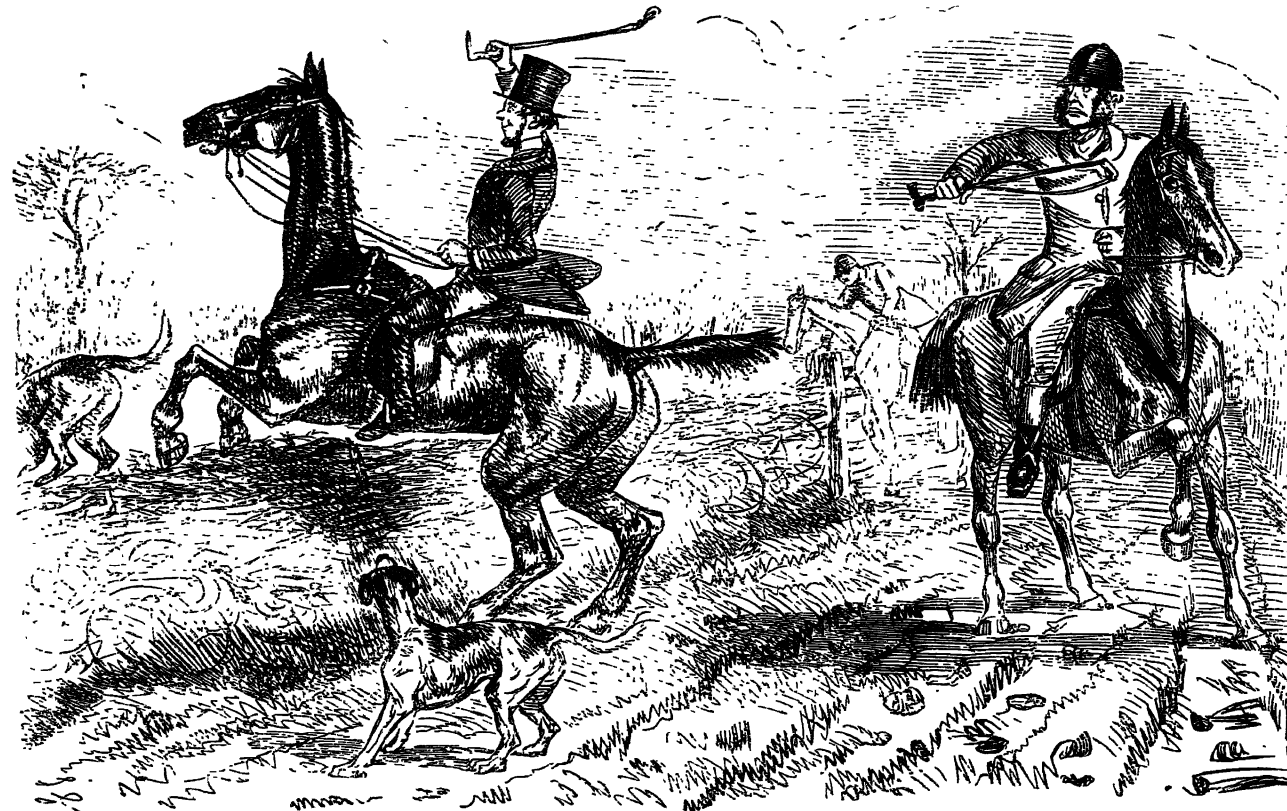
OBSERVATIONS ABROAD.
(BY A PREJUDICED MAN.)

PERHAPS there is no more striking difference between the gross English and the refined than in the matter of eating. "*Les Anglais!—Mon Dieu! Comme ils mangent!*" sa Parisian, and with reason, no doubt. For young MR. BULL would, in all probability, have length of eating an egg and a piece of dry toast, or even a rasher of bacon, with a cup of tea, of breakfast; whereas the young fellows in the picture have had nothing in the world but a fowls, with nice greasy sauce—a dish of cutlets, accompanied by mushrooms, olives, and coc—a melon—a bowl of eggs beaten up with truffles—about a pint of currant juice and iced large crayfish, or lobster, a bottle of ordinary red wine, some salad, with plenty of oil, four two apricots, a dish of potatoes *à la maitre d'hôtel*, two cups of coffee and some rum, a ya half of bread, and just a handful or so of radishes, a few almond and ratifia cakes, and a doze of sugar! How much more delicate and sensible is such a meal! And yet, somehow or the age of thirty, a Frenchman is generally obliged to wear stays to preserve his figure, an no digestion to speak of.



TASTE IN 1854.—VILLIKENS AND HIS DINAH IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Young Lady (who ought to know better). "NOW, WILLIAM, YOU ARE NOT LOW ENOUGH YET. BEGIN AGAIN AT 'HE TOOK THE COLD PIZEN.'"

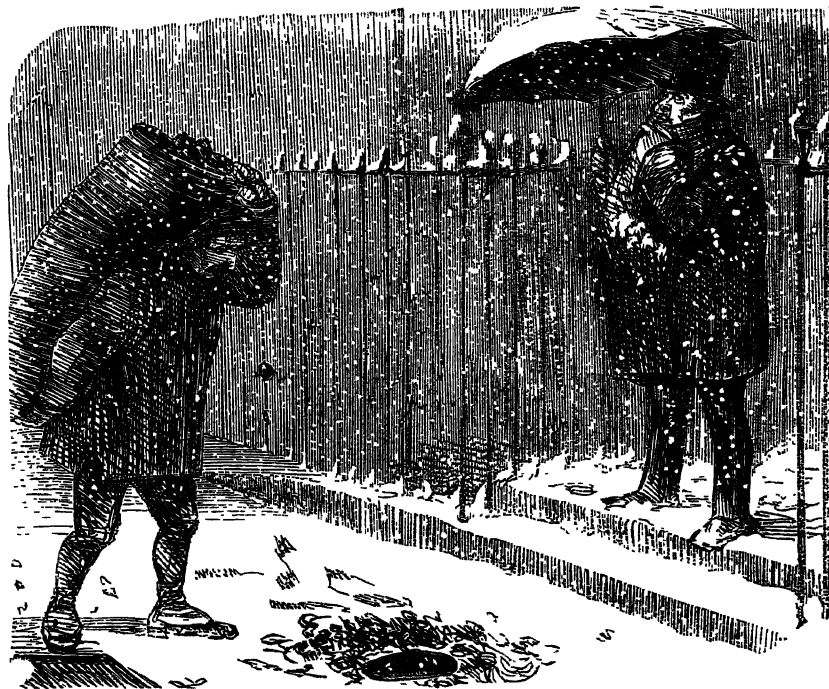


Indignant Master of Hounds. "NOW, YOU SIR! MIND THE HOUND! HE'S WORTH FORTY TIMES AS MUCH AS YOUR HORSE."

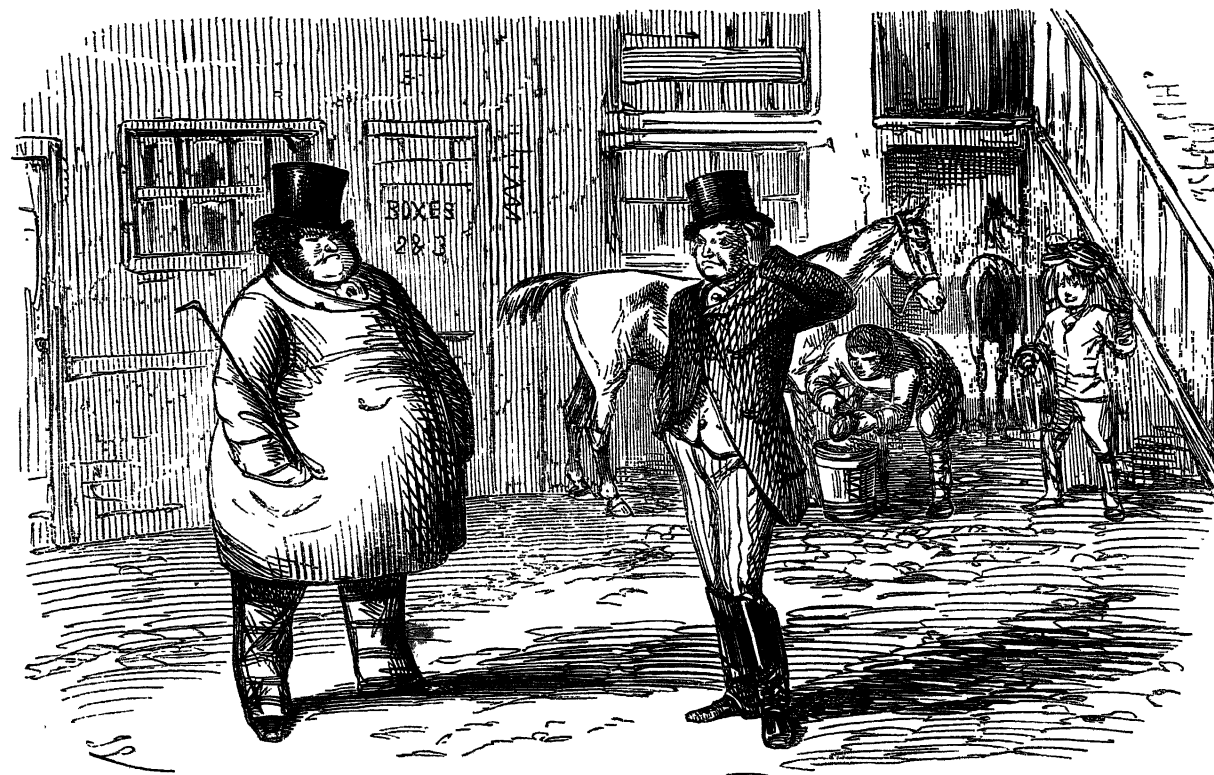


THE POPULAR AND AMUSING GAME OF BATTLEDORE AND SHUTTLECOCK,

AS AT PRESENT PLAYED IN THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARES,



WHEN COALS ARE SO DEAR, IT BEHOVES EVERY FAMILY MAN TO SEE THAT HE GETS THE PROPER NUMBER OF SACKS FOR HIS MONEY. PATERFAMILIAS DOES HIS DUTY LIKE A MAN, ALTHOUGH THE COALS ARRIVE JUST AT HIS DINNER-TIME, AND THE WEATHER IS RATHER INCLEMENT.



UP TO WEIGHT.

Stout Party. "AHEM! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE HOUNDS TO-MORROW! DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE GOT ANYTHING THAT WOULD CARRY ME?"

Stable Keeper. "WELL, SIR! I THINK I HAVE TWO BROWN OSSES—AND A OMNIBUS AS PERHAPS MIGHT DO IT!"



"WHAT A STUNNING MEERSCHAUM YOU'VE GOT THERE, CHARLEY!"
"YES, I THINK IT WILL BE HANDSOME BY THE TIME I'VE PROPERLY COLOURED IT!"

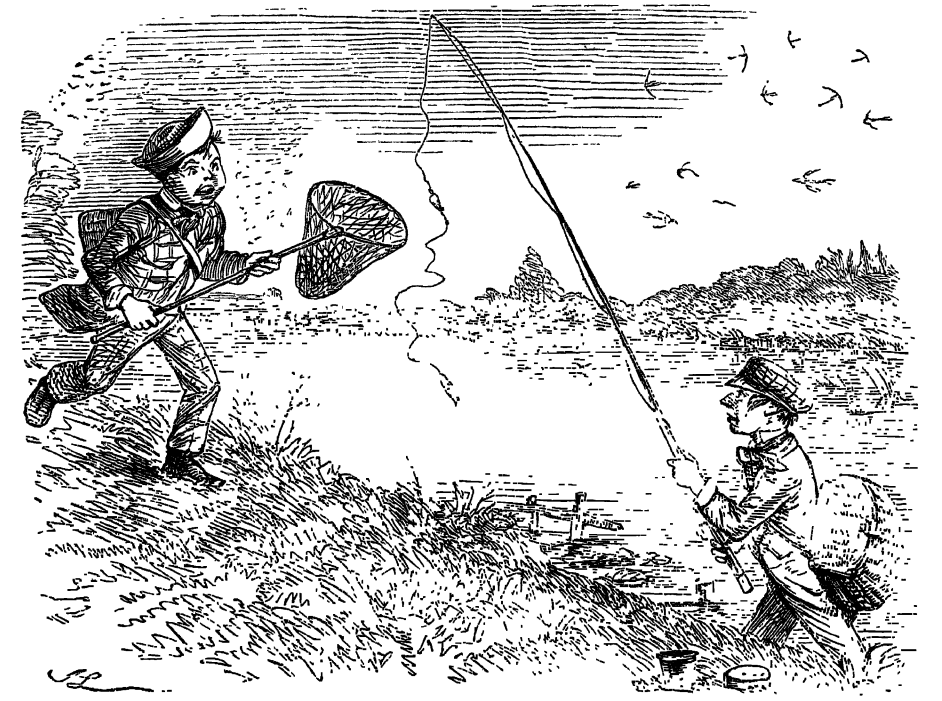


GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.

Sarah Jane. "OH, BETSY, COME 'ERE, AND BRING HISABELLER! WE CAN SEE THE 'OOPS OF THE 'ORSES!!"



PRETTY BIRDLING.



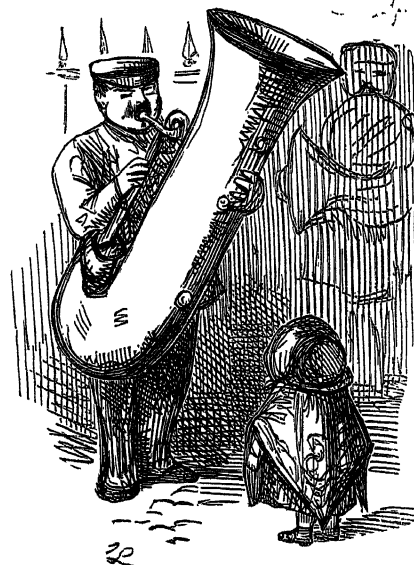
SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

Jolly Angler. "HOORAY, TOM! I'VE GOT ONE—AND, MY WORD! DIDN'T HE PULL!"



Commercial Gent. "THIS WAR, SIR, WILL BE A TERRIBLE HINDRANCE TO ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS!"

Swell. "AW—DESSAY! D'LIGHTED TO HEAR IT—A ALWAYS HAD THE GWEATEST AVERSION T' ALL KINDS OF BUSINESS."



"MUSIC HATH CHARMS," &c.



DELIGHTFUL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE IN WARM WEATHER.

RUNNING AFTER "ANOTHER FOUR!" AT CRICKET, AMIDST DERISIVE SHOUTS OF "NOW THEN, BUTTER-FINGERS!"—"OH! OH!"—"THROW IT IN! LOOK SHARP!"—"QUICK! IN WITH IT!" &c. &c.



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

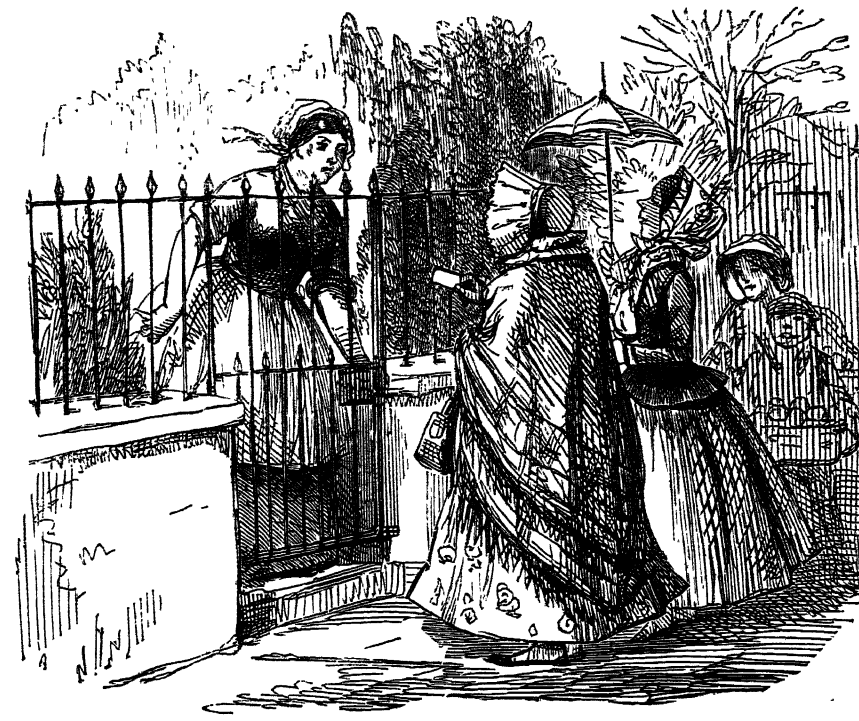
Housemaid. "WELL, SOOSAN, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND NOT TO STOP 'ERE NO LONGER TO WORK LIKE NEGROES AS WE DO!"

Cook. "NOR I, NUTHER! BUT JUST TURN THE MEAT, WILL YOU, PLEASE, THE WHILST I FINISH MY CROCHET!"



POULTRY FANCIES.

NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY A "COCHIN" IT FOR THROWING STONES AT THE FOWLS.



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

'Ousemaid (from Town). "IS HANN JENKINS AT HOME?"

Suburban Cook. "NO; SHE HAS JUST GONE TO HER MILLINER'S."

'Ousemaid. "THEN GIVE HER MY CARD, PLEASE, AND SAY, I OPE SHE GOT HOME SAFELY FROM THE BALL."



BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First. "WU'T TAK THY QUOAT OFF, THEN? OI TELL THEE O'IM AS GOOD A MON AS THEE!"

Second. "THEE A MON! WHOT THEE BE'EST ONLY WALKING ABOUT TO SAVE THY FUNERAL EXPENSES!"



POULTRY FANCIES.—THE PETS.

Old Lady. "WELL, HE HAS GROWN; AND, REALLY, I THINK HE MIGHT LEAVE OFF THOSE FROCKES, AND HAVE A SUIT OF CLOTHES LIKE HIS BROTHERS."



FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE MINING DISTRICTS.

First Polite Native. "WHO'S 'IM, BILL?"

Second ditto. "A STRANGER!"

First ditto. "'EAVE 'ARF A BRICK AT 'IM."



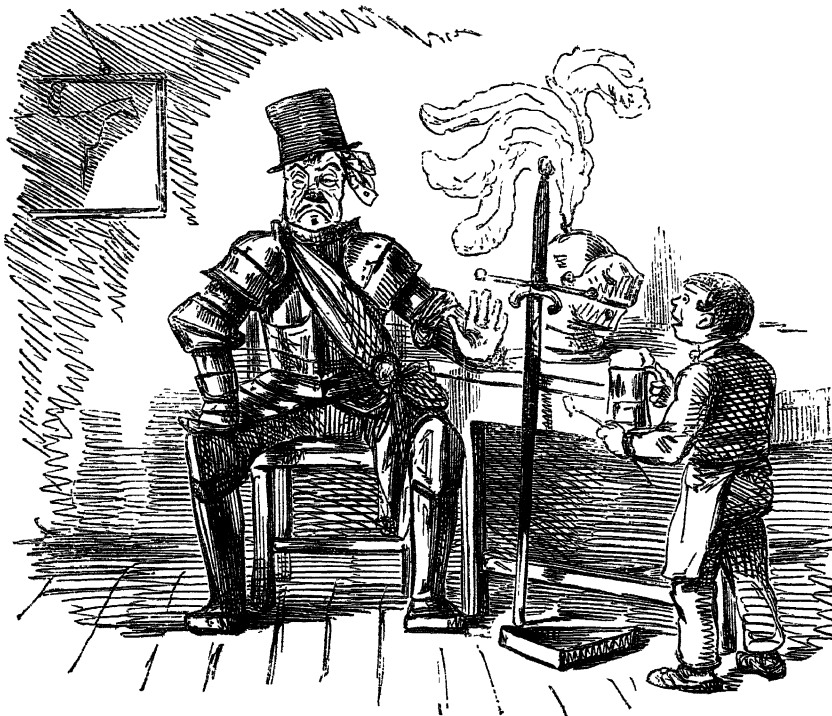
SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Lady. "WISH TO LEAVE! WHY I THOUGHT, THOMPSON, YOU WERE VERY COMFORTABLE WITH ME!"
Thompson (who is extremely refined). "HOH YES, MAM! I DON'T FIND NO FAULT WITH YOU, MAM—NOR YET WITH MASTER—BUT THE TRUTH
 HIS, MAM—THE HOTHER SERVANTS IS SO 'ORRERID VULGAR, AND HIGNORANT, AND SPEAKS SO HUNGRAMMATICAL, THAT I REELY CANNOT LIVE IN
 THE SAME 'OUSE WITH 'EM—AND I SHOULD LIKE TO GO THIS DAY MONTH, IF SO BE HAS IT WON'T ILLCONVENIENCE YOU!"



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Servant Gal. "OH! IF YOU PLEASE, MAM, THERE WAS ONE OTHER THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO 'AVE SETTLED."
Lady. "YES!"
Gal. "WHERE DO YOU GO TO THE SEA SIDE IN THE SUMMER? BECAUSE I COULDN'T STOP AT A DULL PLACE, AND WHERE THE HAIR WASN'T
 VERY BRACING!!"

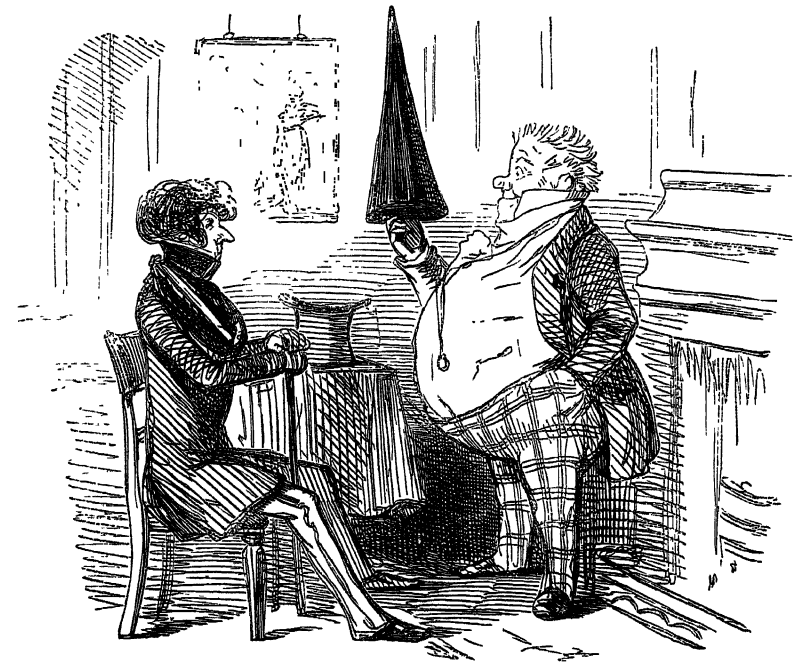


THE MAN IN BRASS LAMENTING THE DECLINE OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW!



DELIGHTFUL PRIVILEGE DURING THE WINTER MONTHS.

YOU MAY BATHE IN THE SERPENTINE FROM 6 UNTIL 7 IN THE MORNING. AND
 7 UNTIL 8 IN THE EVENING.



SUGGESTIVE OF A PICTURESQUE FIGURE.

Stout Old Gentleman. "A SHOWER-BATH MAKE YOUR HAIR IN A MESS! NOT A BIT
 OF IT, IF YOU WEAR AN OIL-SKIN CAP LIKE THIS, AS I DO."



THE BEARD AND MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Railway Guard. "NOW, MA'AM, IS THIS YOUR LUGGAGE?"
Old Lady (who concludes she is attacked by Brigands). "OH, YES! GENTLEMEN, IT'S MINE. TAKE IT—TAKE ALL I HAVE; BUT SPARE, OH SPARE OUR LIVES!!"



Railway Porter. "NOW THEN, SIR! BY YOUR LEAVE!"



MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

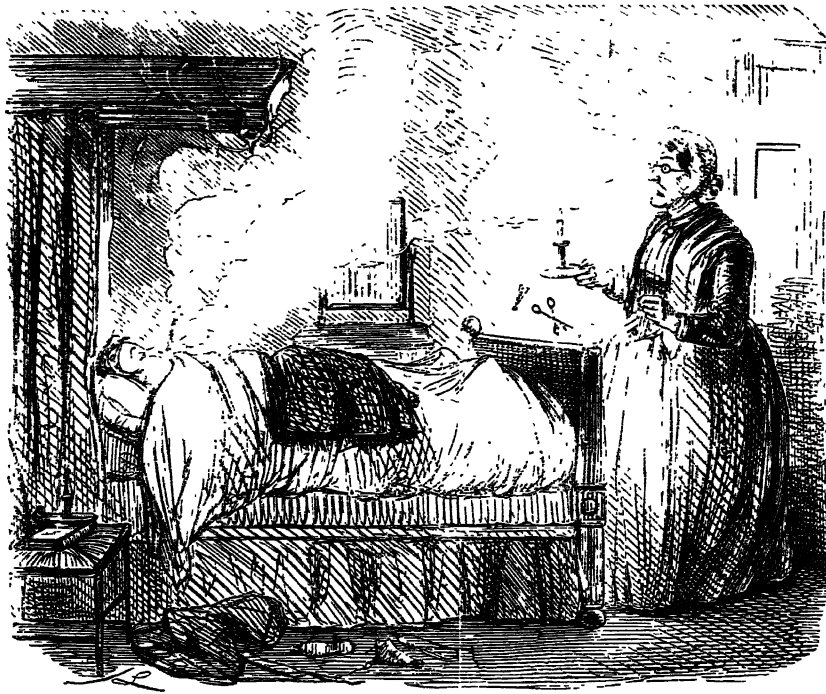
Gent. "I SAY, MOSEY! WHY DON'T YER GO THE 'OLE 'OG, AND LET ALL YER BEARD GROW, LIKE ME?"



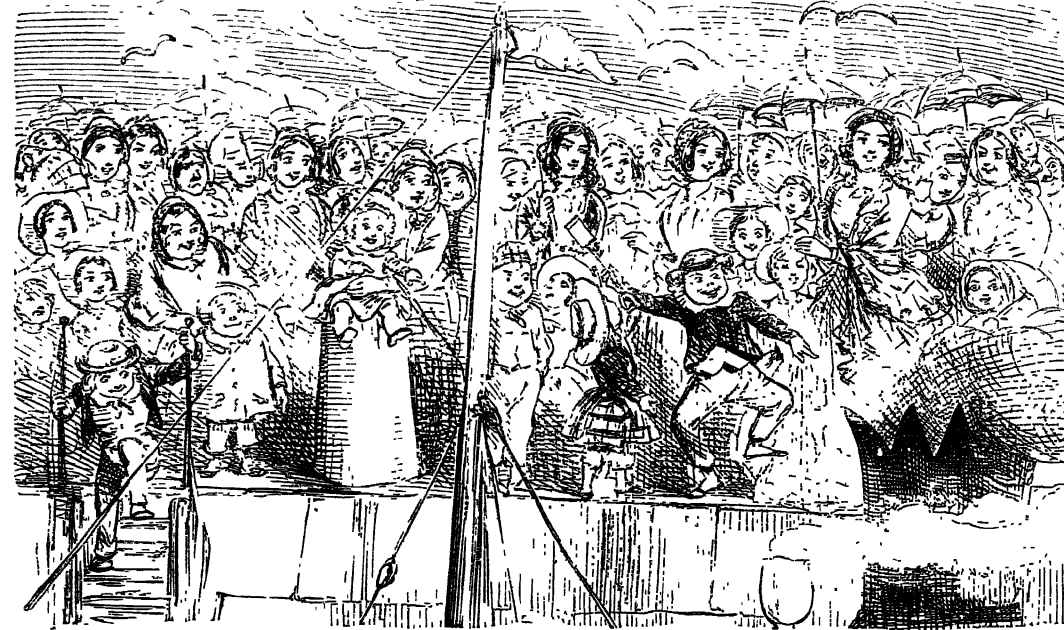
First Languid Party. "DON'T YOU FIND SEA AIR VERY STRENGTHENING, JACK?"
Second Ditto Ditto. "OH, VEWY! I COULD THROW STONES IN THE WATER ALL DAY!"



ADVANTAGES OF THE NEW POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.



Master Tom (to Old Lady who is very nervous about fire). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, GRANMA! MY CANDLE IS OUT. I'M ONLY SMOKING MY USUAL WEED!"



SEA-SIDE SATURDAY EVENING.—THE ARRIVAL OF THE "HUSBANDS' BOAT."



A BIT OF HIS MIND.

Edward (to his Military Cousin). "NO! I SHAN'T! I SHAN'T GO AND SHOOT BLACKBIRDS; AND I TELL YOU WHAT, MASTER CHARLEY, YOU DRAGOON SWELLS WON'T HAVE QUITE SUCH A PULL UPON US CIVILIANS NOW, FOR WE ARE ALL GOING TO GROW BEARDS AND MOUSTACHIOS."



THE GREAT LINEN-DRAPERY NUISANCE.

First Linen-draper. "WHAT'S THE NEXT ARTICLE I CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SHOWING YOU, SIR?"

Victim. "NOTHING MORE, THANK YOU."

Second Linen-draper. "WE'VE SOME SWEET THINGS IN SHAWLS, SIR—QUITE NEW."

Third Linen-draper. "ALLOW ME, SIR, TO TEMPT YOU WITH ONE OF THESE BEAUTIFUL HANDKERCHIEFS."

Fourth Linen-draper. "THESE DRESSES, SIR," &c.

Fifth Linen-draper. "HERE ARE LADIES' APRONS, SIR, MOST BEAUTIFULLY WORKED, QUITE ELEGANT, VERY TASTY, AND FASHIONABLE." &c.

[VICTIM resolves never to enter the shop again.]



MUCH EXCITED, BUT MISTAKEN WOULD-BE NIMROD, WHO, HAVING BEEN THROWN OUT, IS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE HAS COME UP WITH SOME OF THE TAIL HOUNDS.—"HUIC FOR-R-A-D-E—FOR-R-A-A-D TERN!"

[Great demonstration of disgust on the part of Old Gentleman out shooting.]



FASHIONS FOR FAST MEN.

Tom. "WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST FOR TROUSERS, BILL, CHECKS OR STRIPES?"
Bill. "WELL, I THINK CHECKS ARE UNCOMMON SUPERIOR, BUT STRIPES IS MOST NOBBY."

MEMORIALS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.



Angelina. "WILL MY DARLING EDWIN GRANT HIS ANGELINA A BOON?"
Edwin. "IS THERE ANYTHING ON EARTH HER EDWIN WOULD NOT DO FOR HIS PET?—NAME THE BOON, OH, DEAREST—NAME IT!"
Angelina. "THEN, LOVE, AS WE DINE BY OURSELVES TO-MORROW, LET US, OH! LET US HAVE ROAST PORK, WITH PLENTY OF SAGE AND ONIONS!"



ROTTEN ROW IN 1851.



First Butcher-Boy. "SO THEY'VE DONE AWAY WITH SMY
Second Butcher-Boy. "AH! THEY'LL SOON BE BOWLING
 OUR OLD INSTITUOSHUNS."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

"MY EYE, TOM! WHAT A 'ORRID BORE IT MUST BE FOR THE HORFICER
 WELLS, NOW WE'VE TOOK TO WEARIN' OUR MOOSTARSHERS. THE GALS CAN'T
 'ELL HUS FROM THEM, NOW!"

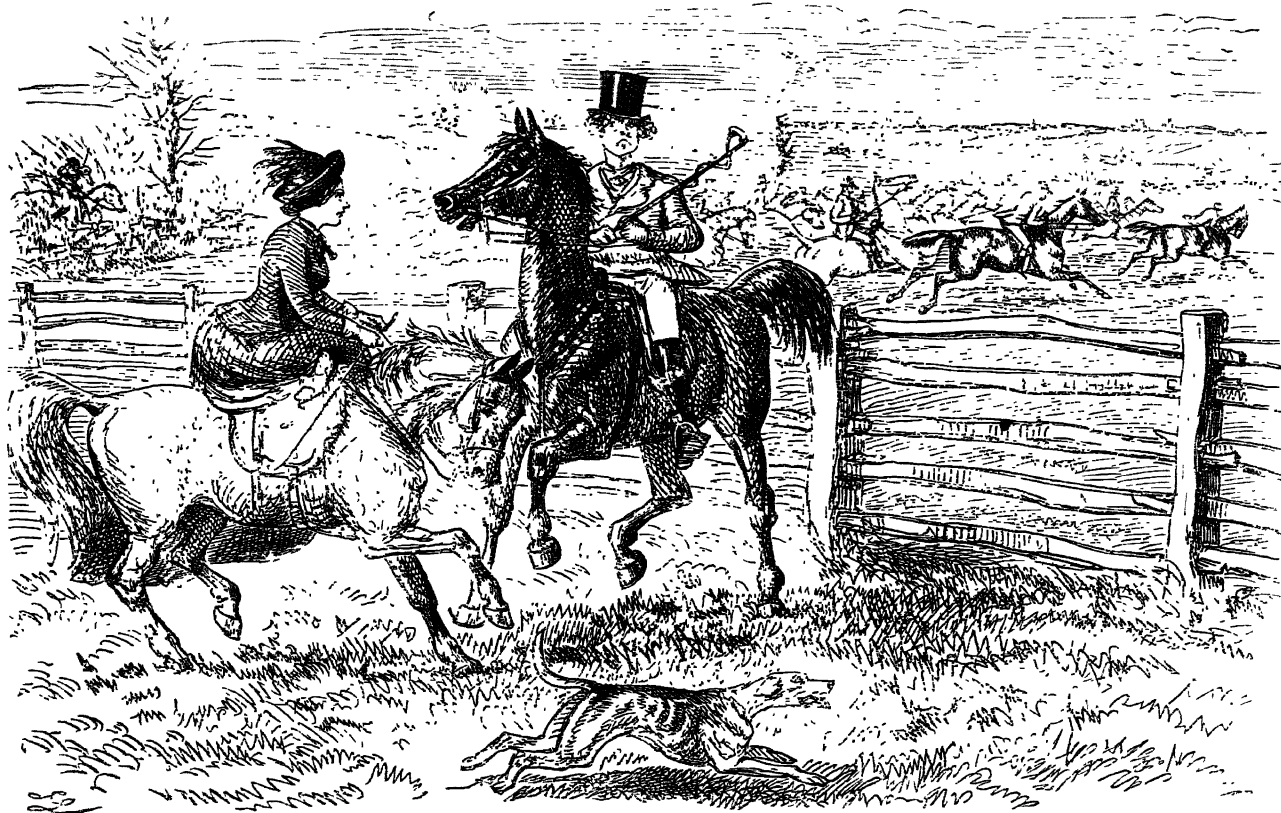


THE DRIVE IN 1851.



WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF ETHER IN A C
 SCOLDING WIFE.

Patient. "THIS IS REALLY QUITE DELIGHTFUL—A MOST
 DREAM."



RATHER AWKWARD FOR TOMKINS.

Young Diana. "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO GO FIRST, AND BREAK THE TOP RAIL, MY PONY WOULD GET OVER."



A COUNTRY BALL.

First Amiable Lady (very loud). "WHAT A REMARKABLY ODD SET OF PEOPLE ONE MEETS AT A PUBLIC BALL!"
Second Do. "OH, VERY DROLL!"
Poor Little Swell. "YETH; AND SO THTWANGELY DRETHED!"



MR. HAYCOCK HAVING HEARD OF THE MERITS OF BRUISED OATS FOR HORSES, REQUESTS HIS FRIEND BRIGGS TO SEND HIM A COUPLE OF "BRUISERS." MR. BRIGGS DESPATCHES THE "WHITECHAPEL CHICKEN" AND THE "BATSWATER SLASHER."



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

Whip. "HOLD HARD, GENTLEMEN! WARE WHEAT! WARE WHEAT!!"
Young Farmer. "COME ON, GENTLEMEN. NEVER MIND THE WHEAT—IT'S ONLY THIRTY SHILLINGS A QUARTER!!!"



Exquisite (to the Mamma of Performer). "WHAT A PITY THAT GURL'S FRIENDS DON'T TAKE HER AWAY FROM THAT PIANO. SHE'S NOT BAD LOOKING, BUT SHE HAS GOT A VOICE LIKE A PEACOCK!!!"



MANLY SORROW.

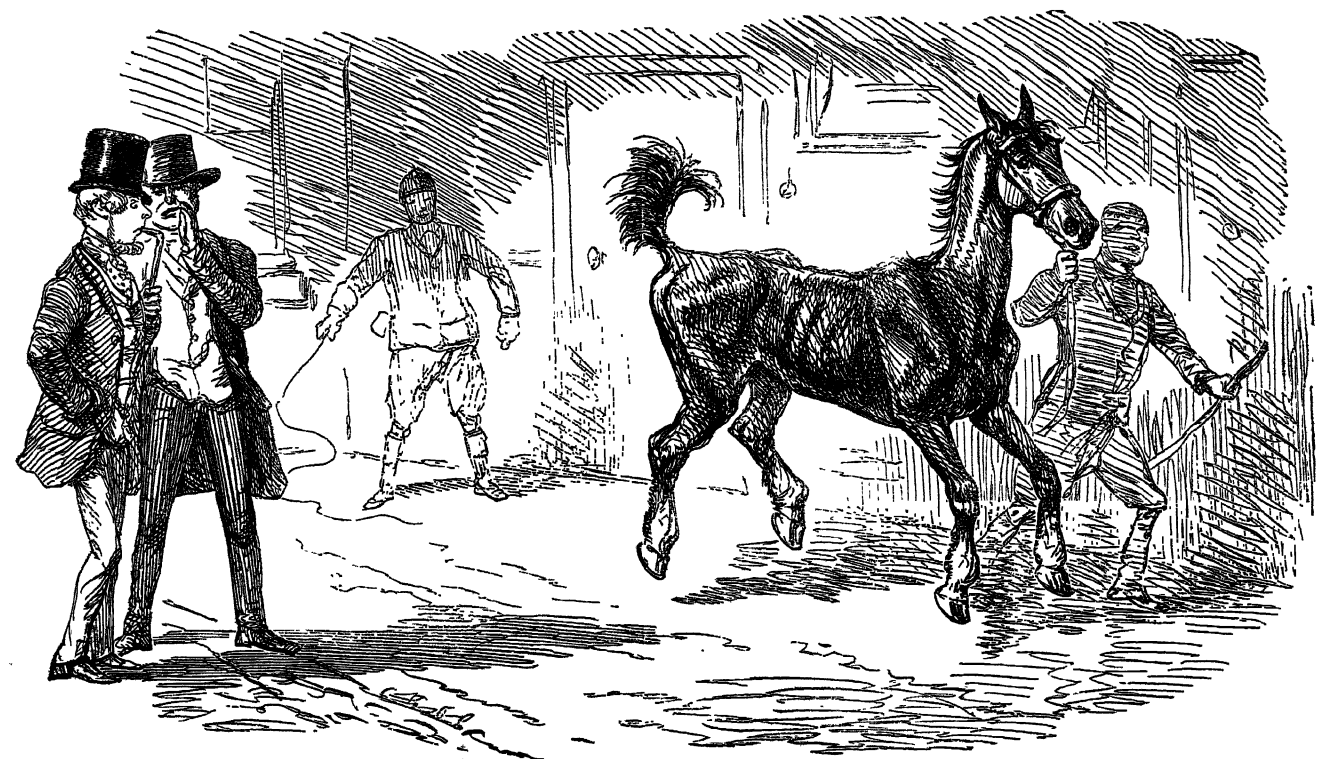
Swell on Horseback. "WHY, CHARLEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, OLD BOY? YOU SEEM OUT OF SPIRITS."
Swell on Foot. "AH! I'VE HAD A SAD LOSS, FRED! I'VE LOST THE LITTLE GRIDIRON OFF MY CHÂTELAIN!!!"



QUITE A NOVELTY.

Amiable Experimentalist. "MAKES A DELICIOUS SIDE DISH, DOESN'T IT? BUT IT IS NOT THE COMMON MUSHROOM; IT'S A LARGE FUNGUS, CALLED THE AGARICUS PROCERUS. IT GROWS SOLITARY IN HEDGE ROWS, IS CALLED COLUBRINUS, FROM THE SNAKE-LIKE MARKINGS ON ITS STEM. THE PILEUS IS COVERED WITH SCALES, WHICH ARE FORMED BY THE BREAKING-UP OF THE MUD-COLOURED EPIDERMIS, AND"—

[General panic takes place.]



TO BE SOLD—THE PROPERTY OF AN OFFICER GOING ABROAD.



DRESS CIRCLE AT PUNCH AND JUDY.



THE WEDDING DAY—FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND SUCH A LOVELY BRACELET!!



THE INFLUENZA.

"THIS IS REALLY VERY KIND OF YOU TO CALL. CAN I OFFER YOU ANYTHING—A BASIN OF GRUEL, OR A GLASS OF COUGH MIXTURE? DON'T SAY NO."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—HOW TO FLATTER A GENT.

Mr. Noses. "GOT ANY OLD CLOTHES, SIR? (*whispers*) ANY LEFT-OFF UNIFORMS, CAPTAIN?"



THE WEDDING DAY—FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BUNDLE OF ASPARAGUS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND THE NICEST DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR IN THE WORLD!!



Boy. "HERE YOU AIR, SIR. THREE PAIR O' STRAPS FOR SIXPENCE."



SCENE.—BUREAU OF THE CHIEFS OF THE DOUANES.

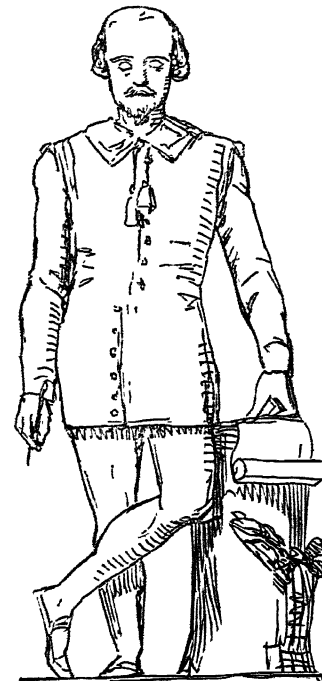
French Official. "YOU HAVE PASSPORT?"
English Gent. "NONG, MOSSOO."
Official. "YOUR NAME?"
Gent. "BELVILLE."

Official. "CHRISTIA NOM?"
Gent. "'ARRY!"
Official. "PROFESSION?"
Gent. "BANKER!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "I WONDER WHETHER THAT GURL HAS GOT ANY TIN—FOR I FEEL MOST OWDACIOUSLY INCLINED TO GO AND OUT THAT FELLOW OUT."



ONE TOUCH OF NATURE
MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN!



DINNER-TIME AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF 1851.



MR. 'ARRY BELVILLE ON THE CONTINENT GENERALLY.

'Arry Belville. "YES! I LIKE IT EXTREMELY. I LIKE THE *Lazy Ally* SORT OF FEELING. I LIKE SITTING AT THE DOOR OF A *Caffy* TO SMOKE MY CIGAR; AND ABOVE ALL (*enter noo*) IT'S A GREAT COMFORT TO WEAR ONE'S BEARD WITHOUT BEING LARFED AT!"

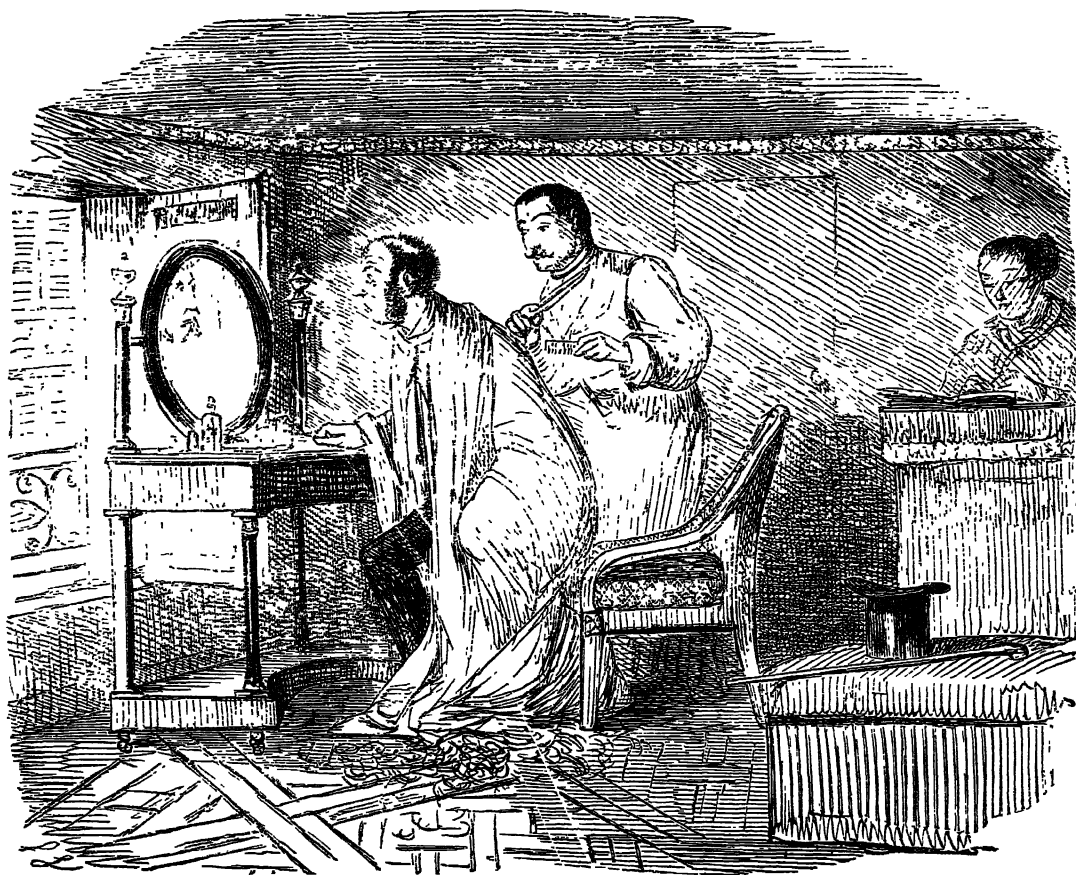


MEETING HIM HALF-WAY.

Young Hopeful. "WELL, IT'S OF NO USE, GOVERNOR: I CAN'T STICK TO BUSINESS. I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER, AND YOU MUST BUY ME A COMMISSION."
Governor. "NO, MY BOY, I CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY YOU A COMMISSION, BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I *WILL* DO; IF YOU WILL GO DOWN TO CHATHAM AND ENLIST, I WILL GIVE YOU MY WORD OF HONOUR I WON'T BUY YOU OFF!"



A SKETCH FROM THE BOULEVARD AT PARIS.



CAUTION TO TRAVELLERS DURING THE HOT WEATHER.

NEVER GO TO SLEEP WHILE YOU ARE HAVING YOUR HAIR CUT IN PARIS, OR IT MAY BE OUT IN THE FIRST STYLE OF FASHION!



FOREIGN NOBLEMAN IN DIFFICULTY.



HAYMAKING.



CONSOLS AT 90.

Husband. "WELL! I DECLARE I'M QUITE GLAD IT'S A WET DAY. IT WILL BE AN EXCUSE TO STOP AT HOME WITH MY DARLING LITTLE PIPSEY POFSY. WHAT DO YOU SAY, DICKEY! EH? PRETTY DICK! PRETTY DICK!"



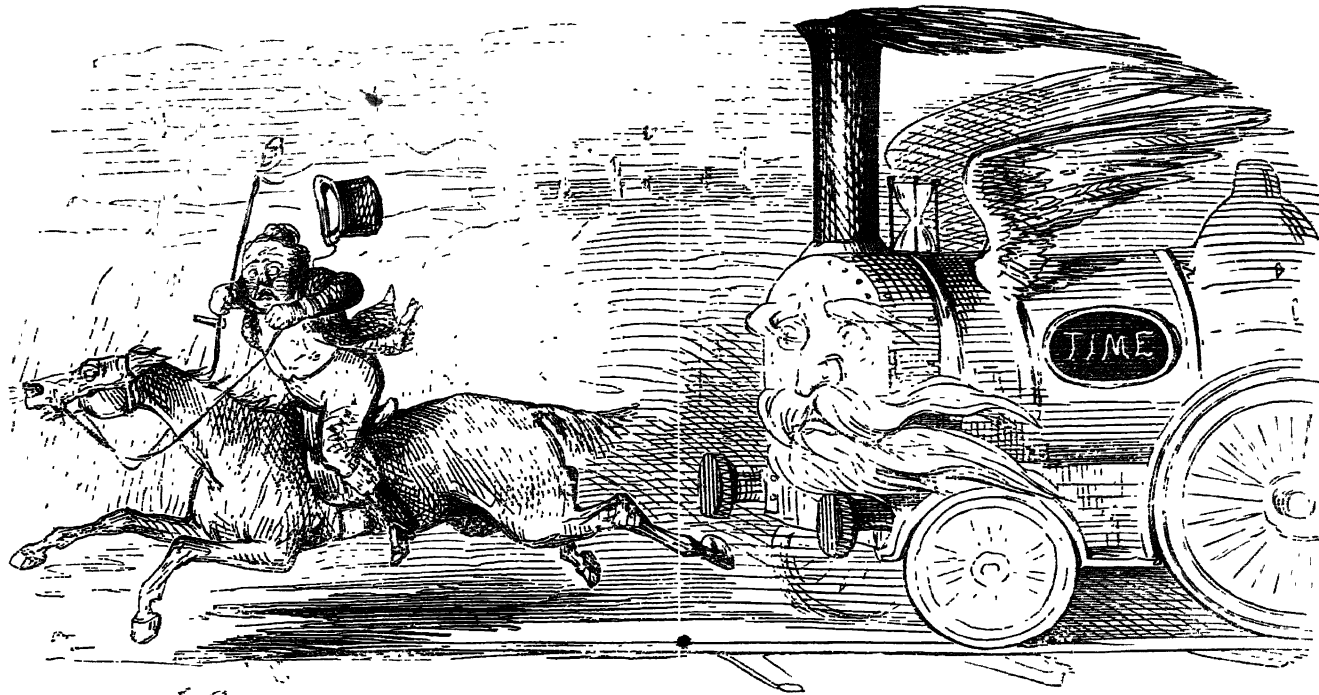
CONSOLS AT 80.

Husband. "GO OUT FOR A WALK! NONSENSE! I'VE SOMETHING ELSE TO DO. I THINK, TOO, YOU MIGHT PULL DOWN THAT BLIND, UNLESS YOU WANT THE SUN TO SPOIL ALL THE FURNITURE; AND, DEAR, DEAR, DO FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, JEMIMA, TAKE THAT D—— CANARY OUT OF THE ROOM!"



A BRILLIANT IDEA.

Matilda. "OH, LOOK YE HERE, TOMMY! S'POSE WE PLAY AT YOUR BEING THE BIG FOOTMAN, AND ME AND LIZZEBUTH 'LL BE THE FINE LADIES IN THE CARRIDGE!"

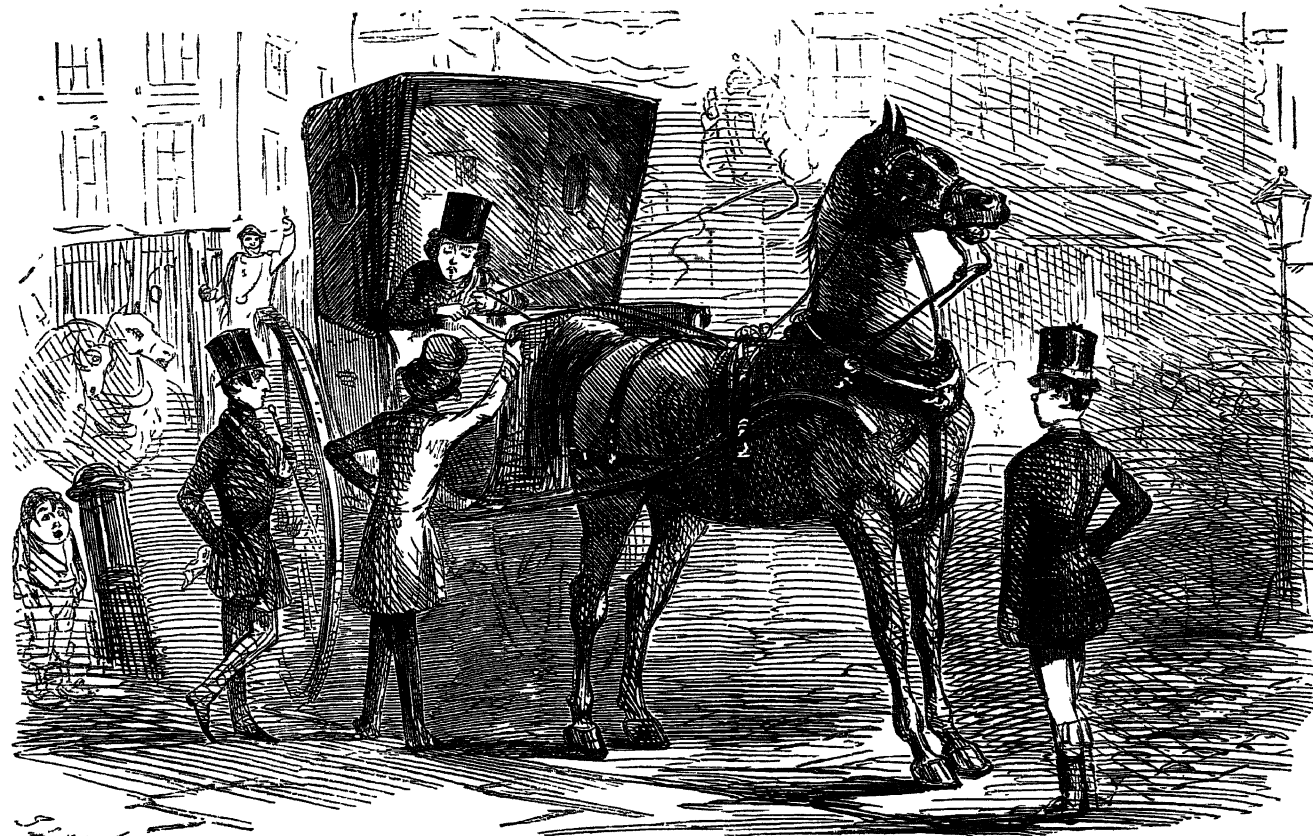


THE RAILWAY ENGINE AND THE FOXHUNTER.—A PROSPECTIVE SKETCH.



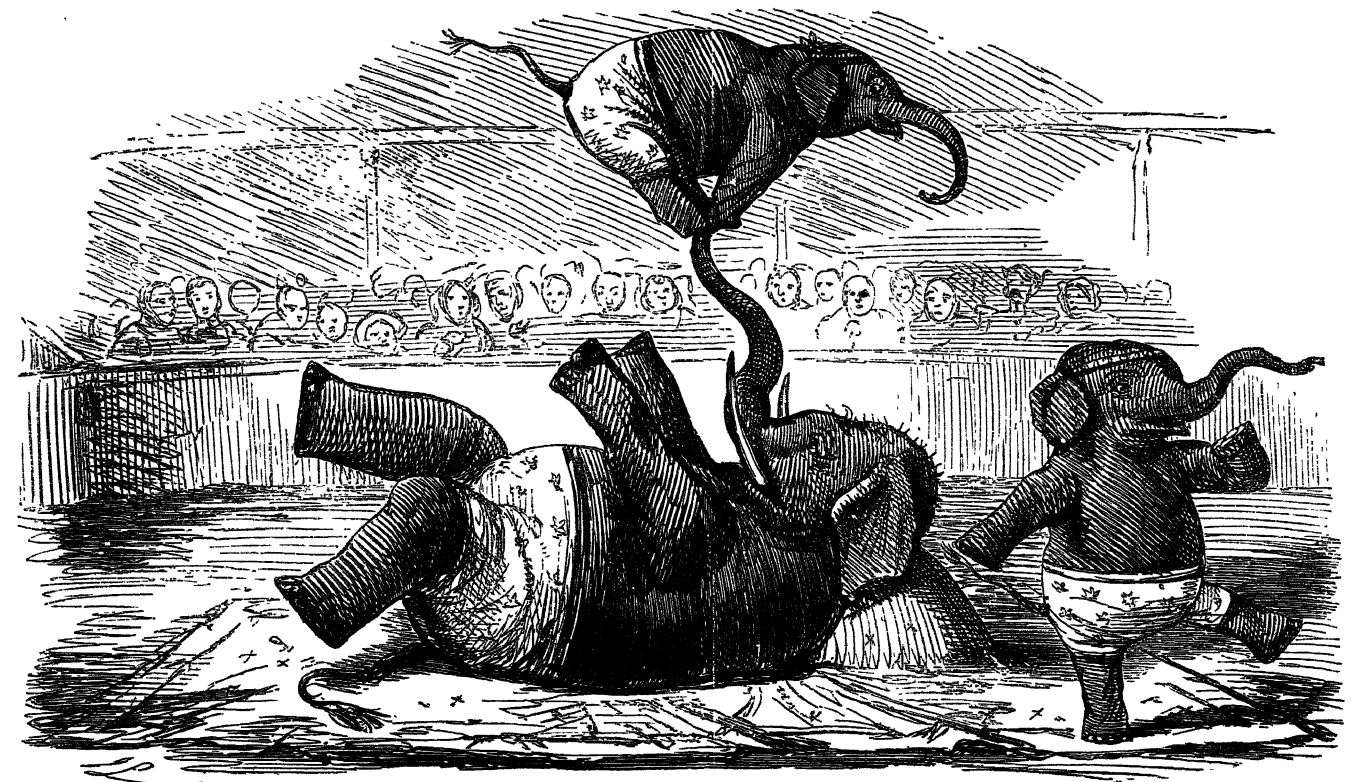
VERY KIND.

"WELL! GOOD BYE, UNCLE! I'VE ENJOYED MYSELF VERY MUCH IN THE COUNTRY; AND IF YOU WILL RUN UP TO LONDON AT ANY TIME, I'LL SHOW YOU A LITTLE LIFE!"

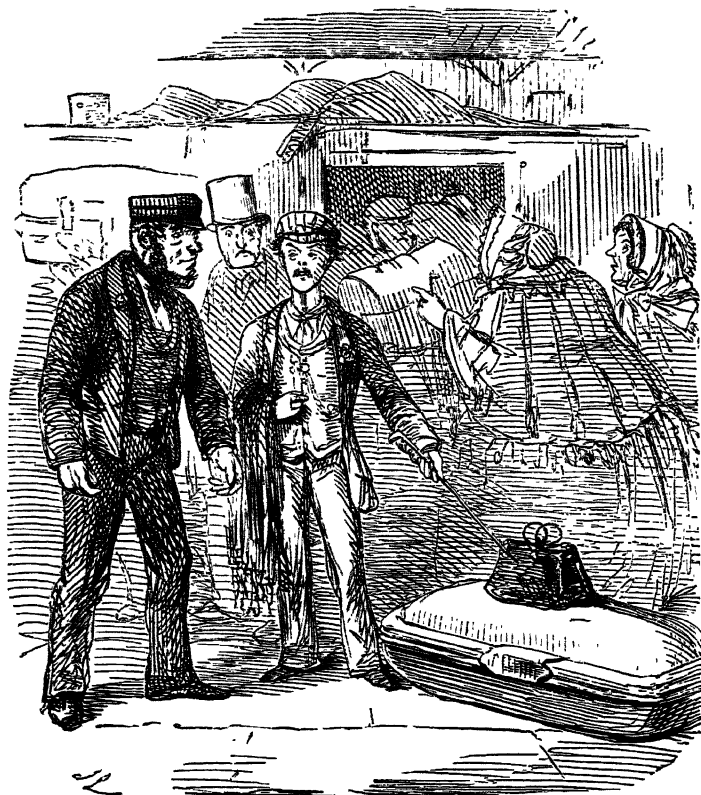


THE RISING GENERATION.

First Juvenile (in Cab). "WELL, CHARLEY, HAVE YOU HAD IT OUT WITH THE OLD BOY?"
Second Juvenile. "YA—AS; AND—AW—WHAT DO YOU THINK THE UNDUTIFUL OLD GOVERNOR SA—AYS!"
First Juvenile. "HAVN'T THE LEAST ID—EAW."
Second Juvenile. "WHY, HE SA—AYS I MUST DO SOMETHING TO GET MY OWN LIVING!"
First Juvenile. "OH LAW! WHAT A HORRID BAW!"



A DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT.



Railway Porter. "ANY LUGGAGE, SIR"
Traveller. "YAS—CARPET-BAG AND CIGAR CASE."



VALENTINE'S DAY.



PRIVATE OPINION.

Lieutenant Whobble (who has just been embodied). "HAH! THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE! INFINITELY BETTER THAN THE RIDICULOUS OLD COATEE!!"



John Thomas. "I TELL YOU WHAT, WILLIAM—THE PRESS MUST BE PUT DOWN THEY'VE BIN AND GOT THE SOLDIERS' UNIFORM ALTERED, AND I SHOULDN'T WONDER IF THEY CALLED OURS RIDIKLUS NEXT!"



PATERFAMILIAS INSISTS THAT THE GIRLS SHALL WEAR VERY STOUT BOOTS IN THE WET WEATHER; BUT THE GIRLS DON'T AT ALL LIKE "THE NASTY, GREAT, UGLY, CLUMSY, THICK THINGS!"



"YOUTH AT THE PROW, AND PLEASURE AT THE HEEL."
"THE HAPPY PAIR THEN STARTED FOR THE CONTINENT, VIA FOLKESTONE, TO SPEND THE HONEYMOON."



Irritated Swell. "RING? YES, OF COURSE I RUNG! HOW THE DEUCE DO YOU SUPPOSE I'M TO DO MY BACK HAIR WITH ONLY ONE CANDLE?"



A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

Foxhunter. "HERE'S A BORE, JACK! THE GROUND IS HALF A FOOT THICK WITH SNOW, AND IT'S FREEZING LIKE MAD!"



LITERAL.

Young Lady. "PRAY, CABMAN, ARE YOU ENGAGED?"
Cabman. "LOR BLESS YER, MISS, WHY I'VE BIN MARRIED THIS SEVEN YEARS."



GOOD SECURITY.

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, GIVE ME A BROWN!"
Swell. "SIXPENCE IS THE SMALLEST MONEY I HAVE, MY LITTLE LAD."
Boy. "VEL, SIR, I'LL GET YER CHANGE; AND IF YER DOUBTS MY HONOUR, HOLD MY BROOM!"



"DON'T MOVE THERE, WE SHALL CLEAR YOU!"



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

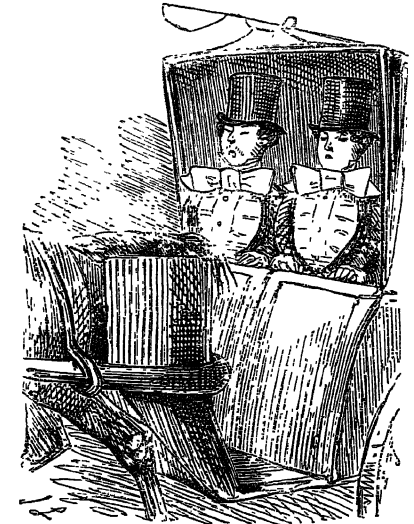
Foot Boy. "WELL, SIR, MASTER HIS AT 'OME, BUT HE'S CONFINED TO HIS ROOM. HE'S A GROWIN' OF HIS MOOSTARSHERS, AND AIN'T ALLOWED TO SEE NOBODY BUT HIS 'AIRDRESSER."



A FRESH MORNING



WHAT MUST BE THE NEXT FASHION IN BONNETS.



HOW YOUNG GENTLEMEN FROM SCHOOL GO TO SEE A PANTOMIME NOW-A-DAYS.



Stout Party. "WELL, I'M SURE! WHAT CAN POSSESS THOSE SKINNY CREATURES TO WEAR ROUND HATS I CAN'T THINK,—MAKING THEMSELVES SO CONSPICUOUS!"



THE POLICE WEAR BEARDS AND MOUSTACHES. PANIC AMONGST THE STREET BOYS



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

Officer (who is going to the East). "OF COURSE IT'S RATHER A BORE JUST AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON—AND I SHALL MISS THE DERBY! WISH THEY COULD HAVE HAD THE RUSSIANS OVER HERE, BECAUSE THEN WE COULD HAVE THRASHED 'EM IN HYDE PARK, AND DINED AT GREENWICH AFTERWARDS, YOU KNOW."



THE SEA-SIDE HAT.

WHAT IS ENOUGH FOR ONE IS ENOUGH FOR TWO.



ON THE MOORS.

Mr. Puff. "MY BIRD, I THINK."
Mr. Muff. "BELONGS TO ME, I FANCY," &c. &c. &c.



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

DELIGHT OF ONE OF OUR GUARDS NOW HE FEELS THAT THE COUNTRY WILL
PROTECT "THE GIRL HE LEAVES BEHIND HIM."



THE REMONSTRANCE.

London Merchant. "WHY, WHAT IS THE USE OF YOUR BEING IN A RESPECTABLE
HOUSE OF BUSINESS IF YOU PROCEED IN THIS ABSURD, VULGAR MANNER? NOW,
TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, UNLESS YOU MEND VERY CONSIDERABLY, YOU WILL GO
ON FROM BAD TO WORSE. YOU WILL BECOME A PETTY HUCKSTER; FROM THAT
YOU WILL, IN ALL PROBABILITY, GET TO BE A MERE COMMON COUNCILMAN; THEN
AN ALDERMAN; WHEN, AFTER A COURSE OF GLUTTONY AND TOM-FOOLERY, PAIN-
FUL TO THINK OF, YOU WILL MAKE A RIDICULOUS TERMINATION TO YOUR
CONTEMPIBLE CAREER BY ACTUALLY BECOMING A LORD MAYOR."



PATERFAMILIAS MAKES HIMSELF INDEPENDENT OF HOTELS.



Buyer. "IS HE WELL BROKE?"
Seller. "LOR BLESS YE! LOOK AT HIS KNEES!"

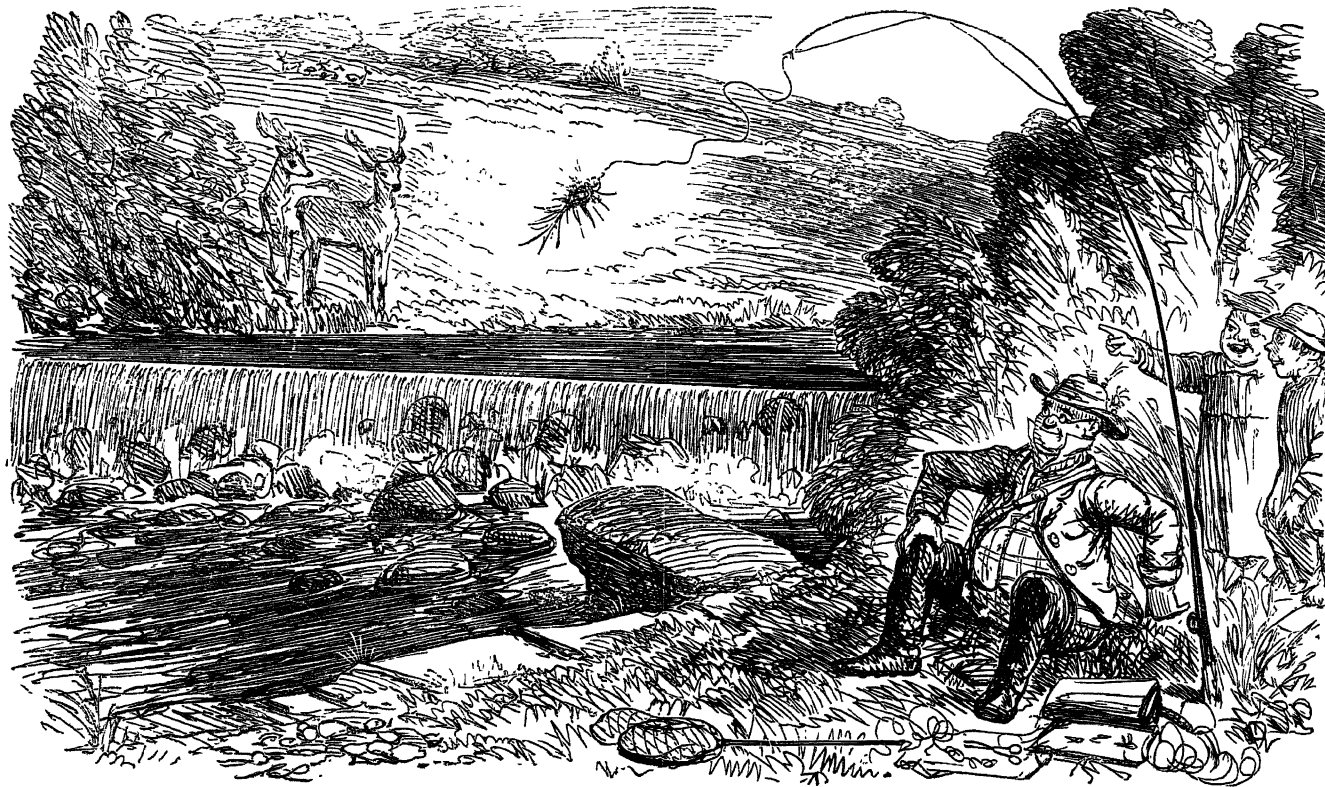


"NOW, CHARLEY! HERE'S THAT PRETTY ROUND HAT AGAIN—WE *WILL* HAVE A LOOK AT HER THIS TIME."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

MASTER SMITH, AS HE APPEARED TRYING TO FORCE HIS MOUSTACHES FOR THE BROWNS' PARTY.



FLY-FISHING.

MR. BUNGLE ALWAYS MAKES HIS FLIES ON THE BANK OF THE STREAM. HERE IS ONE OF HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL EFFORTS.



First Cabby (who is run up against). "NOW, THEN! WHERE DID YOU PICK UP THAT OLD STRAWBERRY POTTLE YOU CALLS A CAB?"
Second Cabby (who retorts). "SAME PLACE WHERE YER FOUND THAT BIT OF OLD RAG-YOU CALLS A 'ORSE."



Omnibus Driver. "I DON'T LIKE BEING A HABSENTEE, JEM; BUT IF THIS PRECIOUS EASTERLY VIND LASTS MUCH LONGER, I SHALL BE HOFF WITH MY FAMILY TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE."



"THIS IS ABOUT THE MARK, I THINK."



HOW KIND.

Cruel Little Puth. "OH HARRIET DEAR—PUT ON YOUR HAT AND LET US TEE THE STEAMBOAT COME IN. THE THEA IS THO ROUGH!—AND THE PEOPLE WILL BE SO ABTHURDLY THICK!!!"



"DO YOU BELIEVE IN THIS TABLE TALKING, MATILDA, THAT THERE'S SUCH A FUSS ABOUT?"

"OH DEAR NO! WHY THE OTHER EVENING A TABLE WAS ASKED HOW OLD I WAS, AND IT RAPPED OUT FORTY! RIDICULOUS WHEN I'M NOT THREE-AND-TWENTY TILL NEXT MARCH!"



A SPORTING GENT PRACTISING AT JACKSON'S GROUND FOR THE HUNTING SEASON.



"MICHAELMAS DAY. THE CHEAP TAILOR'S GOOSE PROVIDES HIMSELF WITH A SHOOTING JACKET AND VEST."



THE OPERA.

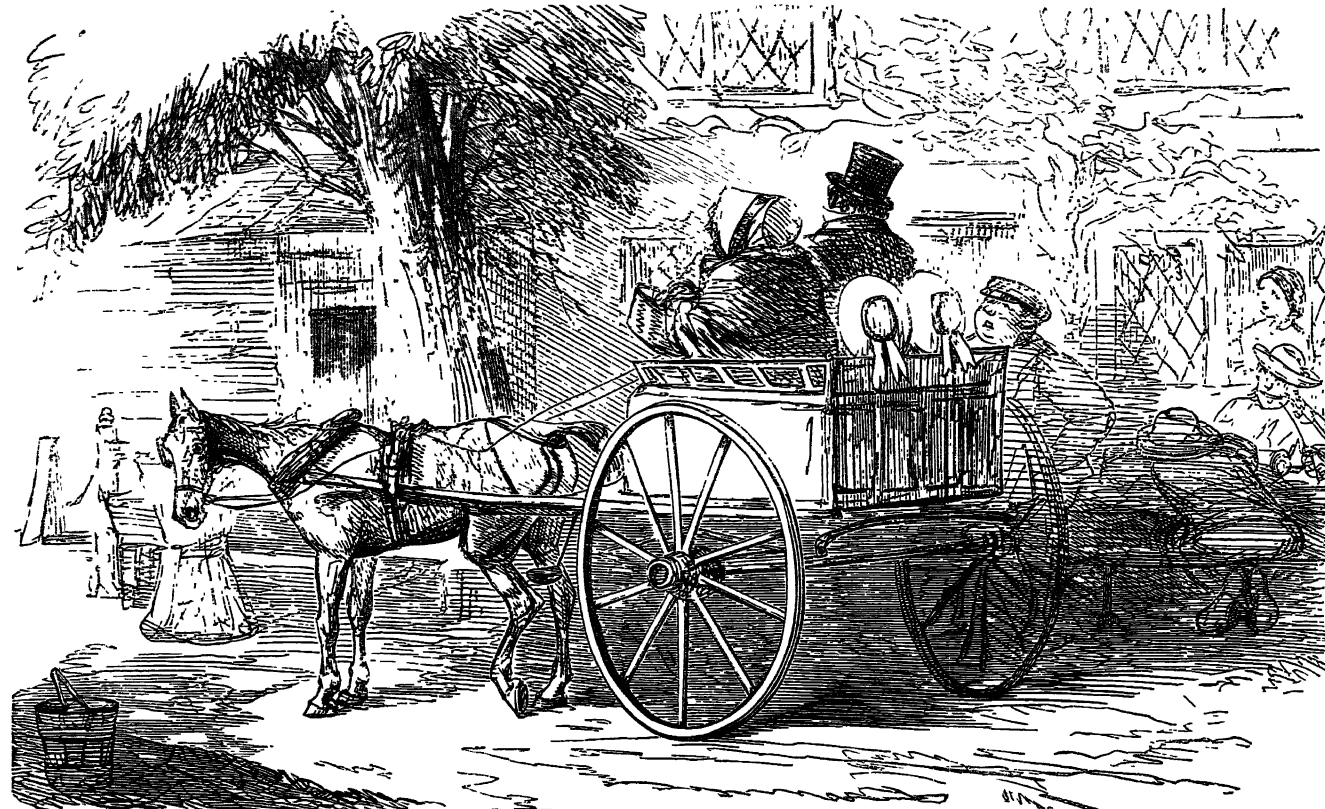
Door-Keeper. "BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT YOU MUST, INDEED, SIR, BE IN FULL DRESS!"
Snob (excited). "FULL DRESS!! WHY WHAT DO YER CALL THIS?"



SCENE—PALAIS ROYAL.

Garçon (to London Gent). "VOILA! M'SIEU! LE CHARIVARI—FRENCH PUNCH. GOOD MORNING SARE! OH, I SPEAK INGLEES VERRA WELL—I LIVE IN INGLEES COFFEE THREE MUNSE, OH YAS—ALL RIGHT!—NEVARE MIND!!"

[Jumps over three chairs and vanishes to the great astonishment of TOMKINS.]



Gentleman in Cart. "I SAY, GUV'NOR, BRING US OUT A SPOONFUL O' GIN FOR THE OLD LADY, WILL YER?—AND I'LL TAKE A PINT O' MILD ALE—AND LOOK HERE. I DON'T WANT IT THICK—FOR I AIN'T HUNGRY!"



<i>Old Gentleman.</i> "NOW, AUGUSTUS; YOU HAVE HAD ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF A GOOD EDUCATION. YOU HAVE BEEN WELL BROUGHT UP; AND AS I BELIEVE YOU TO BE A WELL-DISPOSED BOY, I SHOULD WISH YOU TO CHOOSE YOUR OWN PROFESSION. COME, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE?"	<i>Old Gent.</i> "WHAT IS IT—A LAWYER?"
<i>Augustus.</i> "I KNOW WHAT I SHOULD LIKE—BUT YOU WOULDN'T LET ME."	<i>Aug.</i> "NO: IT AIN'T A LAWYER."
	<i>Old Gent.</i> "A SURGEON?"
	<i>Aug.</i> "NO."
	<i>Old Gent.</i> "A PARSON?"
	<i>Aug.</i> "NO."
	<i>Old Gent.</i> "A SOLDIER?"
	<i>Aug.</i> "NO."
	<i>Old Gent.</i> "WHAT THEN?"
	<i>Aug.</i> "WHY—A CLOWN AT ASTLEY'S."



AS WELL BE OUT OF THE WORLD AS OUT OF THE FASHION.

Old Gentleman (who is of course much behind his age). "WELL, MY LITTLE DEAR, AND PRAY WHAT NICE LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU!"

Little Girl. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, I'M A PUSEYITE, AND SO'S BESSY 'ARRIS, (To Young Lady) AINT WE, MEM?"



THE FINISHING TOUCH TO A PICTURE.

Artist. "NOW, DON'T HESITATE TO SAY IF YOU SEE ANYTHING I CAN ALTER OR IMPROVE."
Candid Friend. "HM! WELL! NO! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING—UNLESS, PERHAPS, YOU-A MIGHT REPAINT THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES, AND—I—YES—I SHOULD CERTAINLY GET A NEW BACKGROUND IN."



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

DISMAY OF A BRITISH SWELL ON SEEING A POSTMAN WITH MOUSTACHES.



A PRETTY GENERAL OPINION.

Mr. Kiddlums. "WELL, ELIZABETH—I HOPE WE SHALL HAVE A PRIZE BABY SHOW HERE—AND THEN—I FLATTER MYSELF— * * * * *



CLOSE OF THE SEASON—THE LONDON FOOTMAN EXHAUSTED.



BEGINNING FIRES FOR THE WINTER.—SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE CHIMNEY.

Sweep (log.). "THIS CHIMLEY ALWAYS WAS A BAD UN TO SMOKE, SIR; THE PARTY AS LIVED HERE BEFORE YOU CAME HAD A DEAL OF TROUBLE WITH IT."



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Augustus. "ARE YOU FOND OF MOUSTARCHERS, EMILY?"
Emily. "YES! I THINK THEY LOOK VERY WELL UPON SOME PEOPLE."
Augustus. "AH! THEN THAT SETTLES THE POINT. I SHALL LET MINE GROW."



AN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE ON AN EXCURSION.



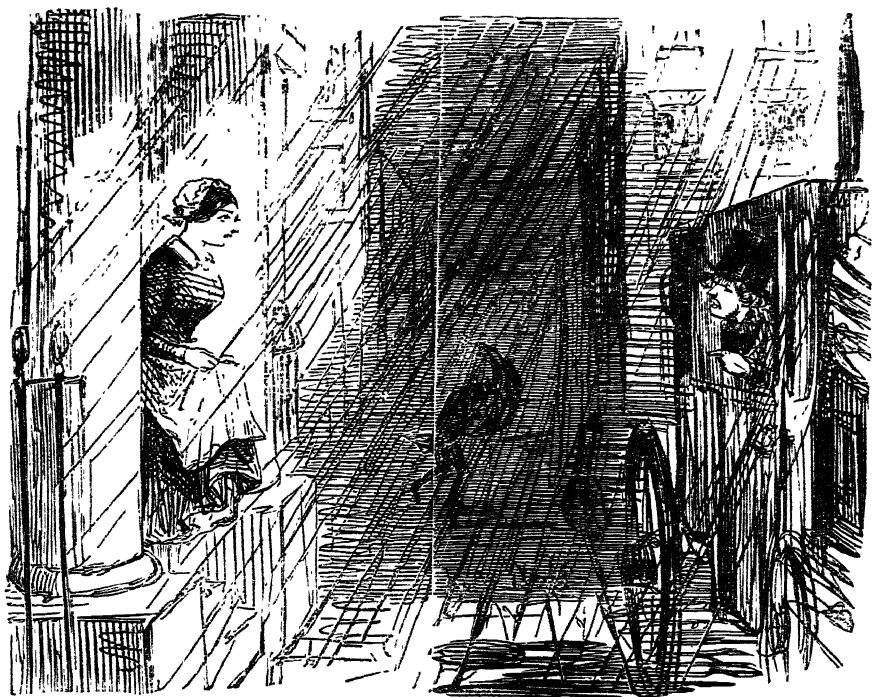
BUSINESS LIKE.

"I SAY, CHARLEY, DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER GO BACK TO YOUR CUSTOMER?"
Incipient Wine Merchant. "NOT YET. ALWAYS GONE A QUARTER OF AN HOUR FOR THE VERY OLD PORT—FURTHER END OF THE CELLAR! CELLAR'S VERY EXTENSIVE! GREAT CARE NECESSARY FOR FEAR OF DISTURBING THE CRUST YOU KNOW—ET CÆTERA—TWIG?"



JACK ASHORE.

Policeman. "HOLLO, JACK! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE NOT SORRY TO COME ON LAND FOR A BIT!"
Jack (who hasn't got his shore legs yet). "WELL, IT AIN'T SUCH A BAD PLACE FOR A DAY OR TWO—ONLY IT'S SO PRECIOUS DIFFICULT TO WALK STRAIGHT."



EXTREME DELICACY

Exquisite in Cab. "AW—BE KIND ENOUGH, IF YOU PLEASE, TO FETCH—AW—AN—AW UMBRELLAW, AND HOLD IT OV—AW ME WHILE I AW—GET OUT."



PATERFAMILIAS SUPERINTENDS IN PERSON THE REMOVAL OF THE SNOW FROM THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE.



Ostler. "PLEASE TO TAKE 'IM GENTLY OVER THE WOOD-PAVEMENT, SIR, FOR HE'S WERRY FRESH THIS MORNING."



"I WISH, MISTER, YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO STOP THE PRESS AND PUT THIS IN A GOOD PLACE (*reads*): 'Hemily. Don't delay, but return to yer broken-arted Adolphus, or there's no know-ing what may be the consequence!!'"



PLEASING EFFECT BELOW.



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.



"DEAR ! DEAR ! DEAR ! HOW VERY PROVOKING ! HERE'S ONE END OF THE BARREL COME OUT, AND ALL THE OYSTERS MIXED WITH MY CLEAN COLLARS !"



THE BATTLE OF THE PIANOS.



Old Lady. "AH ! I WAS JUST SUCH ANOTHER WHEN I WAS HER AGE."



A CAUTION DURING THE MISTLETOE SEASON TO YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO WEAR SHARP-POINTED MOUSTACHES.

Pretty Cousin. "WHAT A TIRESOME GREAT AWKWARD BOY YOU ARE !—JUST SEE HOW YOU HAVE SCRATCHED MY CHIN !" [Young Gentleman apologises amply.]



OUR "USED UP" MAN HAS A FEW "USED UP" FRIENDS TO BREAKFAST ; AFTER WHICH THEY DERIVE A LITTLE REAL ENJOYMENT FROM A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.



SCENE.—DRAWING-ROOM.

Enter HORRID BOY.

Horrid Boy (capering about). "OH, LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN ! I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT CLARA STUFFS HER HAIR OUT WITH. THEY'RE WHISKERS LIKE YOURS !" [Sensation.]



"I BEG YOUR PARDON, MA'AM, BUT I THINK YOU DROPPED THIS."



MIGHT IS RIGHT.

Van Driver. "I DON'T KNOW NOTHUN ABOUT NO RIGHT SIDES NOR WRONG SIDES. YOU GET OUT OF THE WAY, IF YER DON'T WANT TO BE MADE A WAFER OF!"
[Where are the Police?



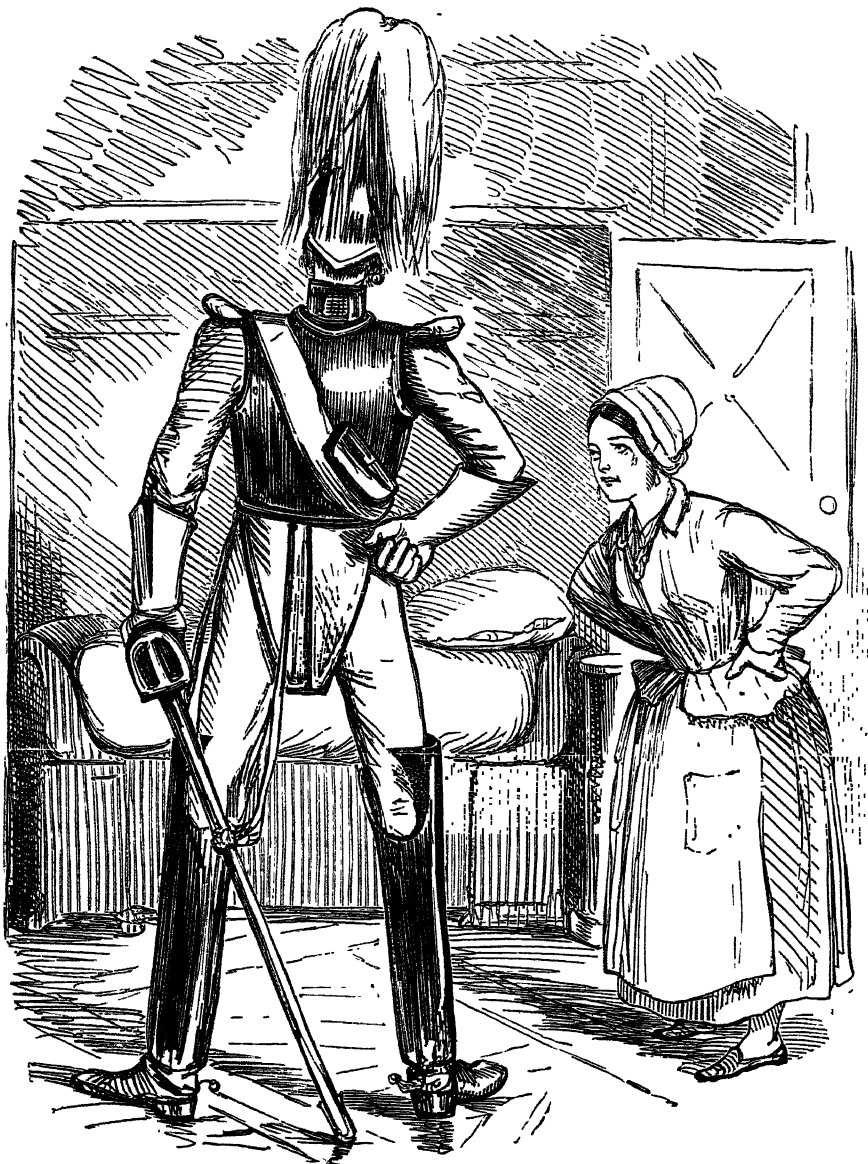
Mr. Bounce. "I TELL YOU WHAT, OLD BOY. FINISH THAT, AND YOU SHALL HAVE SOME OF MY PECULIAR OLD PORT. I'VE HAD IT IN BOTTLE MYSELF NINE YEARS."



THIS IS THE PECULIAR OLD PORT.



THE DISTURBER OF THE PEACE OF PRIVATE FAMILIES.



THE LIFE-GUARDS AT BOULOGNE.—1853.

AFTER THE FATIGUES OF THE REVIEW, A GALLANT FELLOW IS SHOWN HIS BED.



THE SETTLING DAY OF THE "BETTING OFFICE" FREQUENTER.

(SPORTING YOUTH IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BORROWED HIS MASTER'S CASH BOX TO PAY HIS BETS.)



USEFUL SUNDAY LITERATURE FOR THE MASSES; OR, MURDER MADE FAMILIAR.

Father of a Family (reads). "The wretched Murderer is supposed to have cut the throats of his three eldest Children, and then to have killed the Baby by beating it repeatedly with a Poker. * * * * In person he is of a rather bloated appearance, with a bull neck, small eyes, broad large nose, and coarse vulgar mouth. His dress was a light blue coat, with brass buttons, elegant yellow summer vest, and pepper-and-salt trousers. When at the Station House he expressed himself as being rather 'peckish,' and said he should like a Black Pudding, which, with a Cup of Coffee, was immediately procured for him."



Conductor (very loud). "GO ON, BILL; EERE'S THAT UGLY OLD COVE, WOT ALWAYS KICKS UP SUCH A ROW, AND MAKES HISSELF SO DISAGREEABLE, JUST GOT IN!"
Driver. "OH, HAS HE? I'VE A DECCED GOOD MIND TO PITCH HIM OVER, AND BREAK HIS STUPID OLD 'ED!!"



"WELL, THEY MAY CALL THIS A HEALTH-GIVING PURSUIT, IF THEY LIKE; BUT GIVE ME ROACH-FISHING IN A PUNT."



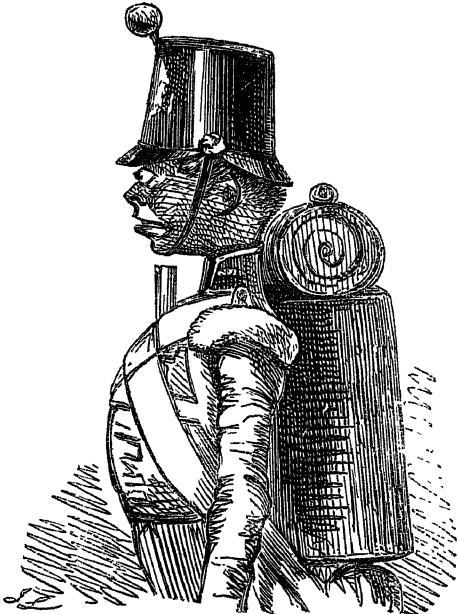
THE YOUNG GENT WHO IS GOING TO MAKE A RAPID FORTUNE BY BETTING.



THE COWBRIDGE YEOMANRY RE-FORMING.



Passenger. "SIXPENCE! WHY IT'S MARKED UP THREEPENCE!"
Conductor. "YES, SIR. THREEPUNSE WHEN YOU DON'T GET IN BETWEEN CHARING CROSS AND THE BANK, OR FROM TUESDAYS TO MILE END DOWN TO THE GATE BY UNGERFOD, OR EDGER ROAD TO BLACK LION LANE OR RATHBONE PLACE AND BLACKWALL RAILWAY—OR ELSE YOU MUST GET OUT AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, OR YOU CAN GO TO PIMLICO ALL THE WAY IF YOU LIKE—BEYOND THAT DISTANCE—IT'S SIXPUNSE!"



MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS AFTER A LONG FROST.



Groom. "YOU'LL FIND THE MARE IN RARE FETTER, SIR. SHE'S UNCOMMON FRESH TO BE SURE!"



SO FRESH THAT SHE WON'T LET T. N. MOUNT FOR EVER SO LONG AND WHEN SHE DOES



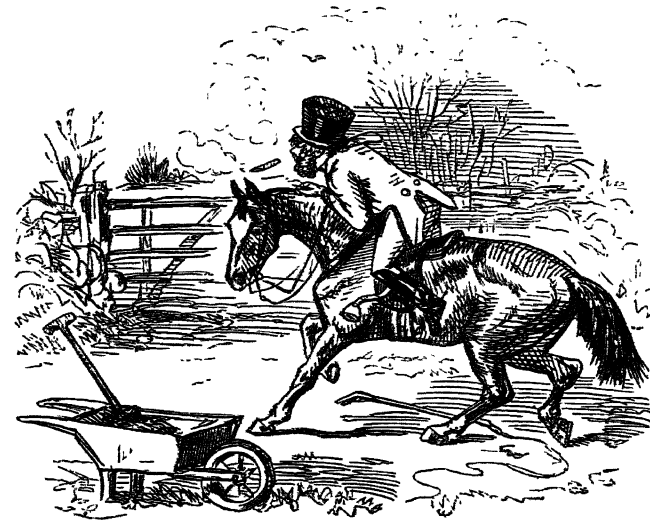
ARRIVED AT THE MEET, LITTLE TOM NODDY THINKS HE WILL HAVE A QUIET WEED; BUT, AT THIS MOMENT



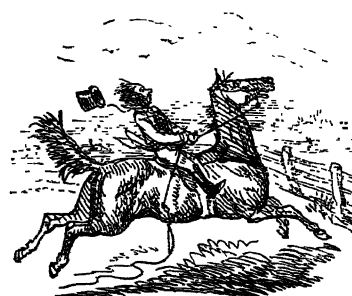
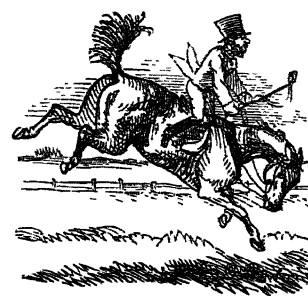
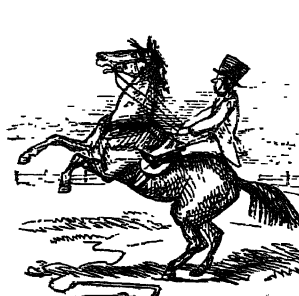
THE HOUNDS MOVE FOR THE COVER, AND THE MARE BECOMES FULL OF PLAY AGAIN.



ALLOW HIM, PUTS UP HER BACK IN THE MOST OMINOUS MANNER.



SHE SHIES AT A WHEELBARROW—A THING SHE NEVER DID BEFORE. (T. N. DROPS HIS WHIP.) AFTER SOME

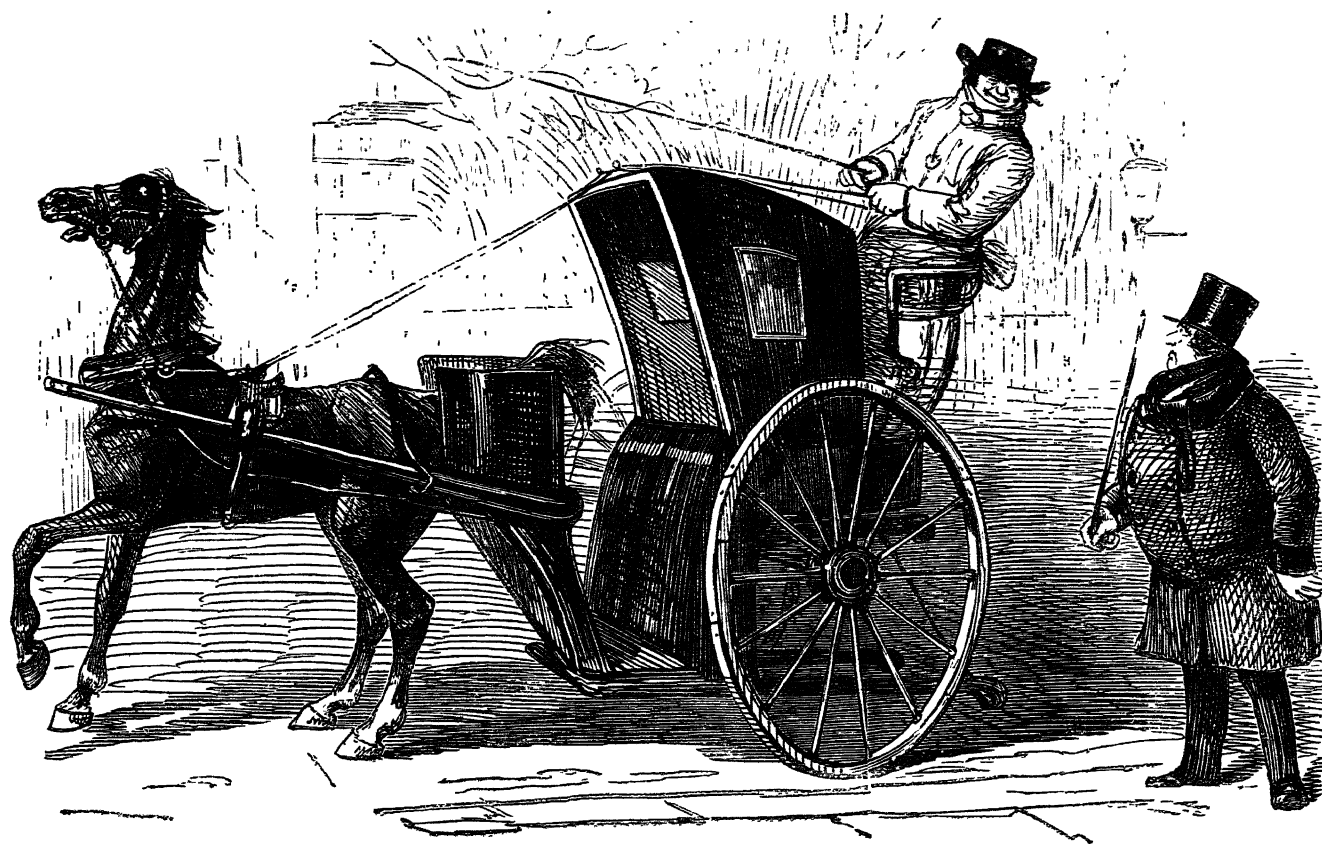


TRouble IN OPENING A GATE, HE GETS UPON A NICE PIECE OF TURF. (T. N. DROPS HIS WHIP AGAIN, BY THE BYE.) THE MARE ENJOYS HERSELF AMAZINGLY.



HAVING PICKED HIMSELF UP, TOGETHER WITH HIS WHIP AND CIGAR, T. N. JOGS ON WITH THE REST OF THE FIELD. AS THEY PASS BY SOME TURNIPS, TO THE DELIGHT OF EVERYBODY, A FOX GETS UP. THE MARE, WHO HAD BECOME ALMOST STEADY, IS AGAIN EXCITED, AND RUSHES WILDLY A-HEAD, AMIDST THE EXECRATIONS OF THE

HUNT, AND LOUD CRIES OF "HOLD HARD!" WHICH T. N. MISTAKES FOR ANXIETY ON HIS ACCOUNT; AND GRASPING THE POMMEL OF HIS SADDLE WITH BOTH HANDS, ABANDONS HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, WHICH, CONSIDERING THERE IS A FLIGHT OF HURDLES BEFORE HIM, ARE NOT VERY FAVOURABLE.



VERY ACCOMMODATING.

Cabman. "WANT A CAB, SIR? TAKE YER ANYVERE, ANY DISTANCE, ANY PRICE, AND WHEN YER PLEASE. TROT YER DOWN TO VITECHAPEL OR 'ACKNEY, OR SPIN YER ALONG LIKE ONE O'CLOCK TO HEGHAM, STAINES, OR WINDSOR."



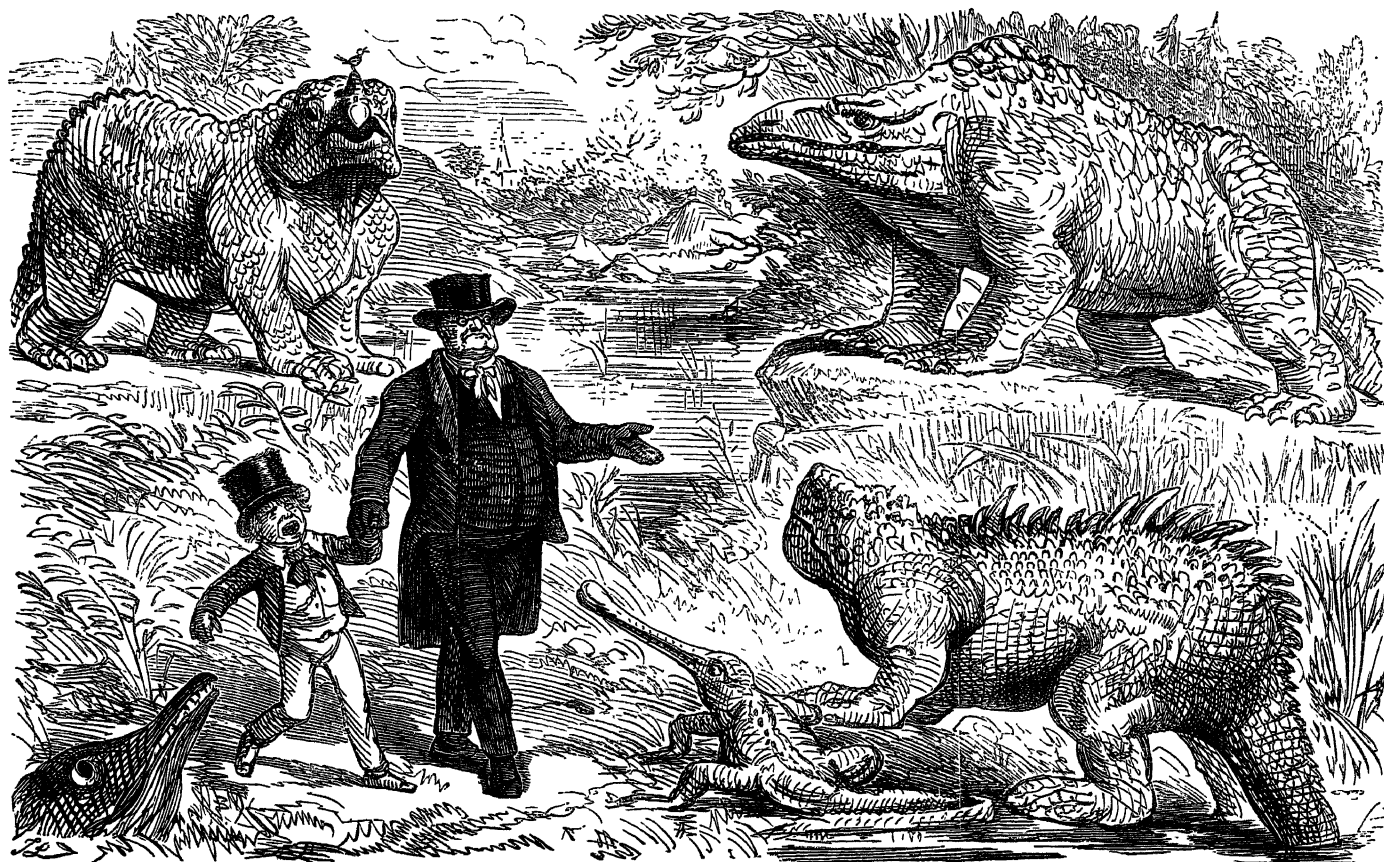
M.P. "DID YOU SEE THIS ADMIRABLE SUGGESTION IN THE PAPER, TO PULL DOWN THE TEMPLE BAR?"

Swell. "PULL DOWN THE TEMPLE BAR! A MOST EARNESTLY HOPE NOT—WHY, GOOD GWACIOUS! IT'S THE PWINCIPAL BARWIER BETWEEN US AND THE HORWID CITY!"



Railway Official. "YOU'D BETTER NOT SMOKE, SIR!"
Traveller. "THAT'S WHAT MY FRIENDS SAY."
Railway Official. "BUT YOU MCSN'T SMOKE, SIR"

Traveller. "SO MY DOCTOR TELLS ME."
Railway Official (indignantly). "BUT YOU SHAN'T SMOKE SIR!"
Traveller. "AH! JUST WHAT MY WIFE SAYS."



A VISIT TO THE ANTEDILUVIAN REPTILES AT SYDENHAM—MASTER TOM STRONGLY OBJECTS TO HAVING HIS MIND IMPROVED.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF MR. PUNCH.—SECOND SERIES.

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS AFTER A LONG FROST.



FORTUNATELY FOR TOM NODDY, HOWEVER, THE MARE SWERVES AT THE HURDLES, AND WITH THE EXCEPTION OF DROPPING HIS WHIP AGAIN HE MEETS WITH NO GREAT INCONVENIENCE;



BUT COMING TO THE FIRST FENCE, THE PLAYFUL CREATURE GOES AT IT LIKE A SHOT OUT OF A GUN;



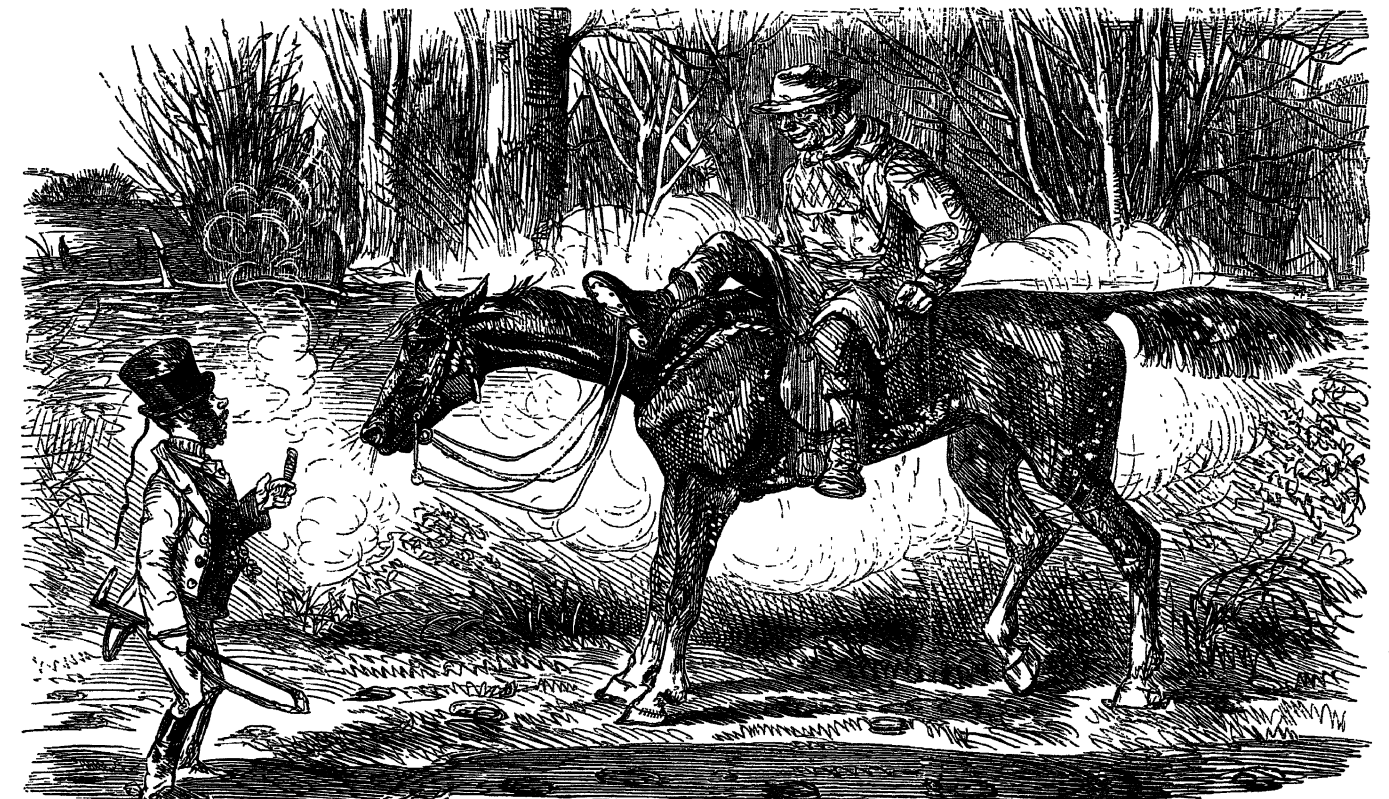
THE MARE EXTRICATES HERSELF FROM THE DIFFICULTY SOONER THAN OUR LITTLE FRIEND, AND GETTING AWAY FROM HIM, TAKES A LINE OF HER OWN.



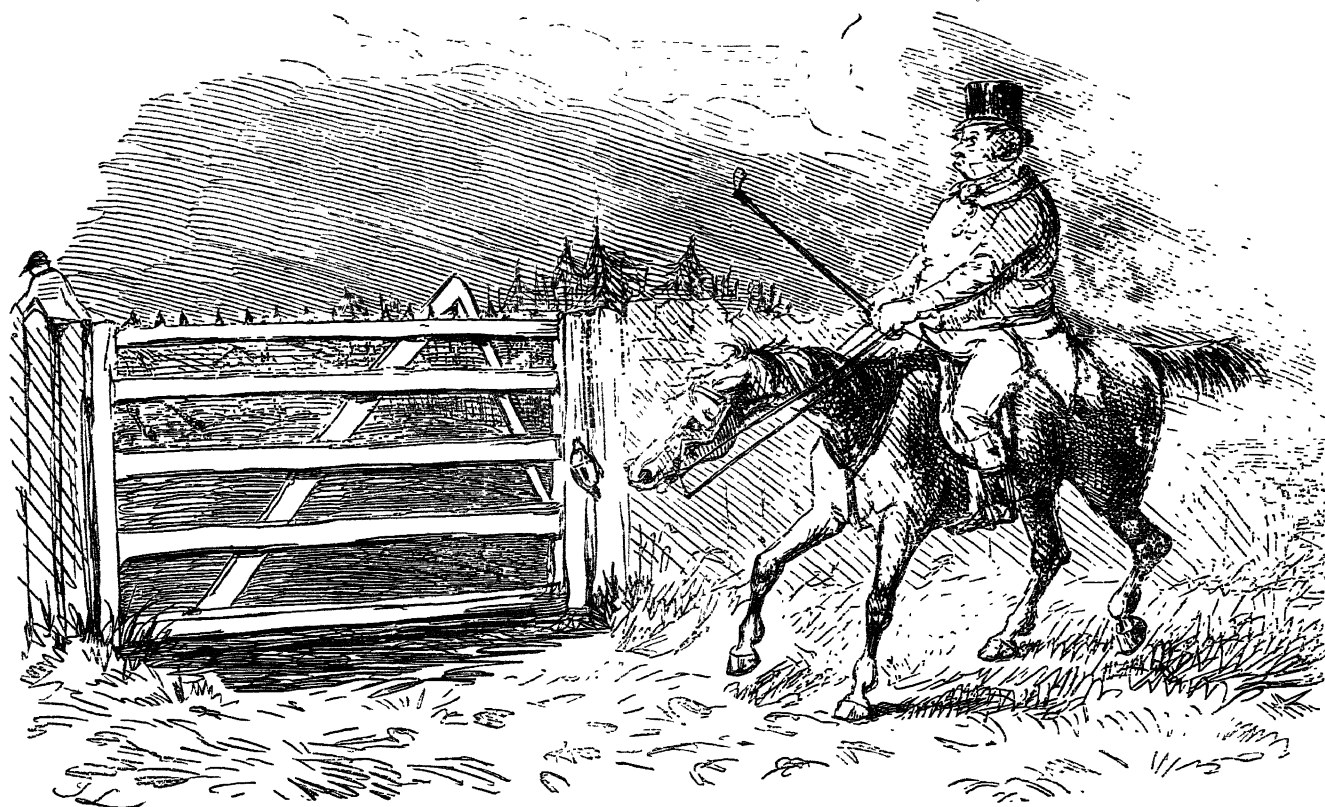
T. N. FINDS RUNNING AFTER HIS QUADRUPED VERY LABORIOUS, HE RESTS HIMSELF ON A STYLE, AND HAS ANOTHER QUIET WEED.



AND T. N. FINDS THAT THERE IS STILL A GOOD DEAL OF SNOW IN SOME OF THE DITCHES.



THIS REPRESENTS THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN TOM NODDY, AFTER MUCH EXERCISE, MEETS A SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN RETURNING WITH THE MARE. THE SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN IS ASSURING T. N. THAT HE HAD A DEAL OF TROUBLE TO CATCH HER, AND THEN IT WUR TWENTY MINUTES AFORE HE COULD MAKE HER LEAVE THE 'OUNDS—AND THEN ONLY A-CAUSE SHE WUR QUITE "BLOWED."—(N.B. *The Simple Countryman hopes T.N. will remember him.*)



"WO—MARE HANG IT!—ANYTHING IN REASON I DON'T MIND; BUT, AS A FATHER OF A FAMILY, I DON'T FEEL JUSTIFIED IN GOING AT SUCH A GATE AS THAT?"



THE TOO FAITHFUL TALBOTYPE.

Georgina (in riding habit). "WELL, DEAR! I DECLARE IT'S THE VERY IMAGE OF YOU! I NEVER!"
Sarah Jane (who insists upon seeing the plate). "LIKE ME? FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, GEORGINA. I THINK IT'S PERFECTLY ABSURD! WHY, IT HAS GIVEN ME A STUPID LITTLE TURN-UP NOSE, AND A MOUTH THAT'S ABSOLUTELY ENORMOUS!"



THE POULTRY MANIA.

Miss —. "GOOD GRACIOUS, EMILY. WHAT HORRID FRIGHTS!"
Emily. "FRIGHTS? MY DEAR? WHY, THEY ARE LOVELY COCHIN CHINA FOWLS, AND WORTH—OH! EVER SO MUCH."

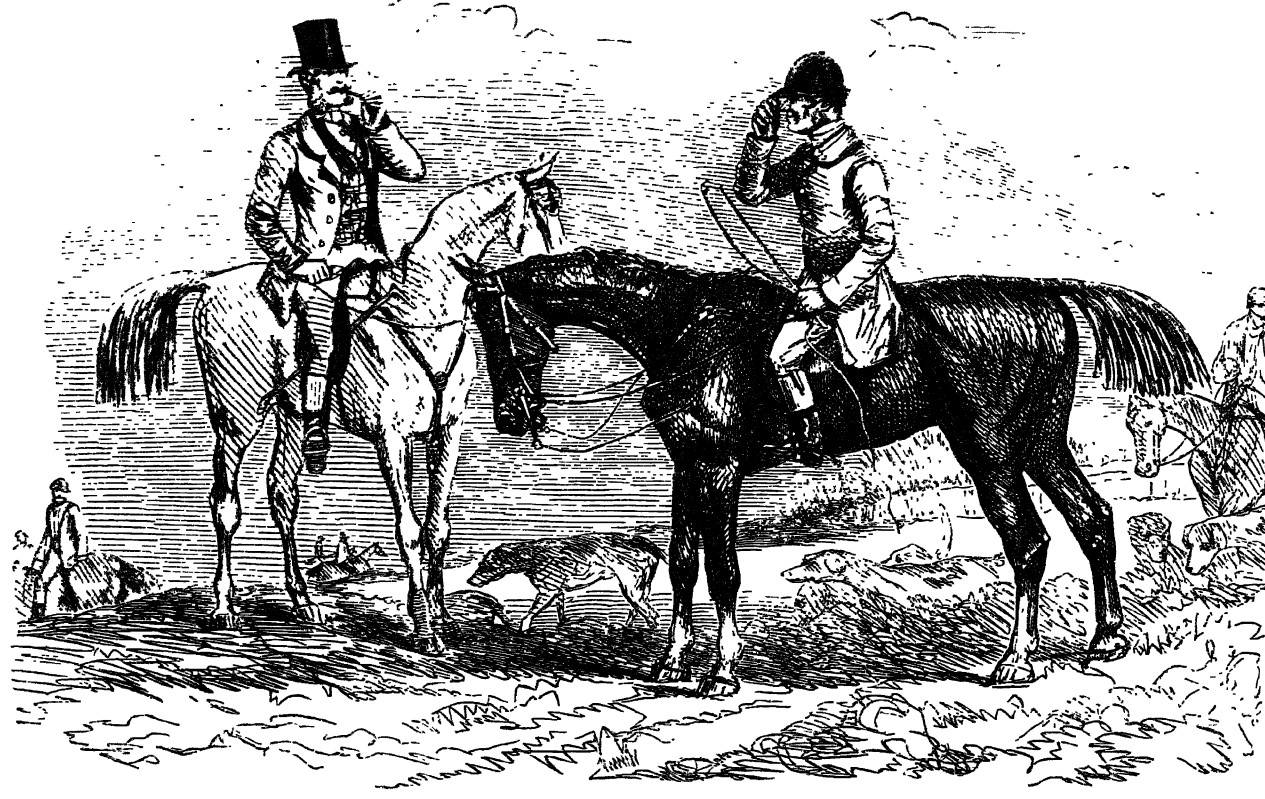


Young Lady (whose birthday it is). "OH, YES! I HAVE HAD A GREAT NUMBER OF NICE PRESENTS; BUT I WONDER WHO SENT ME THIS BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET?"
Handsome Party (with moustaches, presence of mind, and great expression of eye). "AND CAN'T YOU GUESS?" (*Sighs deeply.*)
[N.B. Poor BINKS, who was at all the trouble and expense of getting the said bouquet from Covent Garden, is supposed to be watching the effect of his gift with some anxiety.]



ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

1st Collier. "SURREY, DUST THEE KNOW THE BISHOP'S COMING TO-MORROW?"
 2nd Do. "WOT'S THAT?"
 1st Do. (emphatically). "THE BISHOP!"
 2nd Do. "OI DON'T KNOW WHAT THEE MEAN'ST, BUT MOY BITCH, ROSE, SHALL PIN HER!"



NOTHING LIKE KNOWING THE COUNTRY.

Huntsman (to Officer going Abroad). "PLEASE BE SO GOOD, SIR, AS GIVE MY RESPECTS TO MASTER HARRY."
 Officer. "OH! BUT MY BROTHER IS IN THE WEST INDIES, AND I AM GOING TO THE EAST."
 Huntsman. "MAYHAP YOU'LL MEET AT T'COVER SIDE ALL THE SAME, SIR!"



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

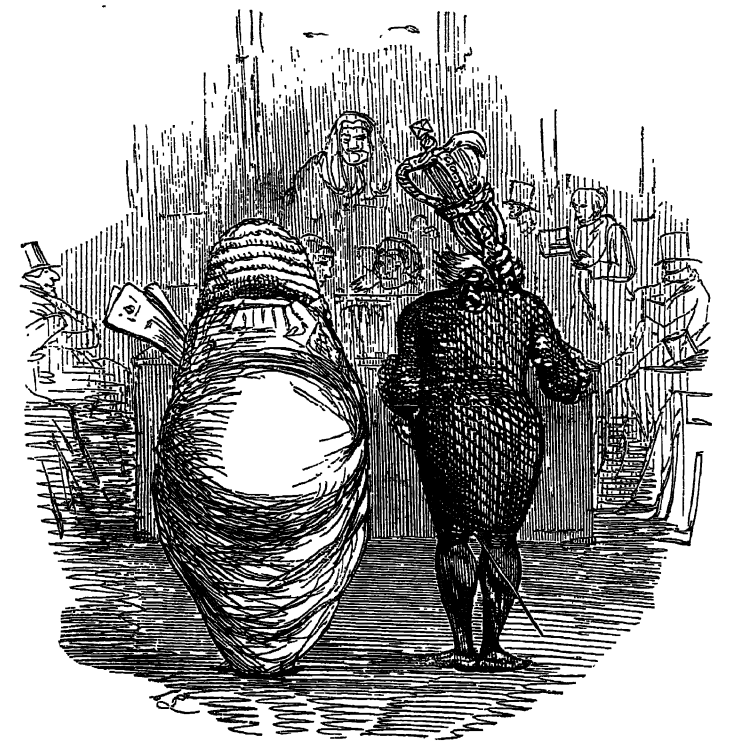
Frederick. "NOW THEN, WILLIAM, WHAT ARE YER WAITIN' FOR?"
 William. "WHY, I WAS A-THINKIN' VETHER I SHOULD WEAR MY MOOSTARCHERS LIKE THIS HERE OR LIKE THAT HARE."



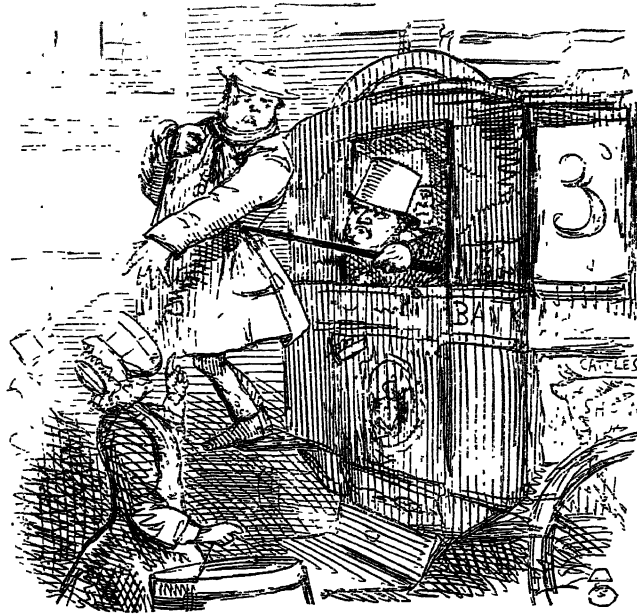
MR. PUNCH AT HOME.



NEW CHRISTMAS GAME FOR FOX-HUNTERS DURING A LONG FROST.



A BIT OF SERIOUS PANTOMIME.—A MESSAGE FROM THE LORDS.



"HI!—THERE!—STOP!"



LONG VACATION.

"NOW THEN, LATITAT, TUCK IN YOUR SIX-AND-EIGHTPENNY!"



"NOW, LOBSTER! KEEP THE POT A-BILING."



EFFECTS OF SALT WATER AS OBSERVED AT THE REGATTA BALL.

— *Weatherspoon, Esq., (of the Oriana, R.Y.S.)* "I SAY, TOM, WHAT'S THAT LITTLE CRAFT WITH THE BLACK VELVET FLYING AT THE FORE, CLOSE UNDER THE LEE SCUPPERS OF THE MAN-OF-WAR?"

Honourable Binnacle (of the Matilda, R.V.Y.C.) "WHY FROM HER FORE AND AFT RIG, AND THE CUT OF HER MAINSAIL, I SHOULD SAY SHE'S DOWN FROM THE PORT OF LONDON; BUT I'LL SIGNAL THE COMMODORE TO COME AND INTRODUCE US!"



AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

Young Farmer, No. 1. "WELL, CHARLEY—HAVE YOU HAD MUCH SHOOTING, LATELY!"

Young Farmer No. 2. "WHY, NO; WHAT WITH HUNTING TWO DAYS A-WEEK, AND COURSEING TWO DAYS, I DON'T GET MUCH TIME TO GO OUT WITH A GUN."



EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT.

Man of Refinement. "NOW DON'T, MY GOOD MAN—PRAY DON'T—I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO SAY. YOU ARE GOING TO SAY 'YA!—HA!—SPARRER-GRASS.' DO ALLOW ME TO PERSUADE YOU TO CALL IT ASPARAGUS—AND HERE IS SIXPENCE FOR YOU."



USEFUL, IF NOT ORNAMENTAL.

Master Alfred (an ingenious boy). "LOOK HERE, WALTER! SEE WHAT A JOLLY TARGET OLD AUNT BETSY'S ROUND HAT MAKES."



THE REAL FLOWER-SHOW.



COMPLIMENTARY.

Bus Driver. "NOW THEN, OUT OF THE WAY, YOU TWO!"



RATHER A DROP.

City Gent (who fancies himself a Judge of a Horse, and no end of a Swell). "THAT'S A NICE LITTLE TIT, CABBIE, AND BROUGHT US ALONG WELL!"
Cabby. "YESSIR!" HE IS A NICE LITTLE 'OS, HE IS—BUT LOR BLESS YER! HIS 'ART'S TOO BIG FOR HIS BODY. HE'S TOO GOOD FOR MY WORK! NOW HE'D JEST SUIT SUCH A GENT AS YOU—TO DRIVE A LIGHT TEA-CART ABOUT TOWN FOR ORDERS ON A WEEK-DAY, AND TAKE THE MISSUS OUT FOR THE DAY O' SUNDAYS!"



Head Nurse (with much dignity). "MISS MARY! YOU SHALL NOT STIR YOUR TEA WITH THE SNUFFERS!—IT IS NOT LADY-LIKE, AND I AM QUITE SURE YOUR PAPA WOULD NOT APPROVE OF IT!"
[MISS MARY howls awfully, and smashes tea-cup.]



SMALL BY DEGREES, AND BEAUTIFULLY LESS.]

Shopman. "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR—BUT THE LADY LEFT HER PARASOL, ON THE COUNTER!"
Swell. "HAW! YA—AS—NO! THAT IS, IT'S MY UMBRELLAW. THANKS! BY JOVE! HAW!"



MOST DISTRESSING.

POOR STUBBS!—JUST AS HE MEETS THOSE NICE GIRLS HE ADMIR'D SO AT M'S PARTY, AN ENORMOUS BLACK SETTLES ON HIS NOSE. HE LOSES ALL PRESENCE OF MIND.

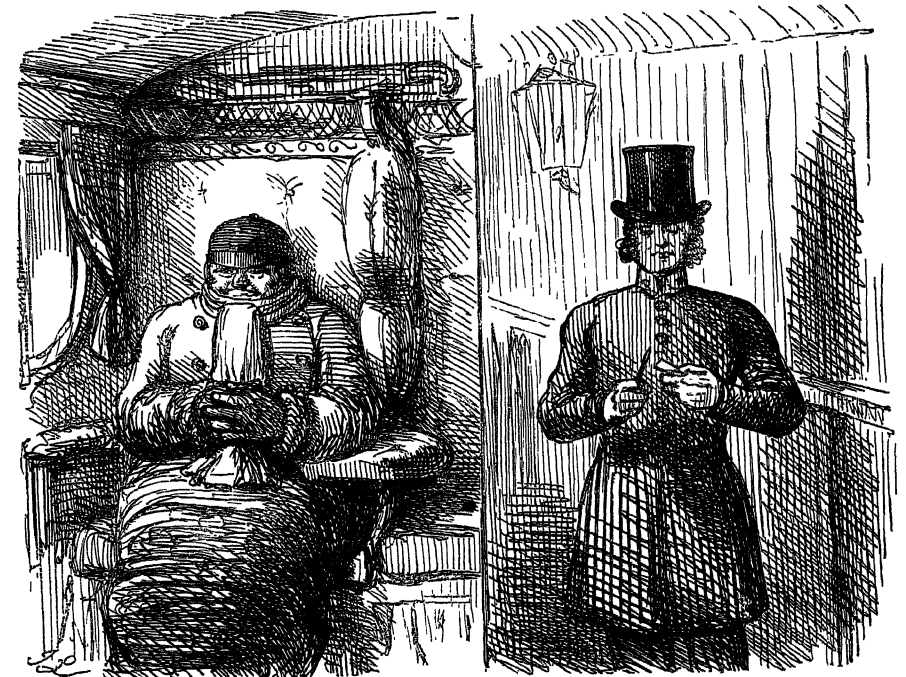


DISTRESSING EFFECT OF ENGLAND'S ROUGH HOSPITALITY UPON ONE OF THE ELEGANT GUIDES.



FLUNKEIANA.

Flunkey (who does not approve of Bloomsbury). "NO, MA'AM, I DON'T OBJEC' TO THE 'OUSE, FOR IT'S HAIREY, AND THE VITTLES IS GOOD; BUT THE FACT IS, THAT ALL MY CONNEXIONS LIVE IN BELGRAVIA!"



NOW, WE DO HOPE THIS OLD GENTLEMAN IS NOT GOING TO BE ASKED TO SHOW HIS TICKET; BECAUSE THIS OLD GENTLEMAN HAS JUST PACKED HIMSELF UP QUITE COMFORTABLY, AND HIS TICKET IS IN THE VERY INNERMOST RECESS OF HIS WAISTCOAT POCKET; AND BECAUSE, YOU SEE, THIS IS JUST THE SORT OF OLD GENTLEMAN WHO IS LIKELY TO BE MUCH IRRITATED BY SUCH A REQUEST AT SUCH A TIME.



JOHN CHINAMAN WEEPING OVER HIS TAIL.



THE SEASIDE—A CAPITAL OFFER.

"I SAY, GRANNY! CHARLEY SUMMERS AND I ARE GOING TO TAKE LION OUT IN A BOAT FOR A SWIM—NOW IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A SHILLING WE WILL TAKE YOU AND THE GIRLS FOR A ROW!"



PICTURES OF THE ENGLISH, PAINTED BY THE FRENCH.

AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN, 1856.

Milord. "GODAM! ROSEBIF! I SHALL SELL MY WIFE AT SMITHFIELD. DAM!"



FLY-FISHING.—MR. HACKLE ARRIVES AT HIS FAVOURITE SPOT, WHERE HE KNOWS THERE IS A GOOD TROUT.



QUEEN OF THE MAY.



SCHOLASTIC.

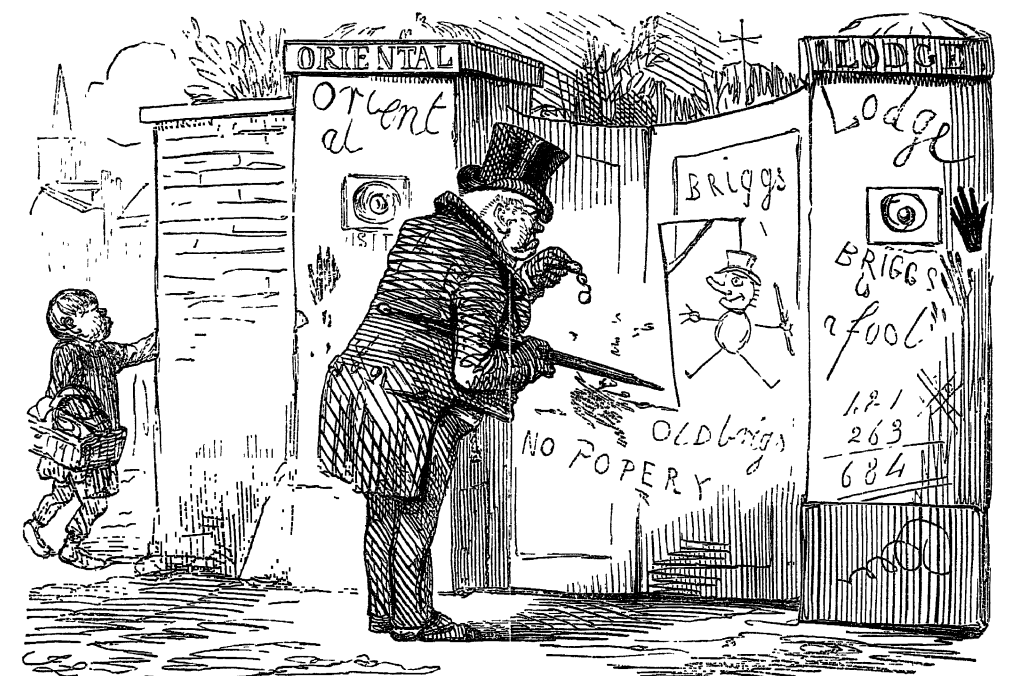
Mother. "AND PRAY, DOCTOR, WHAT ARE YOUR TERMS FOR EDUCATING LITTLE BOYS?"

The Principal. "WHY, MY DEAR MADAM, MY USUAL TERMS ARE SEVENTY GUINEAS PER ANNUM (TO USE THE LANGUAGE OF THE ANCIENT ROMANS), BUT TO EFFECT MY OBJECT (!) QUICKLY, I WOULD TAKE A FEW FOR WHAT I COULD GET, PROVIDED THEY BE GENTLEMEN, LIKE YOUR DEAR LITTLE BOY, THERE; BUT (AGAIN TO USE THE LATIN TONGUE) IT IS A *SINE QUA NON* THAT THEY SHOULD BE GENTLEMEN!!!"



INTERESTING GROUP POSED FOR A DAGUERRETYPE.

BY A FRIEND OF THE FAM. III.



PLEASURES OF HOUSEKEEPING.

THE INTELLIGENT READER IS REQUESTED TO IMAGINE THAT THE GATES IN THE ABOVE CARTOON HAVE JUST BEEN THOROUGHLY CLEANED, AND FRESH PAINTED. ON HIS RETURN FROM THE CITY, MR. BRIGGS FINDS THAT RUDE BOYS, (TOTALLY REGARDLESS OF HIS FEELINGS) HAVE BEEN FARTHER DECORATING THEM.



THE FAGGING SYSTEM—TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.

Old Gent. "AND PRAY WHO IS YOUR FRIEND WITH THE COFFEE POT?"

Small Boy. "THAT! OH! HE'S MY FAG—HE GETS ME MY BREAKFAST AND SUCH LIKE, BUT I ALWAYS LEAVE HIM SOME CRUMPS—AND—NEVER BULLY HIM!"



INTERESTING AND VALUABLE RESULT.



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

"WE KNEW HOW IT WOULD BE—GIRLS HOLDING THOSE GREAT ROUND HATS OVER THEIR EYES SO THAT THEY CAN'T SEE WHERE THEY ARE GOING.—WHY HERE'S FLORA PLUMLEY RUN RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF THAT YOUNG HORACE SPANKER, WHO HASN'T A PENNY."—*Extract from our Aunt's Letter.*



TABLEAU I.

Cochranite. "HOORAY! VEEVE LER LIBERTY!! HARM YOURSELVES!! TO THE PALIS!! DOWN WITH HEAVERTHINK!!!!"



TABLEAU II.

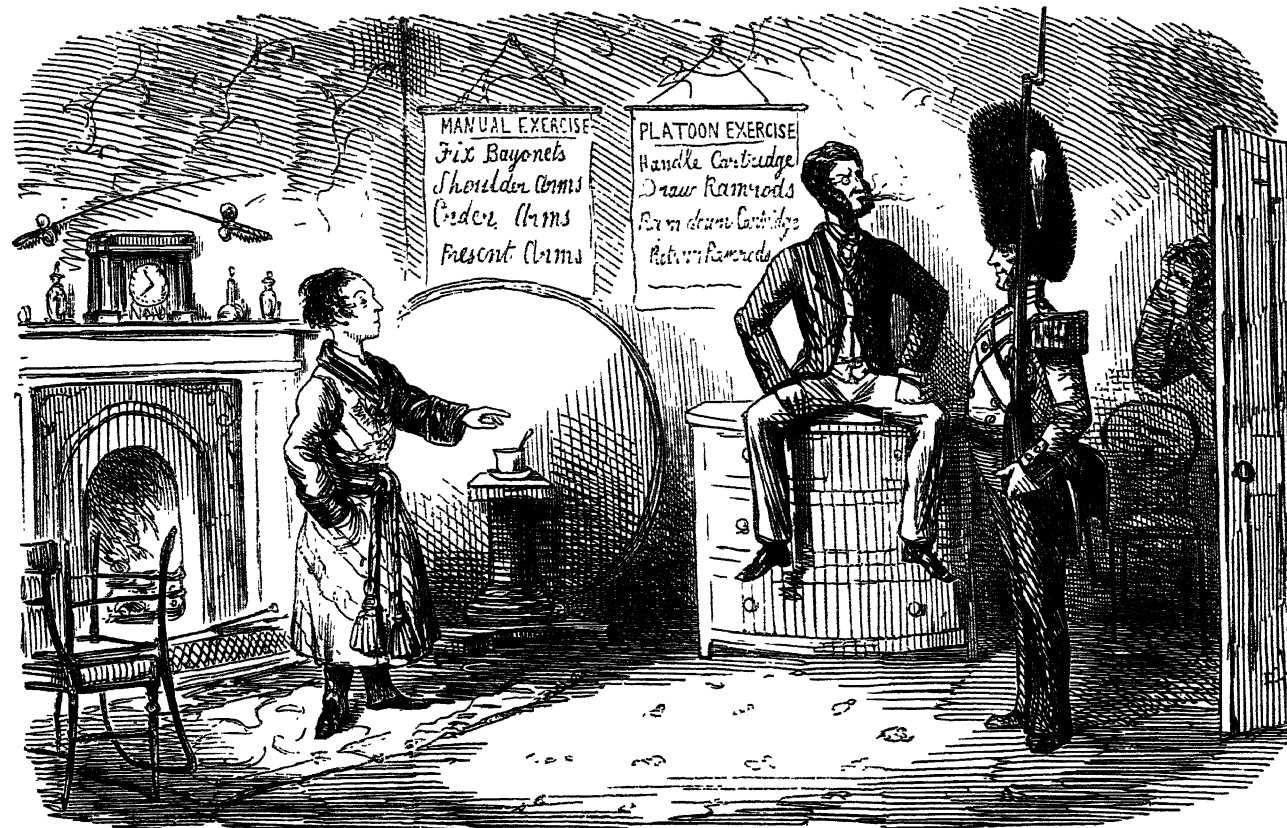
Cochranite. "OH, SIR—PLEASE, SIR—IT AIN'T ME, SIR—I'M FOR 'GOD SAVE THE KING' AND 'RULE BRITANNIER.' BOO—HOO—OH DEAR! OH DEAR!!" (*Bursts into tears.*)



FLUNKEIANA.

Lady's-Maid. "WELL, I'M SURE, MR. ROBERT! I THINK YOU MIGHT FIND SOMETHING BETTER TO DO THAN LOLLOPING ABOUT IN THAT GREAT EASY CHAIR. YOU MIGHT GO AND HELP IN THE HAY-FIELD, ONE WOULD THINK!"

Flunkey. "OH, YES! AND A NICE FIGGER I SHOULD BE! WOT WOULD MISSUS SAY, PRAY, IF I WENT AND SPYLED MY COMPLEXION, AND MADE MY 'ANDS 'ARD?"



PLEASANT QUARTERS.

A YOUNG OFFICER IN THE MILITIA LEARNING THE MANUAL EXERCISE OVER YOUR HEAD!



EVERY LADY HER OWN BATHING MACHINE, OR AN UGLY CONTRIVANCE MADE A USEFUL APPENDAGE.

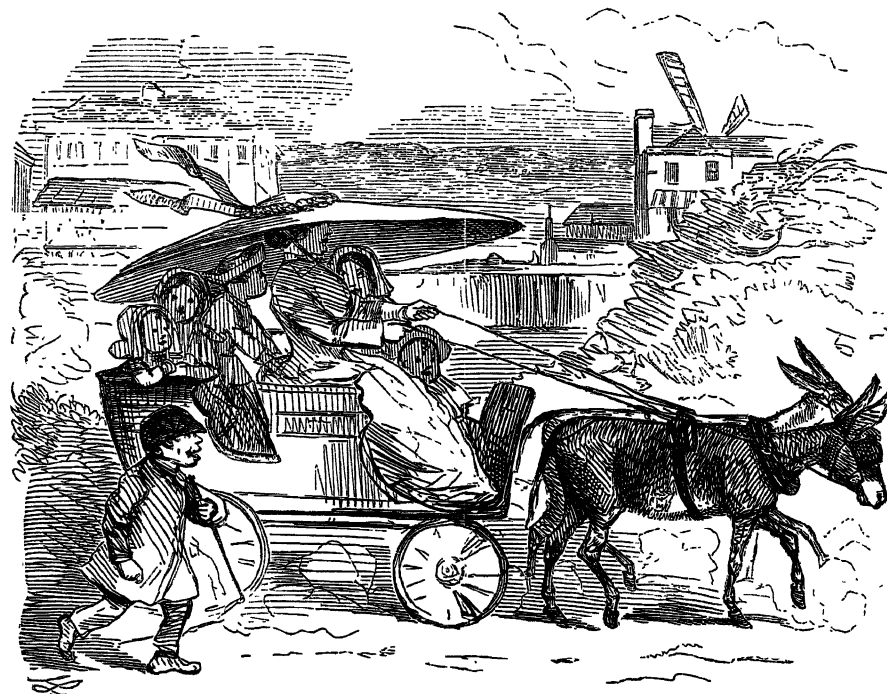


BATTLE OF THE HYDE PARK.
GALLANT AND DARING ACT OF PRIVATE LOBBS (OF THE CRUSHERS), WHO, BY HIMSELF,
STORMED AN OLD TREE AND VERY NEARLY CAPTURED THREE SMALL BOYS.



RATHER ALARMING.

Lady. "YOU WISHED, SIR, I BELIEVE, TO SEE ME RESPECTING THE STATE OF MY DAUGHTER'S AFFECTIONS WITH A VIEW TO A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE WITH THAT YOUNG LADY. IF YOU WILL WALK INTO THE LIBRARY, MY HUSBAND AND I WILL DISCUSS THE SUBJECT WITH YOU."
Young Corydon. "OH, GRACIOUS!!!"



THE SEA-SIDE HAT—A HINT TO MATERFAMILIAS.



POTICHOMANIA (THE ART OF DECORATING GLASS), CARRIED OUT BY
MASTER TOM DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

JUSTICE FOR BACHELORS.

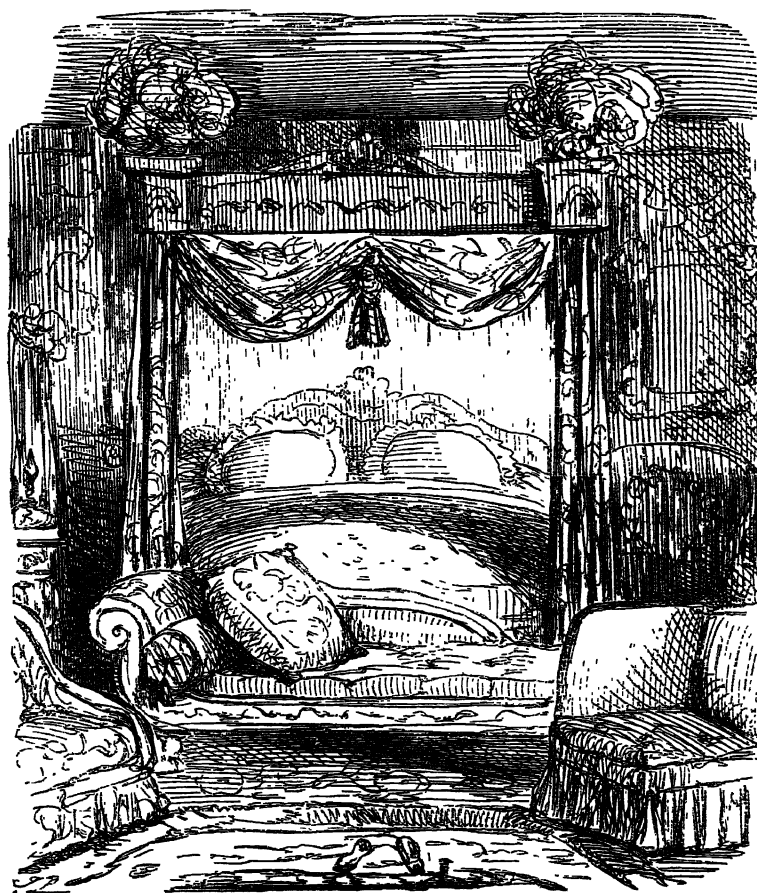
"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"*Snigton, Great Bealsham, Hants,*
"Oct. 30th, 1850.

"I AM a bachelor, and my friends, I believe, allow that, in the main I am a tolerably good-natured fellow—but just look here! I was invited a few days ago to spend a week at a country house, and here I am; but I must confess that I was a little put out when taken to the very top of it, and told that this was my bedroom.



I have since been led to suppose that unmarried men must expect to sleep in the worst rooms there are; for see, this is the bedroom of a married couple, friends of



mine. Now, confound it!—I say the comfort is monstrously and unfairly disproportioned. The ladies—bless them!—ought, of course, to be made as cosy as

possible; no man could object to their having their nice little bit of fire, and their dear little slippers placed before it, with their couches, and their easy chairs, &c.—of course not—but that is no reason why we single men should be treated like so many Shetland ponies. There is no fire-place in my room, and the only ventilation is through a broken window. As far as the shooting, the riding, the eating and drinking go, I have nothing whatever to complain of. But I want to know why—why *this* mature female always answers my bell,



and that great brute, SNARKINS (whose mind, by-the-by, is not half so well-regulated as mine)—merely because he is a married man—has his hot water brought by *this* little maid? I don't understand it. You may print



this, if you like; only send me a few copies of *Punch*, when it appears, that's a good fellow, and I will carelessly leave them about, in the hope that Mrs. HARROCK may see them—and by Jove! if the hint is not taken, and my bedroom changed—or, at least, made more comfortable—I'll—yes—(there's an uncommonly nice girl stopping here)—I'll be hanged if I don't think very seriously of getting married myself.

"Believe me, my dear *Punch*,

"Yours faithfully,

"CHARLES SINGLEBOY."



A PICTURE OF ALIMENTIVENESS.

A NICE LITTLE BIT OF FISH.



Railway Porter. "FIRST CLASS, SIR?"
Unfortunate Oxonian. "NO! PLUCKED!"

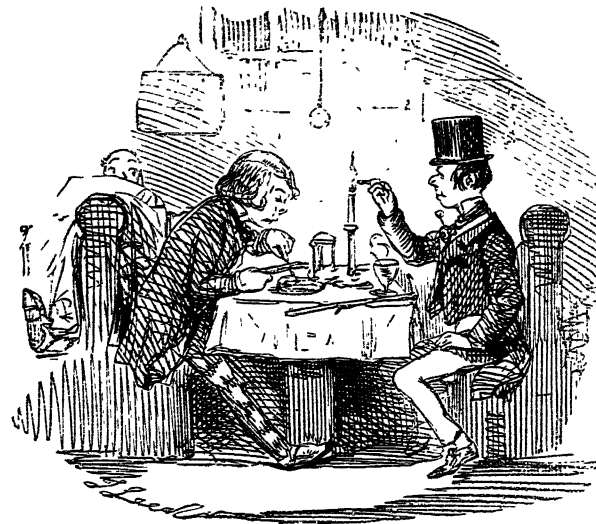


FRIGHTFUL.

Clara. "WELL, ROSE, DEAR, AND HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER THE PARTY?"
Rose. "OH, PRETTY WELL; ONLY I HAVE HAD SUCH A HORRID DREAM! DO YOU KNOW, I DREAMT THAT THAT GREAT STUPID CAPTAIN DRAWLER UPSET A DISH OF TRIFLE OVER MY NEW LACE DRESS WITH THE BLUE SLIP!"



KETCHEE! KETCHEE!



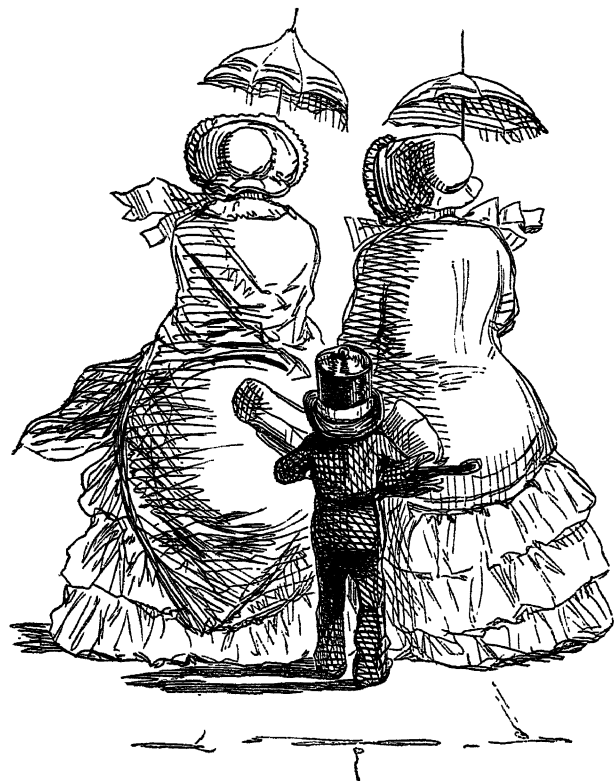
THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "AH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL! LOVE MAY DO FOR BOYS AND GALS; BUT WE, AS MEN OF THE WORLD, KNOW OW OLOW IT IS."



PRIDE FEELS NO PAIN.

Arabella. "OH! DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, FREDERICK. IT ISN'T THE SHOE, FOR THAT'S A GREAT DEAL TOO LARGE."



WHO WOULDN'T KEEP A FOOTMAN.



THE MISTLETOE BOUGH,—BEING LEAP YEAR, THE LADIES TAKE THE INITIATIVE.



DREADFUL JOKE.

William. "THERE, AMY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THOSE FOR A PAIR OF MOUSTACHES?"

Amy. "WHY, I SHOULD SAY THAT CALLING THOSE MOUSTACHES WAS GIVING TO 'HAIRY NOTHINGS A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME.'"

(For shame, AMY.)



INNOCENT MIRTH—THE SLIDE ON THE PAVEMENT.



THE LOVE TOKEN.



GENERAL THAW AND BURSTING OF THE WATER-PIPES.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.





AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE FOOT GUARDS.

Heavy Swell. "WHAT'S THE AVERAGE WEIGHT OF THE MEN IN YOUR REGIMENT, CHARLEY?"
Swell in the Guards. "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE—AW—BUT TEN GO TO THE TON."



A WILD HORSE OF THE PRAIRIES, AS SEEN AT A CIRCUS.



BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

Mr. Brown. "PRAY, JANE, WHAT ON EARTH IS THE REASON I AM KEPT WAITING FOR MY BREAKFAST IN THIS WAY?"
Jane. "PLEASE, SIR, THE ROLLS ISN'T COME, AND THERE'S NO BREAD IN THE HOUSE!"
Mr. Brown. "NOW, UPON MY WORD! HOW CAN YOU ANNOY ME WITH SUCH TRIFLES? NO BREAD, THEN BRING ME SOME TOAST."
[Exit JANE in dismay]



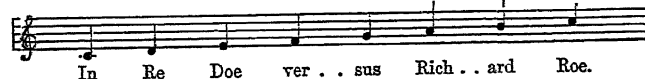
AWFUL APPEARANCE OF A "WOPPS" AT A PIC-NIC.



Matilda. "I WONDER, MARIA, YOU DON'T PUT AUGUSTUS INTO JACKETS AND TROUSERS; REALLY HE GROWS TOO TALL FOR THAT KIND OF COSTUME."
Maria. "PERHAPS, MATILDA, YOU WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO ALLOW ME TO DRESS MY OWN CHILD IN MY OWN WAY. I AM MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU ALL THE SAME. I DON'T LIKE THE PRACTICE SOME PEOPLE HAVE OF DRESSING LITTLE BOYS LIKE LITTLE MEN!!!"



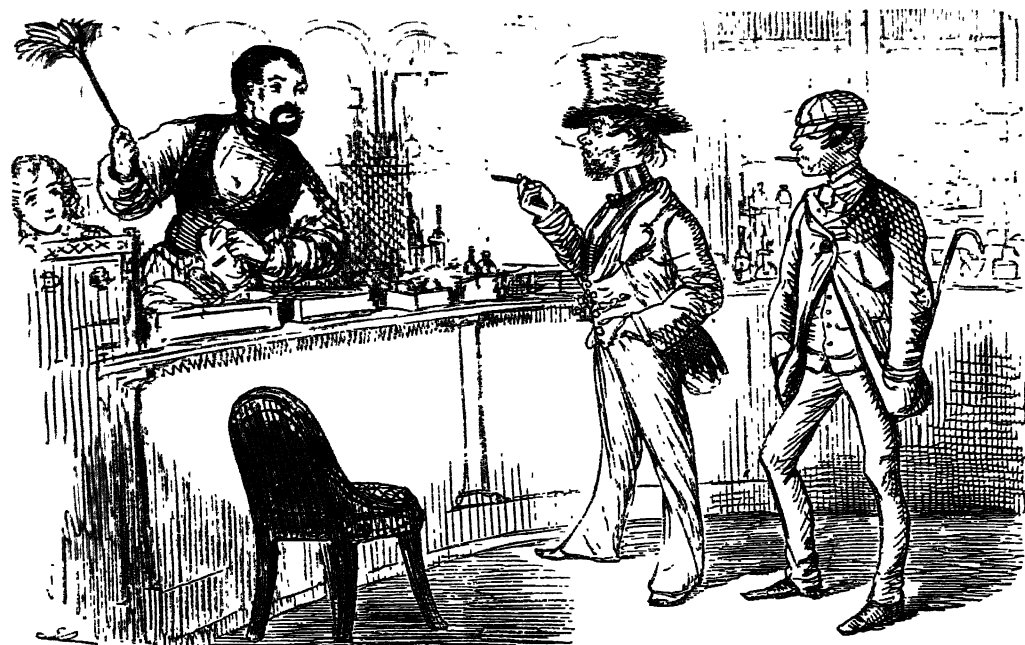
THE LEGAL SOLFEGGIO.



PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

ENSIGN STUBBS HAVING BEEN APPOINTED TO THE 121ST, GOES TO TRY ON HIS UNIFORM.

N.B. The Gallant Ensign has hitherto been accustomed to dress in a loose, dégué manner.



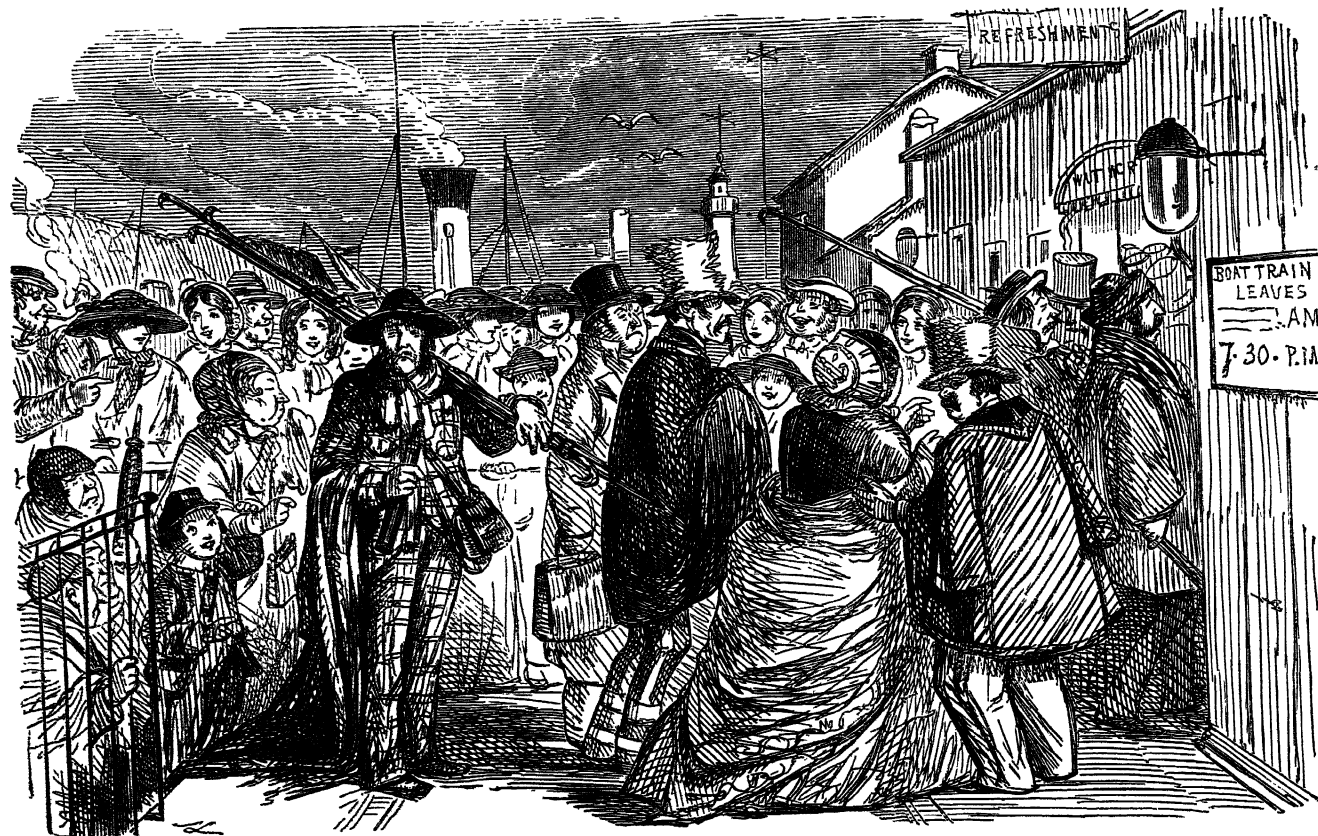
IN JUNE, OUR FRIEND BELLEVILLE AIRS HIS FRENCH AT BOULOGNE TO THE ADMIRATION OF DOBBINS, WHO DOESN'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE.

Belleville. "AHEM ! PARDONN MOSSOO !—ESKER VOUS AVIY-A-SUCH A CHOSE AS A-A-UNE POT—A-THAT IS, A-A-UNE FO YOU KNOW-DE-DE-DE BEARS'S GREASE ? COMPRENNY ?—BEARS'S GREASE !"



APRIL.—THE ARTIST GIVES THE FINISHING TOUCH TO HIS PICTURE.

HE HAS BEEN SO BUSY THAT HE HAS NOT EVEN BEEN ABLE TO GET HIS HAIR CUT.



FOLKESTONE.—ARRIVAL OF THE BOULOGNE BOAT. WIND S.W.



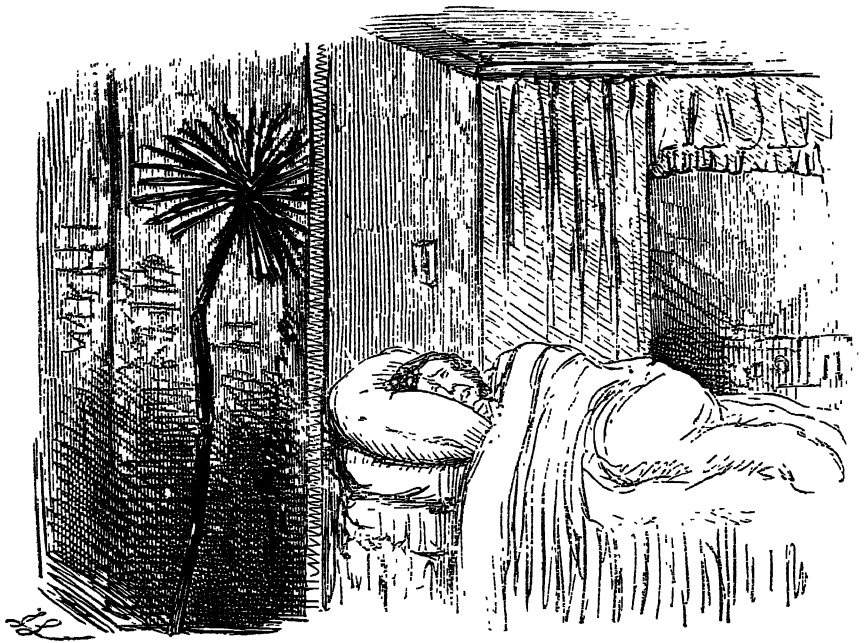
A DELICATE CREATURE.

Youthful Swell. "NOW, CHARLEY—YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST—HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE?"

Languid Swell (probably in a Government Office). "THANKS ! NO ! I ASSURE YAH—MY DE-AR FELLAH ! IF I WAS TO TAKE A CUP OF COFFEE IN THE MORNING, IT WOULD KEEP ME AWAKE ALL DAY !"



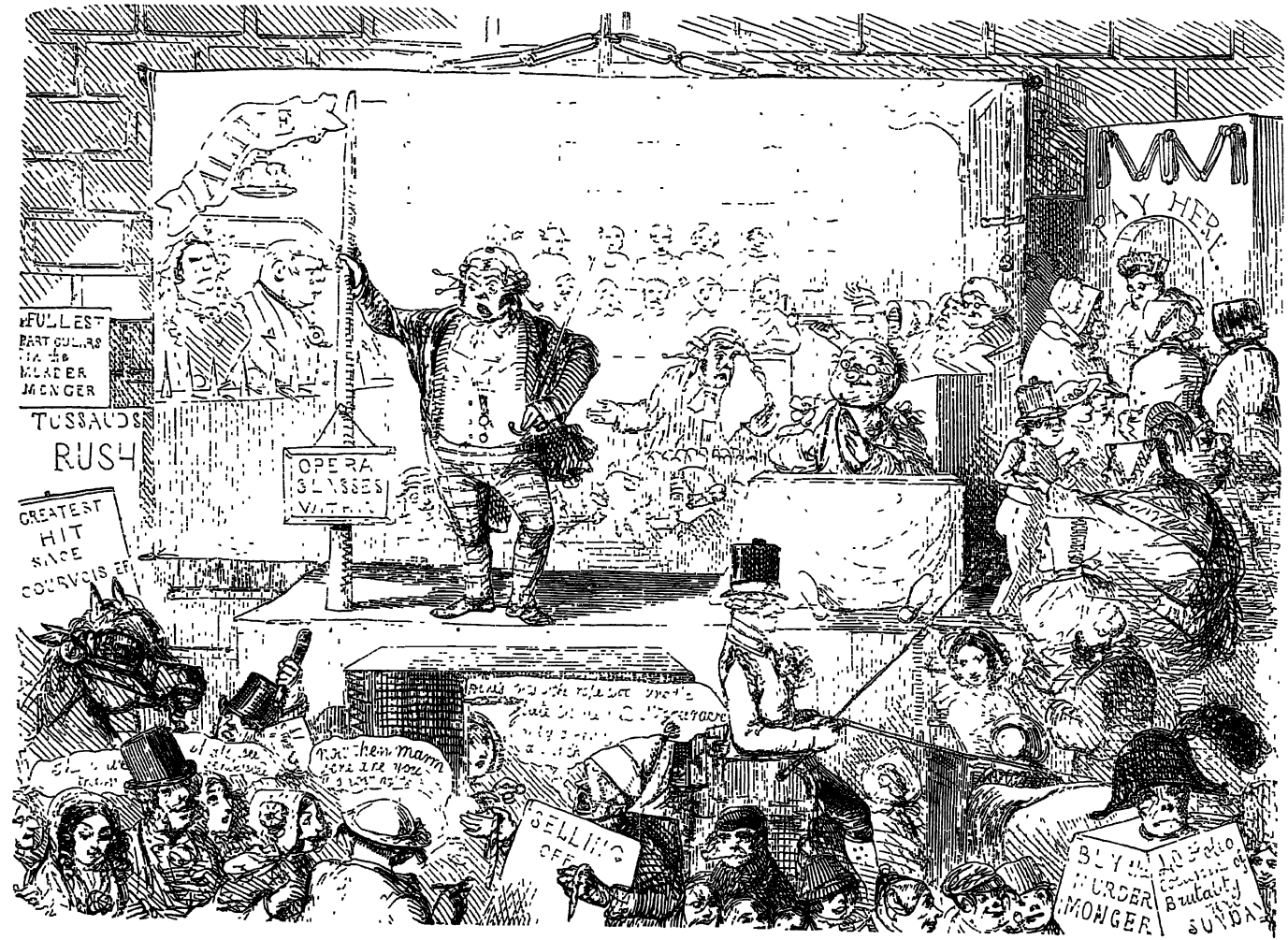
Newsboy. "NOW, MY MAN, WHAT IS IT?"
Boy. "I VONTS A NILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER WITH A NORRID MURDER AND A LIKENESS IN IT."



OH DEAR! THAT REGULAR FAMILY NEXT DOOR ARE HAVING THEIR CHIMNEY SWEPT AGAIN.



MORAL INFLUENCE OF EXECUTIONS.
"WHERE AVE WE BIN? WHY, TO SEE THE COVE UNG, TO BE SURE."



THE TRIAL-FOR-MURDER MANIA.
"ALL IN! ALL IN! WALK UP, LADIES!—JUST A GOING TO BEGIN! NONE OF YOUR SHAMS HERE, BUT REAL BULLET-HEADED MURDERERS! ALL IN! ALL IN!"



Horse-Guard. "NOW, YOU BOY! YOU MUSTN'T HANG ABOUT HERE."
Boy. "OH! YES, MR. HANGABOUT. I SUPPOSE I MAY SET MY WATCH BY YOUR CLOCK, AS WELL AS ANY OTHER GENT."



DOMESTIC ECONOMY—HOME BREWING.



TO PREVENT MISTAKES, THE UNILLUMINATED ARE APPRISED,
THAT THIS IS SIMPLY THE LETTER A.



ARTIFICIAL ICE—GRAND PAS DES PATINEURS.



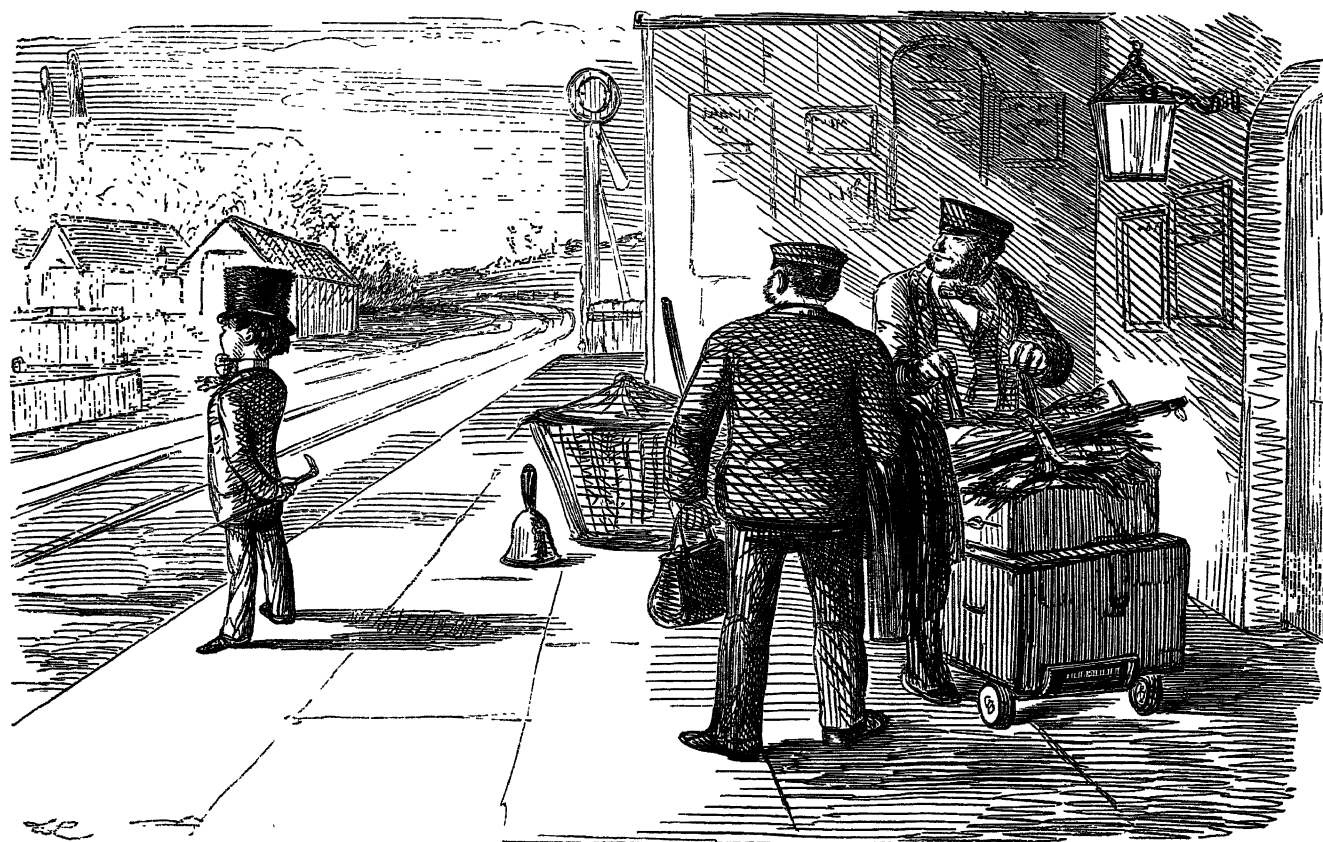
TERRIBLE PROPOSITION.
Ferocious Hairdresser. "NOW, SIR, SHALL I TAKE THE HAIR
OFF THE WHISKERS?"



"BOLTED!"



SCENE ON THE ENGLISH COAST.



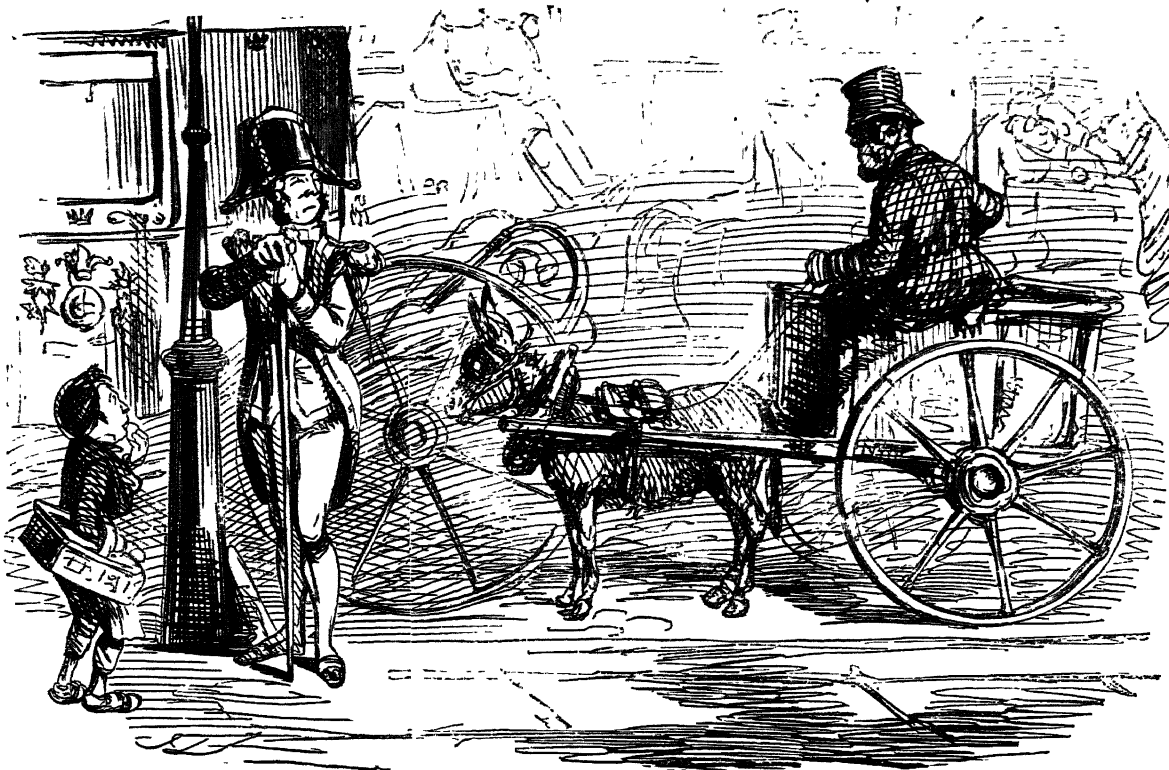
VERY PARTICULAR.

First Railway Porter. "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BILL?"

Second ditto. "WHY HE SAYS HE MUST HAVE A COMPARTMENT TO HISSELF, BECAUSE HE CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT HIS SMOKE!"



OUR "USED UP" MAN TAKES A WALK WITH HIS COUSINS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.



FAMILIARITY.

"NOW THEN, THOMAS, TELL YOUR OLD MAN TO PULL ON A PEG, AND LET ME GET UP TO MY PAWNBROKER'S!"



AN APRIL FOOL.

Equestrian. "HERE, BOY! COME AND HOLD MY HORSE."
Boy. "DOES HE KICK?"
Equestrian. "KICK! NO!"
Boy. "DOES HE BITE?"

Equestrian. "BITE! NO! CATCH HOLD OF HIM."
Boy. "DOES IT TAKE TWO TO HOLD HIM?"
Equestrian. "NO."
Boy. "THEN HOLD HIM YOURSELF."
[Exit boy, performing "Pop goes the Weasel,"]



NO CONSEQUENCE.

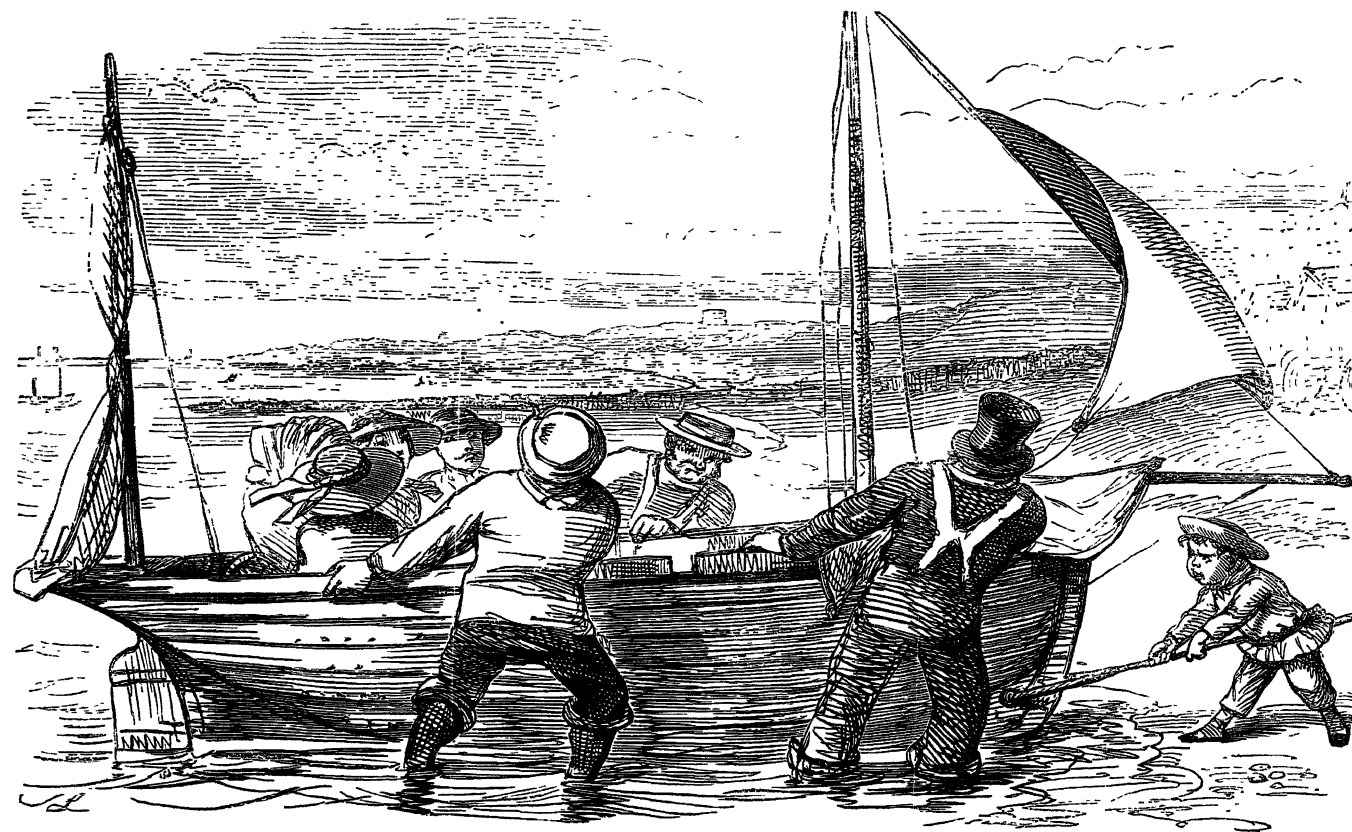
"I SAY, JACK! WHO'S THAT COME TO GRIEF IN THE DITCH?"
 "ONLY THE PARSON!"
 "OH, LEAVE HIM THERE, THEN! HE WON'T BE WANTED UNTIL NEXT SUNDAY!"



"THEY ARE THE ONLY CHARLES AND EMILY FROM!"



ON THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER MR. BRIGGS TRIES HIS SHOOTING PONY.



AQUATICS.

Small Boy. "NOW, THEN! ALL TOGETHER!"



A NICE TEAM.



YACHTING.

THE SPARE BED (BERTH WE MEAN) ON BOARD OUR FRIEND'S SCHOONER.



A VISIT TO THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS IN 1851.

"DOOCED GRATIFYING, AIN'T IT, CHARLES, TO SEE SA MUCH IN-DASTRY?"

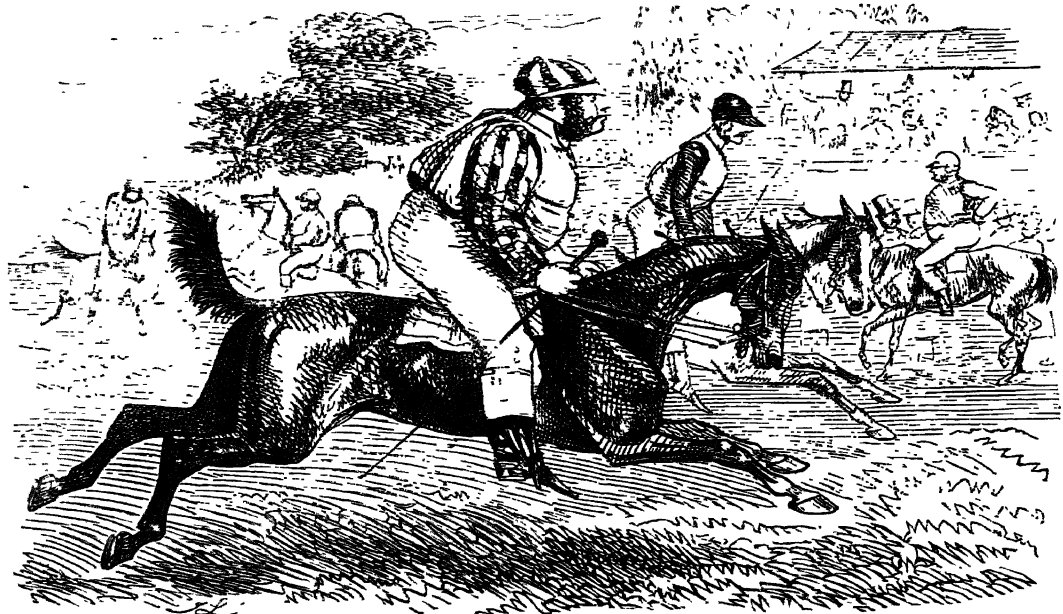


JOHN THOMAS, THE BELGRAVIAN FLUNKY, AS HE APPEARED WHILE THE MOB WERE BREAKING HIS MISSESSES WINDOWS.



THE NEW REGULATION.

Lieutenant Blazer (of the Plungers). "GOOD GWACIOUS! HERE'S A HORWIBLE GO! INFANTWY'S GOING TO GWOW A MOUSTACHE!"
Cornet Fluffty. "YAW DON'T MEAN THAT! WELL! THERE'S ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE FOR US. WE MUST SHAVE!"



COUNTRY RACES.

GENTLEMEN RIDERS, WHO ARE SO LIKE PROFESSIONAL JOCKS, YOU CAN HARDLY TELL THE DIFFERENCE!



DISAGREEABLE TRUTH.

Soldier. "NOW, THEN! YOU MUST MOVE AWAY FROM HERE."
Rude Boy. "AH! BUT YOU MUSN'T, OLD FELLER!"



"I TELL YEE WHAT, BILL, I THINK THE POLICE ARE A BAD LOT—
[AND I WISH THEY WAS DONE AWAY WITH ALTOGETHER.]"



SPORTING FOR LADIES.



NO! DON'T.

"SO THEY ARE SENDING OUT BOOKS TO AMUSE THE POOR FELLOWS AT SCUTARI—AND VERY PROPER. I WILL SEND FIVE-AND-TWENTY COPIES OF MY LAST FIVE-ACT TRAGEDY OF 'THE ROMAN GRAND-MOTHER.'"



PLEASANT!

Affectionate little Wife (who has made many abortive attempts to fathom the secrets of Freemasonry). "WELL, BUT, DEAR? TELL ME ONE THING. DO THEY PUT YOU INTO A COFFIN?"

RENT DAY.—THE CELLAR AND MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.



THE CELLAR.



SYMPTOMS OF MASQUERADING.

Better-Half (log.) "IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL SITTING UP WITH A SICK FRIEND, MR. WILKINS?"



DID YOU EVER!

Friend. "WELL, SPRAT, MY BOY—AND HOW DO YOU GET ON, NOW YOU'RE MARRIED?"
Sprat. "H'M! PRETTY BOBBISH—BUT THERE'S ONE THING MAKES IT DOOGED UNCOMFORTABLE SOMETIMES—ENTRE NOUS—MRS. S. IS SO CONFOUNDEDLY JEALOUS OF ME!"

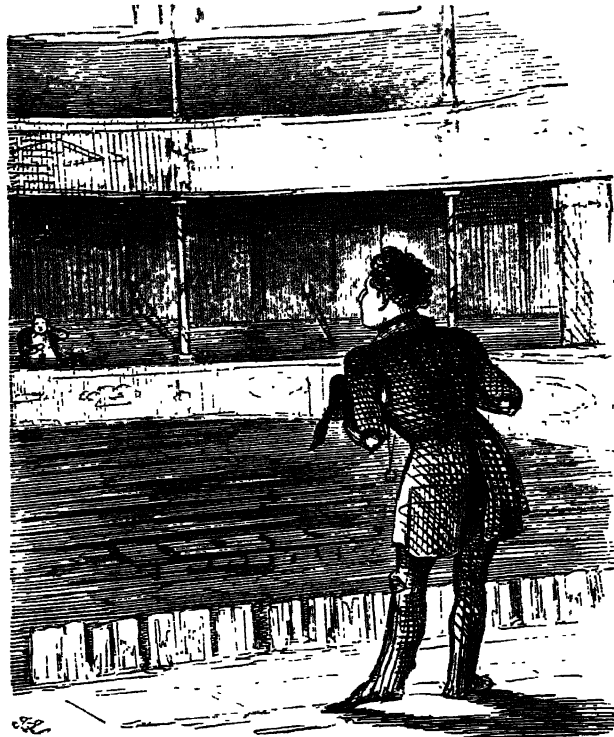


THE MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.



A HORRIBLE IDEA.

First languid Swell. "GOOD GWACIOUS, ALFRED! ARE YOU ILL?"
Second ditto, ditto (gasping). "ILL! AW! YES! NO! I SHALL BE ALL RIGHT DIRECTLY—BUT—I—CONFESS—THE—SIGHT OF THAT FEMALE'S UMBRELLAW—COMPLETELY—FLAWED ME—MY DEAR CHARLES—CONCEIVE BEING OBLIGED TO CARRY—BUT NO, THE THOUGHT IS—TOO HORRIBLE!" [They shudder, and walk on.



Manager. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—A—I MEAN RESPECTED INDIVIDUAL,—IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE GREAT ATTRACTION OF THE EXHIBITION OR CRYSTAL PALACE, I BEG TO ANNOUNCE TO YOU THAT THIS RIDICULOUS FARCE OF OPENING MY THEATRE WILL NOT BE REPEATED; AND YOUR ORDER WILL BE RETURNED TO YOU ON APPLICATION AT THE BOX-OFFICE."



AWFUL RESULT OF GIVING A SEASON TICKET TO YOUR WIFE.

Mary. "PLEASE, SIR, COOK'S GONE HOUT FOR A NOLIDAY; AND MISSUS DIDN'T SAY NOTHING ABOUT NO DINNER, SIR. MISSUS WENT EARLY TO THE EXHIBITION WITH SOME LUNCH IN A BASKET, AND SAID SHE SHOULDN'T BE HOME UNTIL TEA TIME."



Ingenious Youth. "OH! SUCH A LARK, BILL! I'VE BIN AND FILLED AN OLD COVE'S LETTER-BOX WITH GOOSEBERRY SKINS AND HOYSTER SHELLS,—AND RAPPED LIKE A POSTMAN!"
Old Cove. "HAVE YOU?"



HERE YOU HAVE A REPRESENTATION OF THAT NOBLE CHARACTER, THE BRITISH MERCHANT, TAKING LEAVE OF HIS SENSES—AND HIS BUSINESS—TO LOUNGE ABOUT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



THE TRADESMAN AT THE WEST END IS OBLIGED TO GIVE UP HIS TRADE, AND BREED FOULTRY.



FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.
AN ATTEMPT AT CONVERTING THE NATIVES.

Assiduous Young Curate. "WELL THEN, I DO HOPE I SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SEEING BOTH OF YOU NEXT SUNDAY!"
Miner. "OI THEE MAY'ST COAM IF 'E WULL WE FOIGHT ON THE CROFT, AND OLD JOE TANNER BRINGS TH' BEER."

WORKINGS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION IN 1851.



A DELICATE HINT.

Brighton Boatman. "THERE'S A WISSEL OUT THERE, SIR, A LADOURIN' A GOOD DEAL, SIR! AH, SIR, SAILORS WORKS WERRY 'ARD—PRECIOUS 'ARD LINES IT IS FOR THE POOR FELLERS OUT THERE!—PRECIOUS HARD IT IS FOR EVERYBODY JUST NOW. I KNOW I SHOULD LIKE THE PRICE OF A PINT O' BEER AND A BIT O' BACCA!"



Enter COSTERMONGER (to old Lady passionately fond of flowers).

Coster. "SCUSE ME MARM, BUT DID YER WANT YER GREEN-'OUSE SMOKED?—NO CHARGE, ONLY TO FIND THE 'BACCA, AND A DROP O' SUMTHIN' TO DRINK!"



FINE BUSINESS, INDEED! THE WRETCH!

Master of the House. "OH! MARY! WHAT IS THERE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"
Mary. "I THINK, SIR, IT'S COLD MUTTON, SIR."
Master of the House. "H'M!—OH! TELL YOUR MISTRESS, WHEN SHE COMES IN, THAT I MAY POSSIBLY BE DETAINED IN THE CITY ON BUSINESS, AND SHE IS ON NO ACCOUNT TO WAIT DINNER FOR ME."



Young Shotomunsh (to Young SNOBLEY, who is attired in his very best). "NOW, SIR! LET ME SHELL YOU A NISH SHUIT OF CLOSHE, MAKE YER GOOD ALLOWANCE FOR THE OLD UNS YER'VE GOT ON!"
 [SNOBLEY'S feelings may be imagined.]



Boy. "NOA, SIR! THERE AIN'T NO OTHER GATE OUT O' THIS VIELD,—YOU MUST FOLLER THAT GENTLEMAN ON THE GRAY HORSE."
Fox Hunter. "WHAT, THAT GENT? OH! THANK YER!"

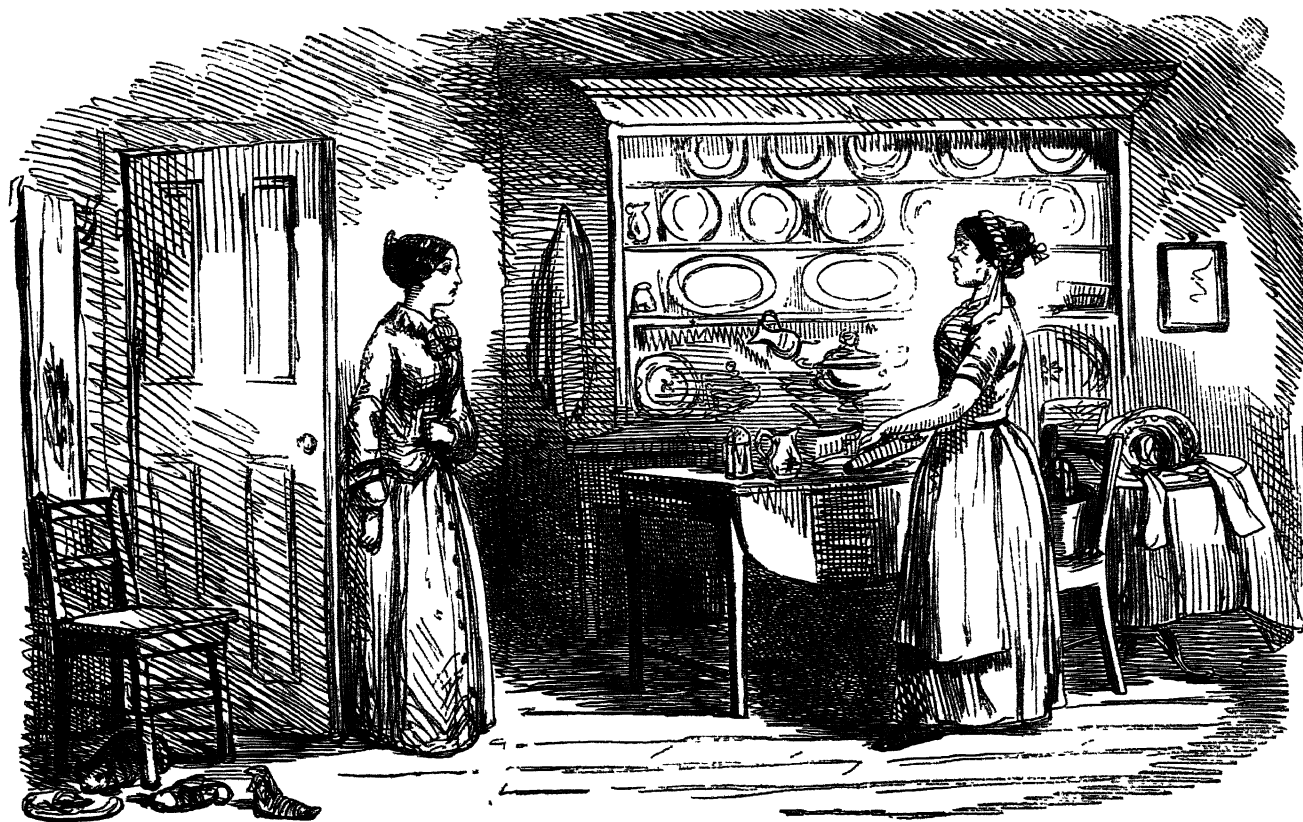


Boy (to be-witch-ing Old Lady of Fashion). "WAS YOU A LOOKIN' FOR A BROOM, MARM?"



BRIBERY IS DETESTABLE! BUT POLITENESS COSTS NOTHING.

Canvasser. "PRAY, GENTLEMEN, DON'T THINK OF WALKING TO THE POLLING BOOTH; I AM SURE YOUR TIME MUST BE VALUABLE, AND HERE'S A CARRIAGE QUITE AT YOUR SERVICE."



SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?

Cook. "WELL TO BE SURE, MUM! LAST PLACE I WERE IN MISSIS ALWAYS KNOCKED AT THE DOOR AFORE SHE COME INTO MY KITCHEN!!"



THE ST. BERNARD MASTIFF AT THE MONT BLANC LECTURE. A HAPPY DOG—RATHER!



"A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"



THE REVIEW.

"NOW, MARM, HERE'S A PLACE TO STAND ON. YER MAY SEE EVERY THING; AND ONLY SIXPENCE!"



Special Constable. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, YOUNG LADIES, BUT YOURS IS A VERY DANGEROUS PROCESSION, AND WE MUST TAKE YOU IN CHARGE—WE MUST, INDEED."



THE HORRORS OF WAR.

First Newmarket Boy. "AWFUL WORK THIS, BILL. WE'RE A GOIN' TO WAR WITH ROOSIA!"

Second Ditto. "WELL, WOT ODDS!"

First ditto. "WOT ODDS? WHY, THERE WON'T BE NO HEMPEROR'S CUP NEXT YEAR, THAT'S ALL!"



THE REAL STREET OBSTRUCTIONS;



HOW DISAGREEABLE THE BOYS ARE.

Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY! THERE'S THE HELEPHANT FROM THE S'LOGICAL GARDENS GOING A SKATING!"

TWO SCRAPS FROM THE GOOD (O) OLD RAILWAY TIMES.



THE STAG AT BAY.



THE RISING GENERATION.

Old Gentleman. "BLESS MY HEART! THIS VIBRATION OF THE CARRIAGE IS VERY UNUSUAL! PRAY, MY LITTLE MAN, HAVE YOU ANY APPREHENSION OF ACCIDENTS ON RAILWAYS?"

Juvenile. "OH, NONE IN THE LEAST; AND ESPECIALLY WITH SUCH A FAT OLD BUFFER AS YOU TO BE SHOT AGAINST."

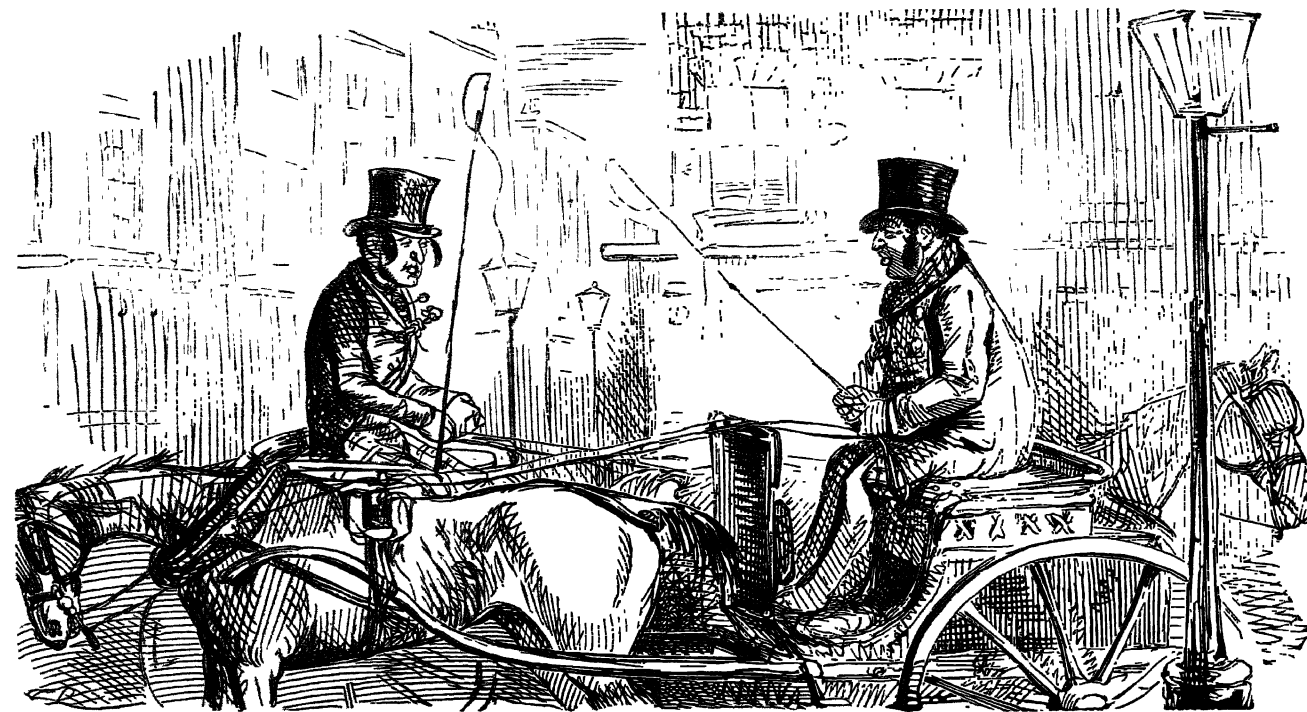


LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"IS THIS A LIBERTY?"

"YES."

"THEN LET ME HAVE THE LAST NUMBER OF HEMILY FITZ-HOBORN."



GOING OUT ARRESTING.

"WELL AARON, MY TEAR, AVE YER AD ANY SPORT?"

"PRETTY VELL. I'VE BAGGED FOUR ALLOTTEES AND TWO PROVISIONALS."



POOR MUGGINS.

SMYTHRE (to MUGGINS, who, in the heat of the moment has been drinking his wine out of tumblers). "THERE MY BOY! THAT'S SUCH A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE AS YOU DON'T GET EVERY DAY—AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME (very confidentially) BETWEEN—YOU—AND—ME—I ONLY GAVE FOUR AND TWENTY SHILLINGS A DOZEN FOR IT!"

[Exit MUGGINS for an antidote.]



AQUATICS.

Flora. "WELL, BUT TOMMY! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ROW BOTH OF US?"
Tommy (who fancies himself a perfect Athlete in high condition). "ROW YOU! WHY JUST YOU LOOK HERE, HERE'S A BICEPS MUSCLE FOR YOU!"



RAILWAY MISERIES. SCENE—MAIDENHEAD STATION.

Porter. "IS THIS YOUR LUGGAGE, SIR?"
Piscator. "CONFOUND IT, NO! WE WANT SOME FISHING-RODS, A CAN OF LIVE-BAIT, AND A HAMPER."
Porter. "OH—DO YOU, SIR? WHY THEY'RE GONE ON TO BRISTOL."



AFFECTING—RATHER!!

Alfred. "TELL ME MY OWN ONE. IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE YOU HAVE TO SAY BEFORE I GO?"
Emma. "YES DEAREST—DO NOT—OH DO NOT FORGET TO BRING THE—TH—TH—BRUNSWICK SAUSAGE FROM F—F—F—FORT—NUM AND MASON'S."



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "AW, HAIRDRESSER, WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED MY HAIR, JUST TAKE OFF MY BEARD, WILL YOU?"



THE UNHAPPY ALDERMEN, A.D. 1851, HAVING LOST THEIR LUGGAGE, ARE OBLIGED TO BE RIGGED OUT IN FRENCH CLOTHES.



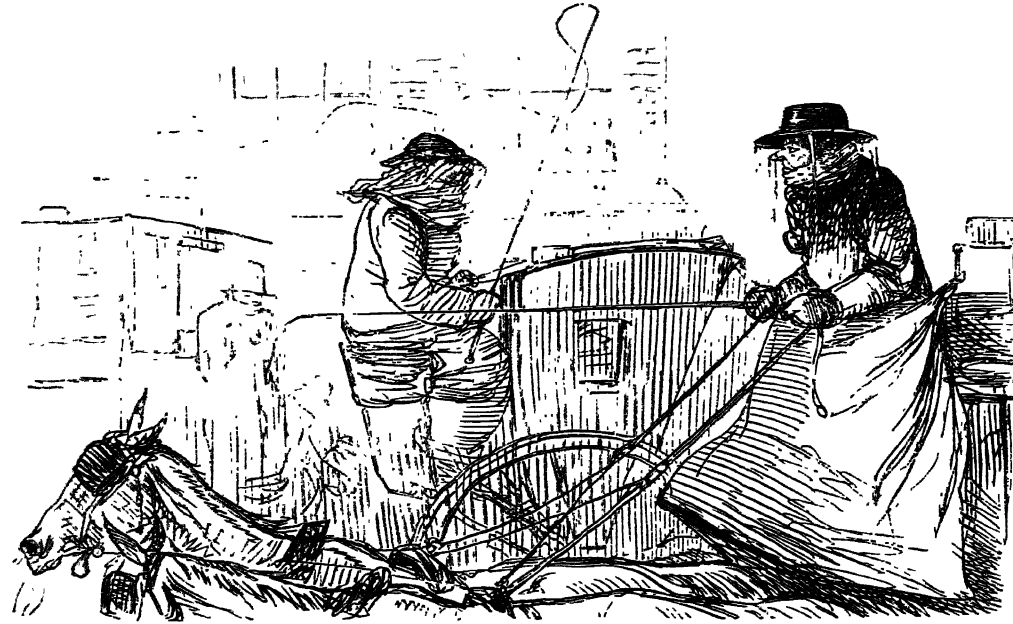
ALWAYS GAY!!



APPROPRIATE.

First Citizen. "I SAY, BILL—I WONDER WHAT HE CALLS HISSELF?"

Second ditto. "BLOWED IF I KNOW!—BUT I CALLS HIM A BLOATED HARISTOCRAT."



COLD WEATHER.

Omnibus Driver. "BILL! JIST BREAK THIS 'ERE ICICLE ORF MY NOSE WITH YER WHIP, THAT'S A GOOD FELLER! IT TAKES BOTH MY HANDS TO KEEP THESE 'OSSES ON THEIR LEGS."



THE "NOSE COMFORTER."

Sensible Man (who despises conventionality). "HAH! THE WORLD MAY SMILE, BUT IT'S VERY WARM AND COMFORTABLE."



THE GREAT MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.—FAIR PLAY FOR THE BAKER.



Shoe Brigade Boy (to Old Gent irascible from Gout, which has settled in his feet).
"NOW, SIR! DID YOU WANT YOUR SHOES BLACKED?"



FLUNKEIANA.

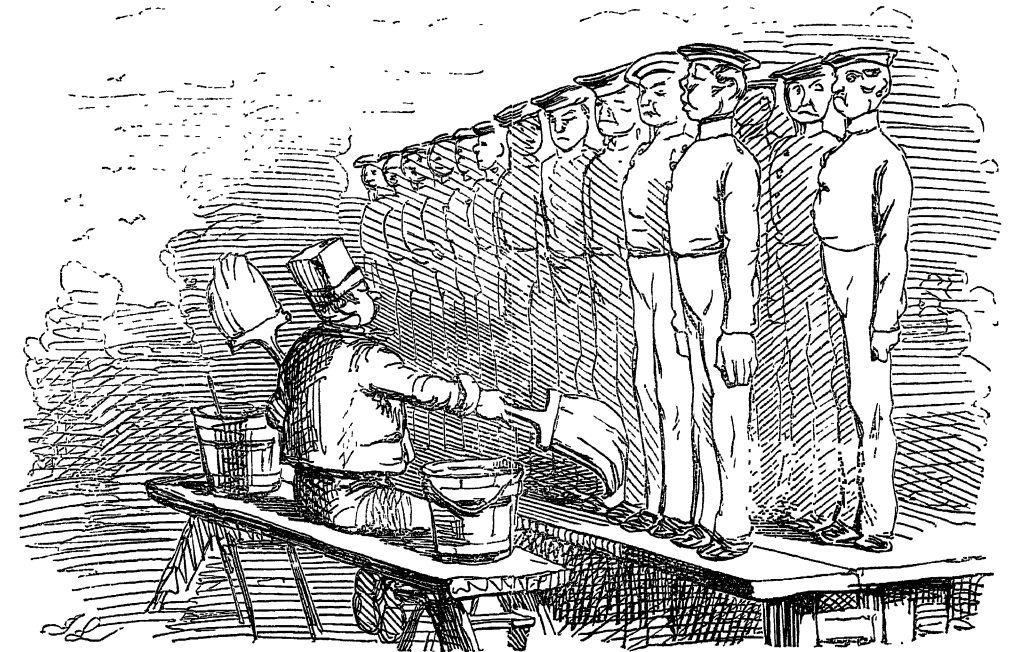
Recruiting Sergeant. "COME, TAKE THE SHILLING LIKE A MAN; AND HAVE A TURN AT THE RUSSIANS IN THE CRIMEA."
Fampered Menial. "A—THANK YOU, I DON'T SEEM TO SEE IT. THE FACT IS —THAT—A THE WORK IS 'ARD; AND—A—THE BOARD IS BAD."



"MY LOVE! DO YOU THINK THOSE FELLOWS ARE FOLLOWING US?"



"WHO WOULDN'T BE A RIDING-MASTER?"



AN ECONOMICAL MODE OF PUTTING TROOPS INTO WHITE TROUSERS.



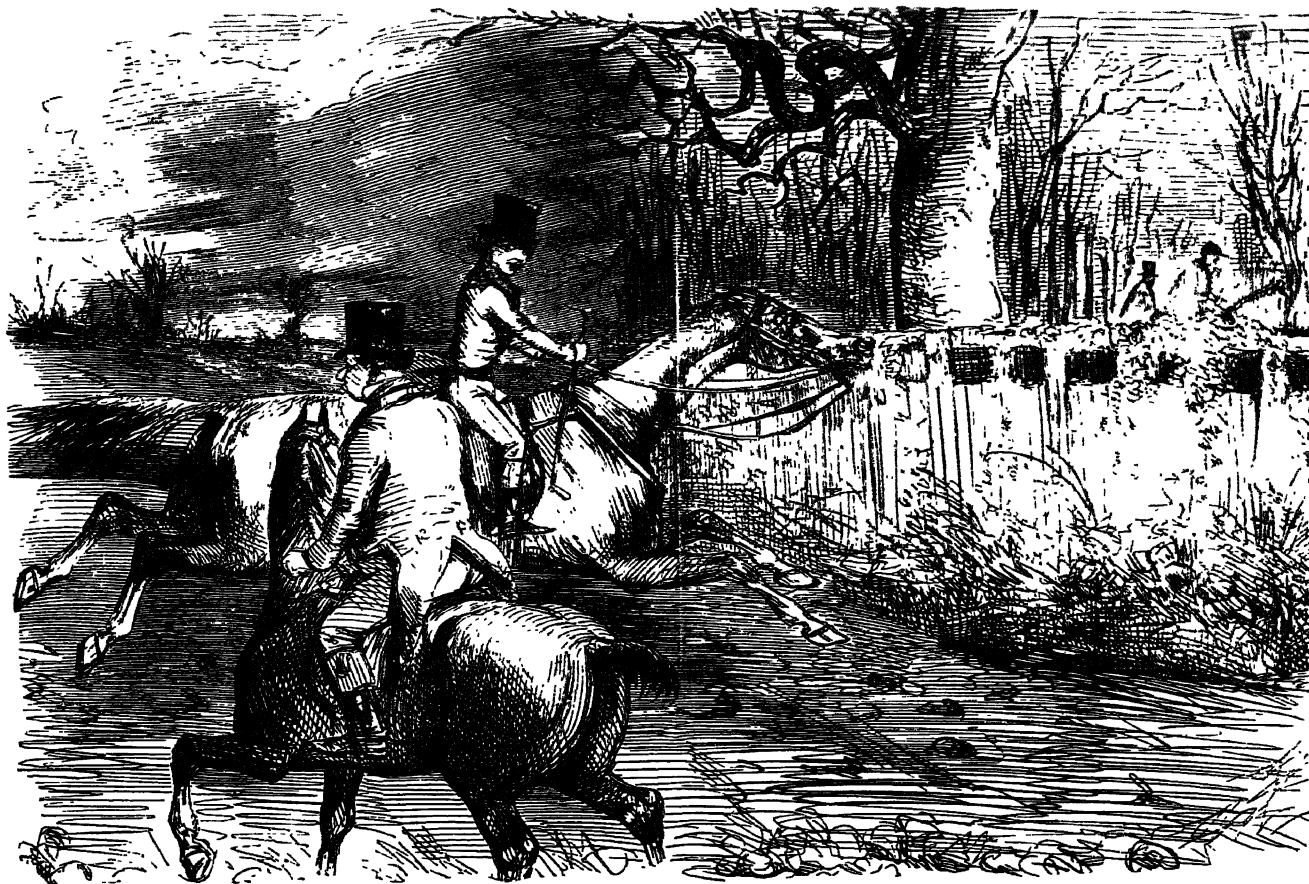
CRYSTAL PALACE—SOME VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE.



OUR FRIEND, 'ARRY BELVILLE, IS SO KNOCKED ALL OF A HEAP BY THE BEAUTY OF THE FOREIGN FISH-GIRLS, THAT HE OFFERS HIS 'AND AND 'ART TO THE LOVELY PAULINE.



THE FLY-CATCHER.



Old Gentleman. "A VERY NASTY JUMP THAT! I SHALL GO ROUND BY SHUFFLER'S BOTTOM."
 Juvenile. "COME ALONG, OLD MAN! FOLLOW ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU ALL THE SPORT."

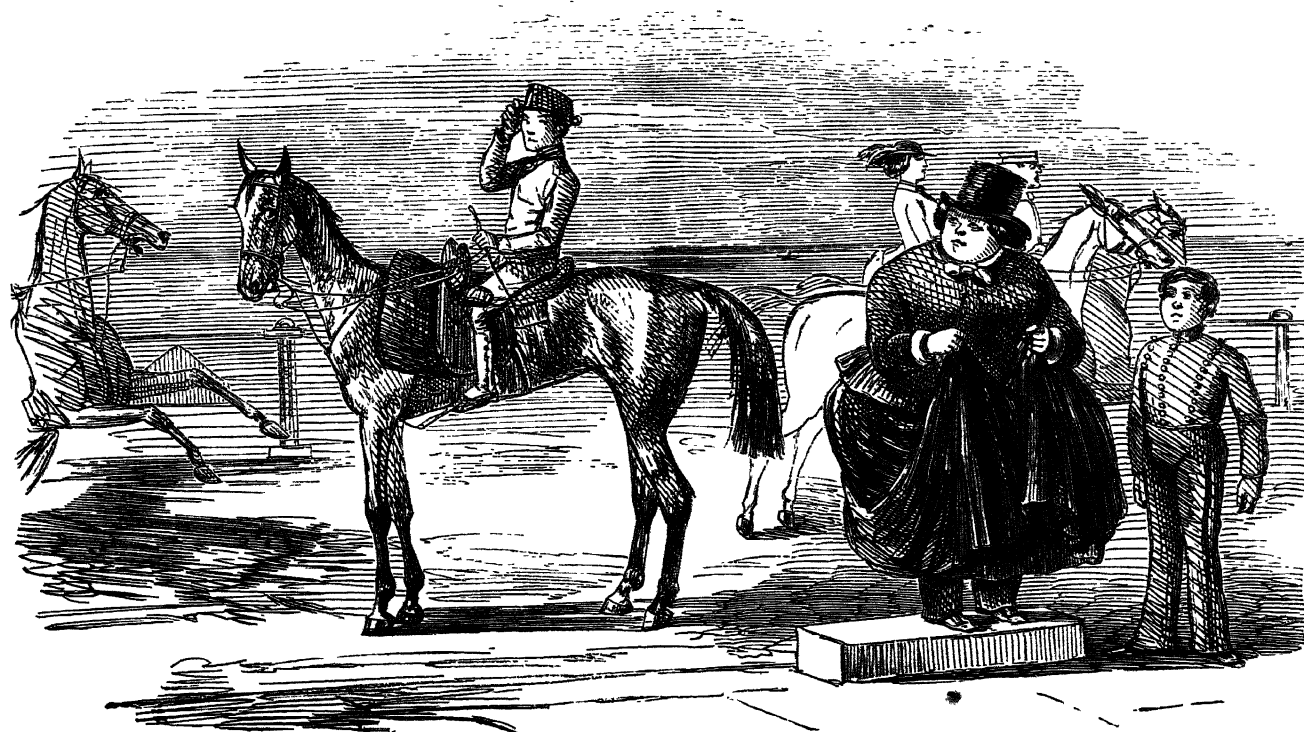
[Exit YOUNG HOPEFUL over the palings.]



A BIT OF SENTIMENT. SCENE—CHOBHAM.

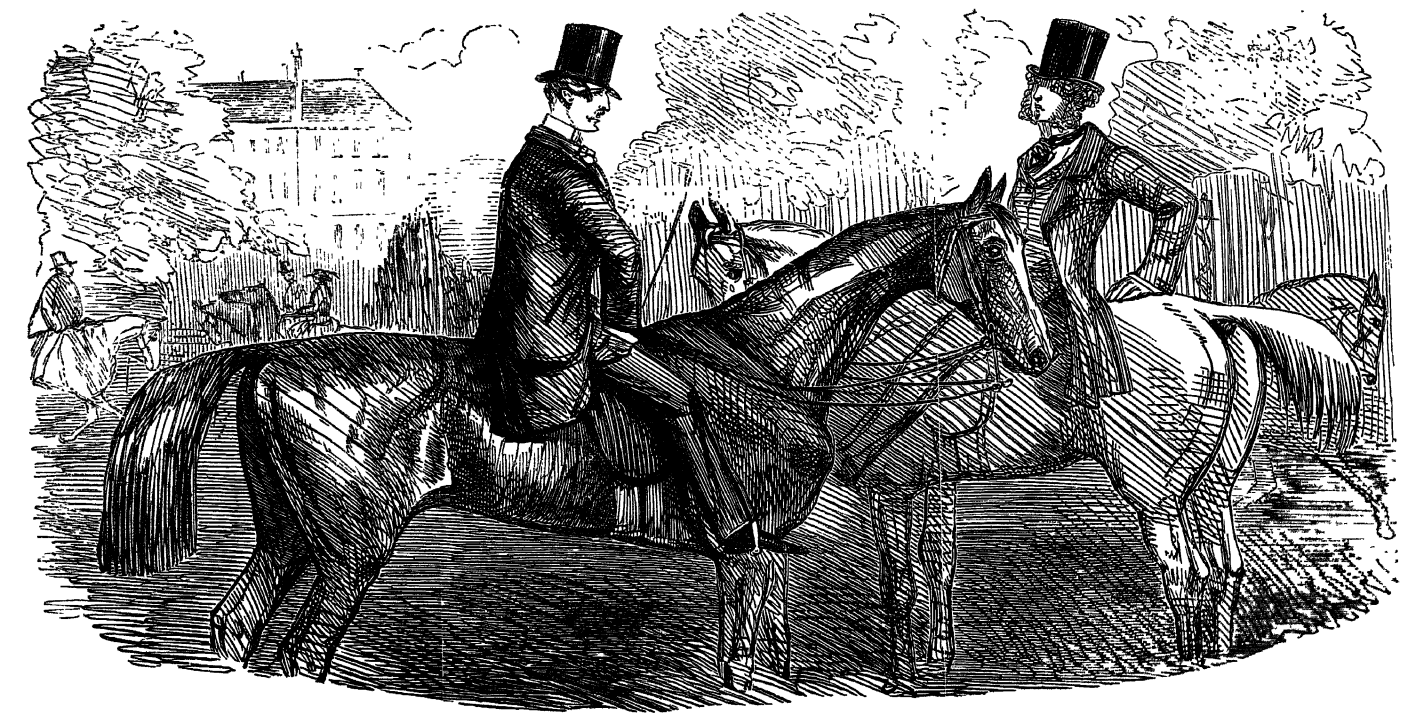
(Founded upon a Popular Song.)

"WELL, FRANK! THIS DELIGHTFUL CAMP IS NEARLY OVER."
 "HM, HAW! YA-AS! AND IF YOU'LL ALLOW ME, I'LL TAKE A LAST FOND LOOK, AND A—A—LEAN UPON MY WHAT DY'E CALL IT, AS THE SONG SAYS, AND A—WIFE AWAY A TE—AR!"



WHAT A SHAME!

Young Lady (inclining to embospoint). "I SHALL WANT HIM AGAIN THIS AFTERNOON—FROM TWO TO FOUR."



First Dandy, M.P. "FWOWOGATION TO BE LATE THIS YEAR ON ACCOUNT OF SOME COLONIAL BILLS, I HEAR."

Second ditto. "BOTHER THE COLONIES! HAVEN'T WE DONE ENOUGH FOR 'EM THIS YEAR?—DIDN'T WEST AUSTRALIAN WIN THE DARBY?"



"MY EYE, 'ARRY, THAT'S A STUNNING GREAT-COAT."
"AH! I FLATTER MYSELF IT'S RATHER 'DOWN THE ROAD.'"



THE SEASIDE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

"ALL THE NEW WORKS ARE OUT, MISS. BUT HERE'S THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE 'SCOTTISH CHIEFS'—OR HERE'S 'CAMPBELL'S PHILOSOPHY OF RHETORIC,' IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO READ THAT."



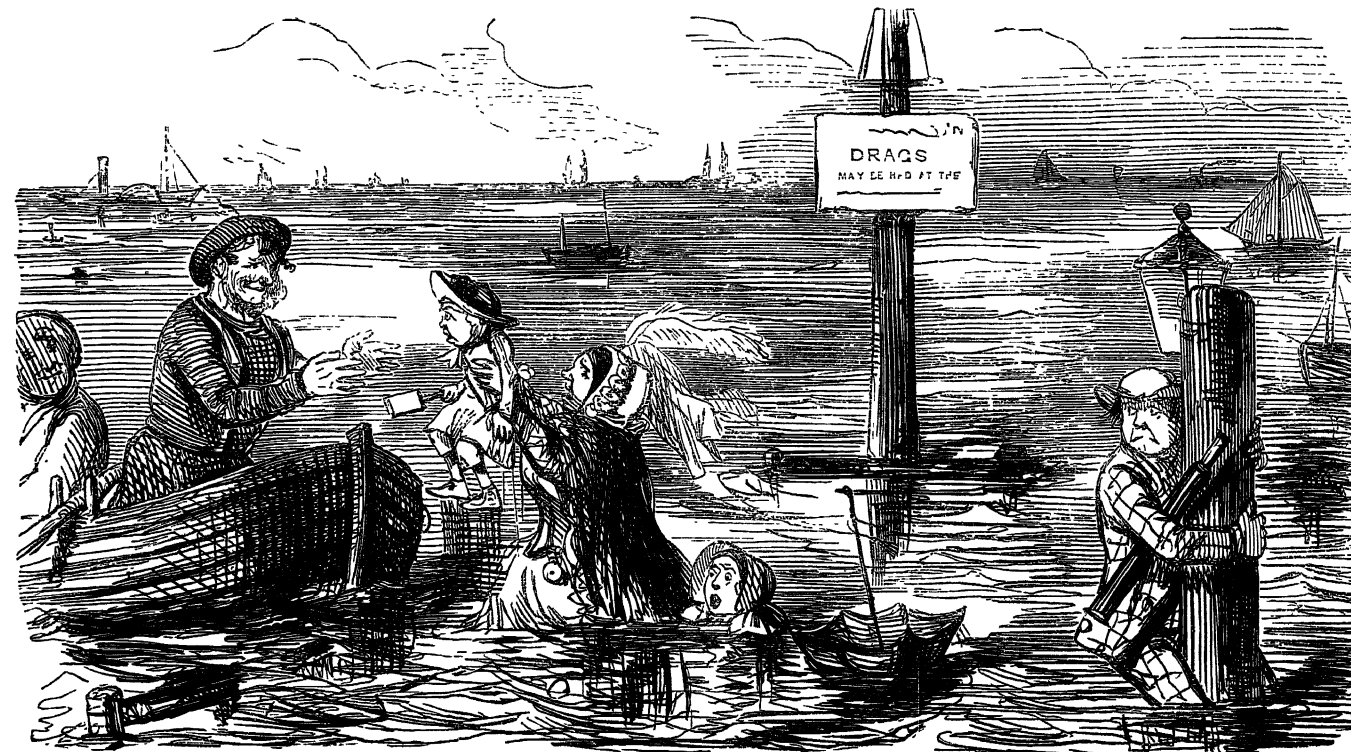
AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Gent. "WAITER! CHOP AND A PINT OF STOUT; AND LOOK SHARP."
Waiter. "OH, YES; IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY LOOK SHARP."



OXFORD COSTUME.

First Swell. "AWFUL SHIRT! EH?"
Second ditto. "YA-AS, LINEN'S SO DEUCED COMMON NOW—I'M GOING TO SPORT EMBROIDERED SILKS."
First ditto. "HAH! CHESY IDEA, TOO! BUT OUR GILLS WANT ELEVATING!"



OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.—MARGATE.



GOING OUT TO A PARTY.

Exquisite. "AW DRI-VAW—HAVE YOU A GOOD HORSE?"
Calman. "YES, SIR! A WERRY GOOD OSS."
Exquisite. "AW! THEN DRA-IVE ME TO NEXT DOOR."



A FOOLISH AND A BETTING MAN.



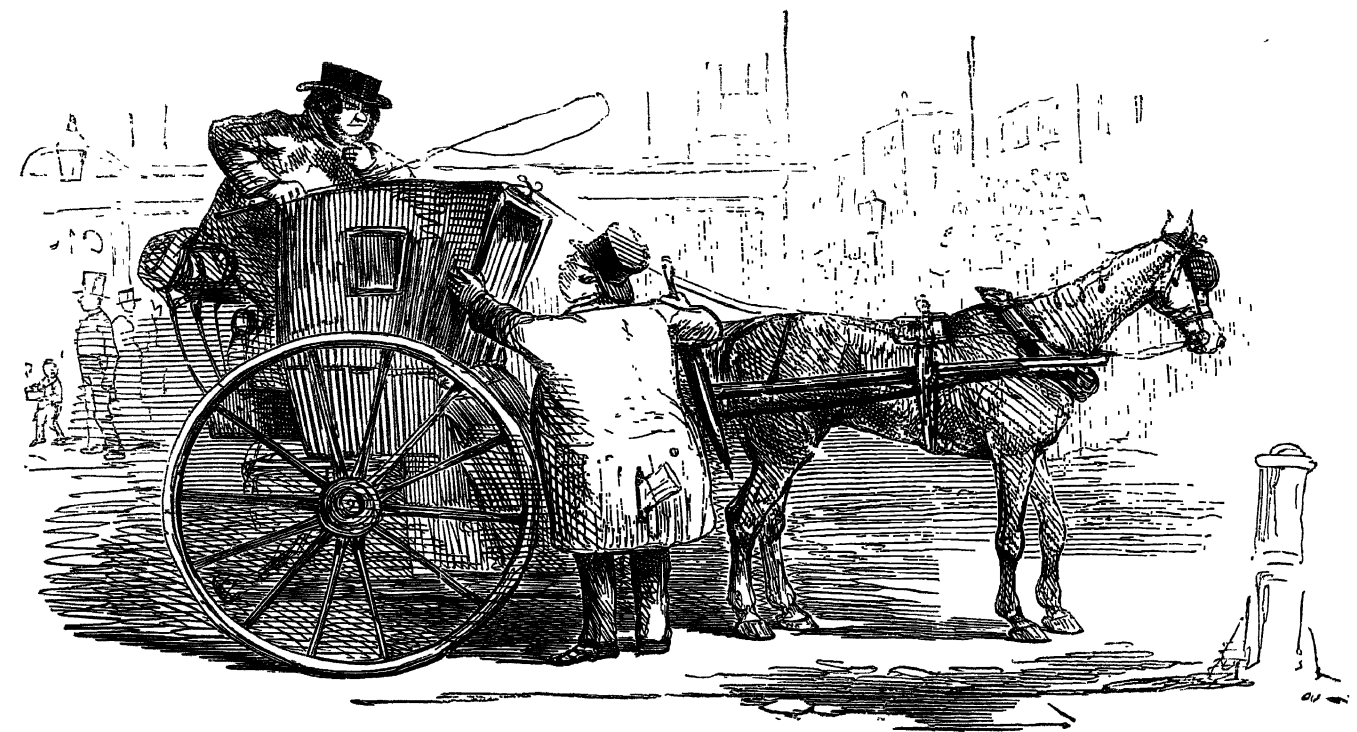
A WISER AND A BETTER MAN.



FREAKS OF A PET DOG.



PERFIDIOUS ALBION LETS HIS DRAWING-ROOM FLOOR TO A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION YEAR, 1851.—THE RESULT.

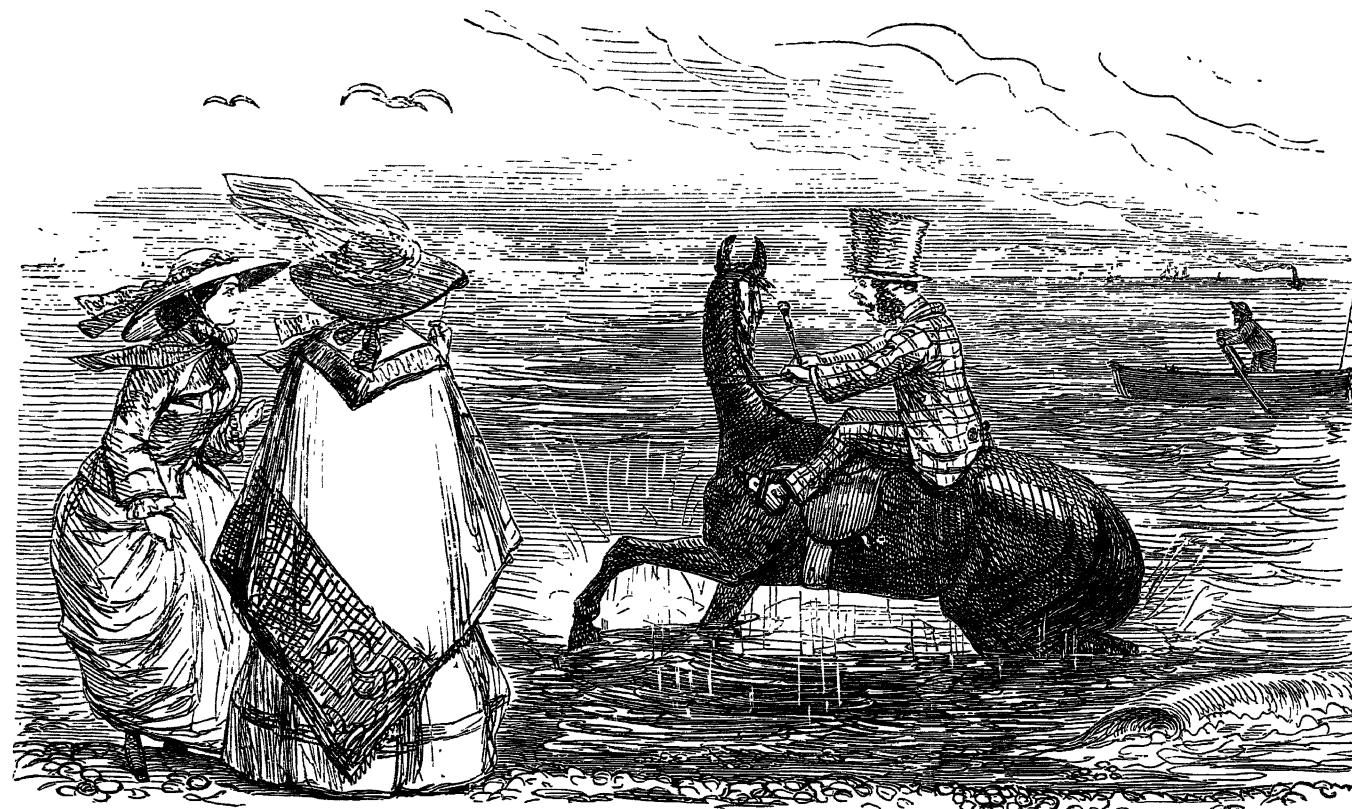


Cabman (condescendingly). "HAMPSTEAD! LET'S SEE—THE FARE'S ABOUT NINE BOB, AS NEAR AS MAY BE; BUT AS I WANT A DRIVE IN THE FRESH HAIR MYSELF, SUPPOSE WE SAY THREE 'ARF CROWNS."

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



Coster (to extremely genteel person). "I SAY, GUVNER, GIVE US A HINT WITH THIS 'ERE BILLIN' O' GREENS!"



OUR LITTLE FRIEND, TOM NODDY, THINKS THE SEA-WATER WILL DO HIS MARE'S LEGS A WORLD OF GOOD.



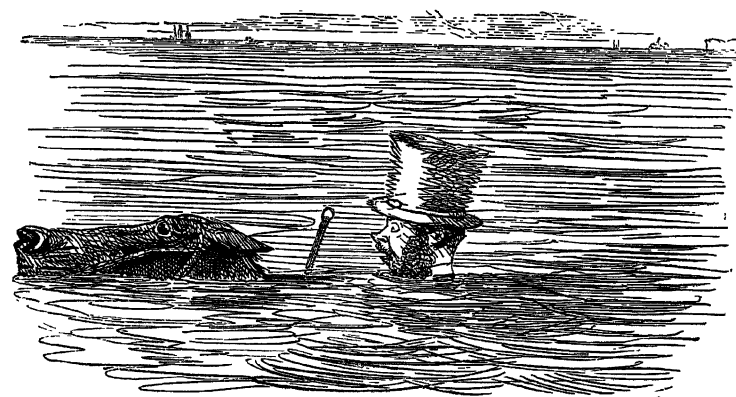
COARSE, BUT CHARACTERISTIC.

Calman (whose temper has been ruffled by Omnibus man.) "YOU !! WHY, YOU HUNGRY LOOKING WAGABUN, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'D BIN LOOK'D UP FOR A MONTH IN A COOK'S SHOP WITH A MUZZLE ON."



THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

AWFUL APPARITION TO A GENTLEMAN, WHILST SHAVING, IN THE EDGEWARE ROAD.—Sept. 29, 1846.



THE PLAYFUL CREATURE OBJECTS AT FIRST, BUT FINDING THE PROCESS AGREEABLE, DETERMINES TO HAVE A COMPLETE BATH.



RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

First Naturalist. "WHAT! THE S-S-SHE-SHER-PENT A-AN (HIC) ICH-(HIC) THYOSAURUS? NONSHE-ENSE!"

Second Naturalist. "WHO SAID ICH-(HIC) ICHTHY-O-SAURUS? I SAID A (HIC) PLESI-O-(HIC) SAURUS PLAINENUFF."



Engineer. "DON'T BE ALARMED, MA'AM, IT'S ONLY A DUMPY LEVELLER."
Old Lady. "LAW! DEAR NOW? WELL, I'M SURE I THOUGHT IT WAS A BLUNDERBUST. BUT DON'T FIRE IT OFF, YOUNG MAN, TILL I'M GOT BY, FOR I WAS ALWAYS TERRIBLE FEARED OF GUNS."



A STARTLING NOVELTY IN SHIRTS.



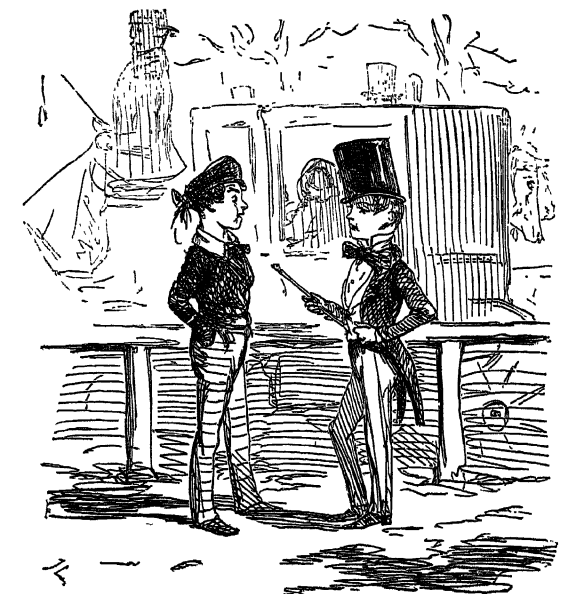
Social's Wife. "CONTRARY TO REGULATIONS, INDEED! FIDDLESTICKS! I MUST INSIST, FREDERICK, UPON YOUR TAKING THIS HOT BRANDY-AND-WATER. I SHALL BE HAVING YOU LAID UP NEXT, AND NOT FIT FOR ANYTHING."



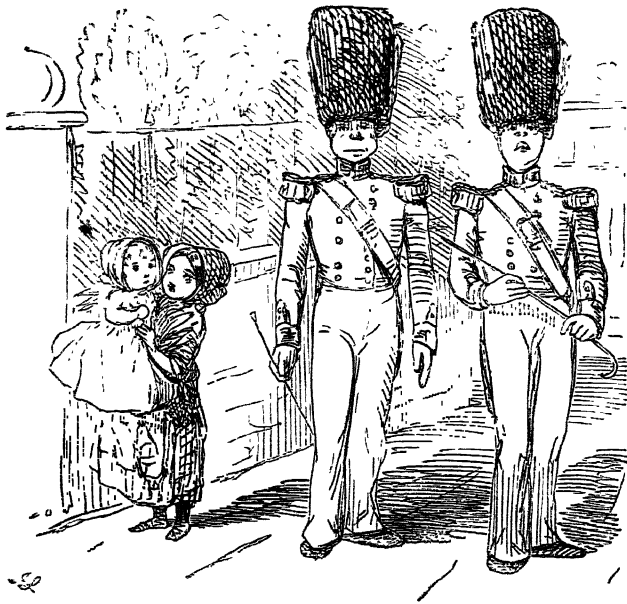
Gentleman. "LET'S HAVE A BOILED MACKEREL."
Waiter. "BILED, SIR! BETTER HAVE 'EM BILED, SIR. IF THEY'RE BILED, THEY'RE SPILED, SIR!"



LANDING OF TOM NODDY. HIS HORSE HAVING HAD ENOUGH OF IT, RETURNS TO HIS STABLE.



"BEEN TO THE PLAY MUCH THESE HOLIDAYS, FRED?"
 "AW—I WENT THE OTHER NIGHT. BUT, AW—I DON'T KNOW—SOMEHOW PANTOMIMES ARE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE IN MY TIME; AND AS FOR THE GURLS, THERE WASN'T A GOOD-LOOKING ONE IN THE HOUSE."



"THERE, BABY DEAR, LOOK AT THE PRETTY SOLDIERS!"



A SCENE AT GREENWICH WITH ALL THE FUN (!) OF THE FAIR.



STARTLING FACT!

Oxford Swell. "DO YOU MAKE MANY OF THESE MONKEY-JACKETS, NOW?"

Snip. "OH DEAR YES, SIR, THERE ARE MORE MONKEYS IN OXFORD THIS TERM THAN EVER, SIR."



'A PERFECT WRETCH.

Wife. "WHY, DEAR ME, WILLIAM; HOW TIME FLIES! I DECLARE WE HAVE BEEN MARRIED TEN YEARS TO-DAY!"

Wretch. "HAVE WE, LOVE? I AM SURE I THOUGHT IT HAD BEEN A GREAT DEAL LONGER."



THE NEW ARRIVAL.



JOHN THOMAS COMPLETELY NON-PLUSHED.

Tax Collector. "JOHN THOMAS MOONCALF?"

John Thomas. "—ESQUIRE, THAT'S ME!"

Tax Collector. "THEN BE SO GOOD AS TO FILL UP THIS INCOME-TAX PAPER, AND RETURN IT TO ME BEFORE TWENTY DAYS!"



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Whipper. "WELL, I WEAR MINE BECAUSE IT SAVES TROUBLE, AND IS SO VERY 'BALTYH.'"

Snapper. "HAH, WELL THERE AIN'T NO 'UNBUG ABOUT ME; I WEAR MINE BECAUSE THEY LOOKS 'ANSOM, AND GOES DOWN WITH THE GALS."



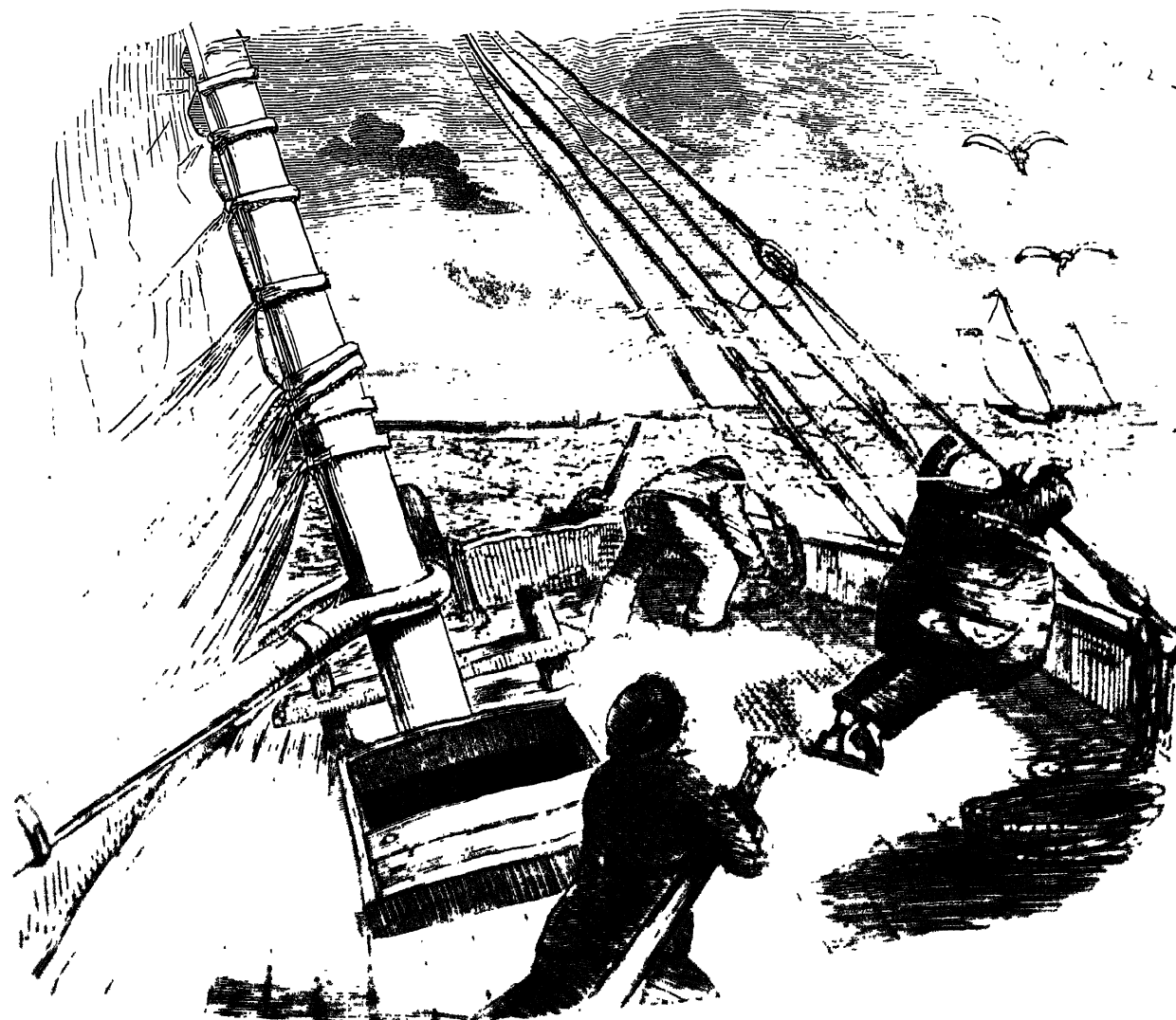
FLATTERING.

Boy (in allusion to BROWN, who thinks he is well got up). "OH! LOOK HERE, BILLY, THEY'VE GOT A DINNER PARTY AT THIS 'OUSE—AND IF 'ERE AIN'T THE COVE WHAT'S A'GOING TO WAIR!"



DISTRESSING RESULT OF EATING TURKEY DAY AFTER DAY.

THE POOR OLD PARTY HAS COME OUT ALL OVER FEATHERS.



ON BOARD THE "PUNCH" HE HAS TAKEN TO YACHTING FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS HEALTH.



GREAT BOON TO THE PUBLIC.

Insolent Swell (in costume of the "PUNCH"). "WELL! TA-TA, GUS! I SHALL JUST GO AND SHOW MYSELF IN THE PARK."



THE RISING GENERATION.

Juvenile. "WELL, I KNOW WHAT I SHALL DO: I SHALL LOOK OUT FOR SOME OLD GAL WITH PLENTY OF MONEY."



AN ENGLISH GOLD FIELD.



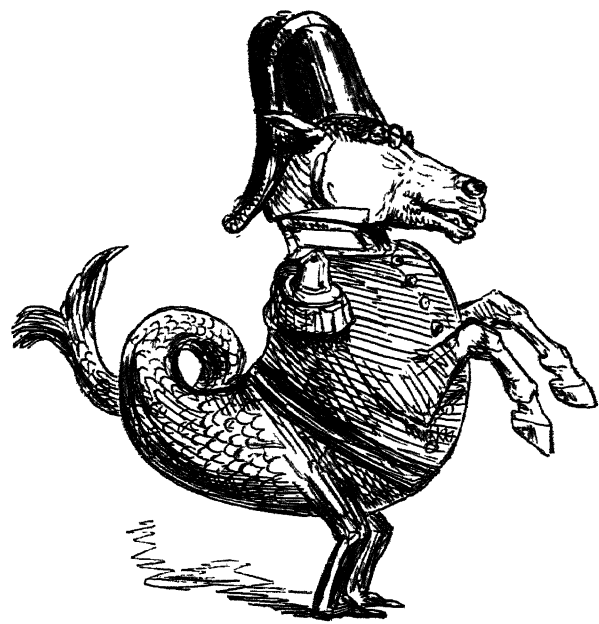
EFFECT OF THE CAB-STRIKE.—GOING TO THE OPERA IN A WHEELBARROW.



A DISTURBER OF PUBLIC PEACE AND COMFORT FLOORED.

Cochranite. "I SAY, OLD FELLER, OF COURSE YOU'LL FRATERNISE WITH US, AND COME AND BREAK SOME VINDERS."

Soldier. "OF COURSE I WON'T; BUT I'LL PUNCH YOUR HEAD IF YOU DON'T MOVE OFF."



CURIOUS NONDESCRIPT SKETCHED AT THE ADMIRALTY.

NEITHER FISH, FLESH, NOR FOWL; NOR GOOD RED HERRING.



A GOLD FIELD IN THE "DIGGINS."



THE EMPIRE OF BEADLEDOM.



"LET US SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM."



Youthful Costermonger. "NOW THEN, GUV'NER, 'AVE THE LAST ROPE FOR A PENNY."



LIFE IN LONDON.

Isabella. "WELL, AUNT, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE LONDON? I SUPPOSE YOU WERE VERY GAY?"
Aunt (who inclines to embonpoint). "OH YES, LOVE, GAY ENOUGH! WE WENT TO THE TOP O' THE MONUMENT O' MONDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' ST. PAUL'S O' TUESDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' THE DOCK O' YORK'S COLUMN O' WEDNESDAY—BUT I THINK ALTOGETHER I LIKE THE QUIET OF THE COUNTRY."



A VERY GREAT MAN.

"NOW, COLLINS, YOU MUST GO OUT VERY DEEP, FOR I WANT TO TAKE A 'HEADER!'"



Excited Gentleman. "THEY'RE OFF!—THEY'RE OFF!"
Quiet Lady. "ARE THEY, DEAR? WON'T YOU HAVE SOME PIE?"



Charles. "FIGURE, INDEED! WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO? A MAN MUST WEAR SOMETHING. HATS AND COATS ARE OUT OF THE QUESTION—THEY ARE REALLY SO VERY EFFEMINATE."



THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN.

Precise Female (in answer to a rude inquiry). "YOU ARE A VERY IMPERTINENT BOY!—YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL THAT IT IS A MATTER OF NO MOMENT TO YOU WHO MY HATTER IS!"

CHOBHAM REMINISCENCES.



Juvenile (apropos of Highlander in sentry box). "OH! MY WIG, CHARLEY. WHAT A JOLLY JACK-IN-THE-GREEN HE'D MAKE!"



A NIGHT SURPRISE.



"HEY, COLIN! DINNA YE KEN THE WATER'S FOR DRINK, AND NAE FOR BATHIN?"



Captain Holster. "HERE! HI! SOME ONE!—STOP MY BED ROOM!—HI!"



Mrs. Higgins. "WHAT! FOURTEEN ON YE SLEEP UNDER THAT GIG UMBRELLER OF A THING? GET ALONG WITH YER!"

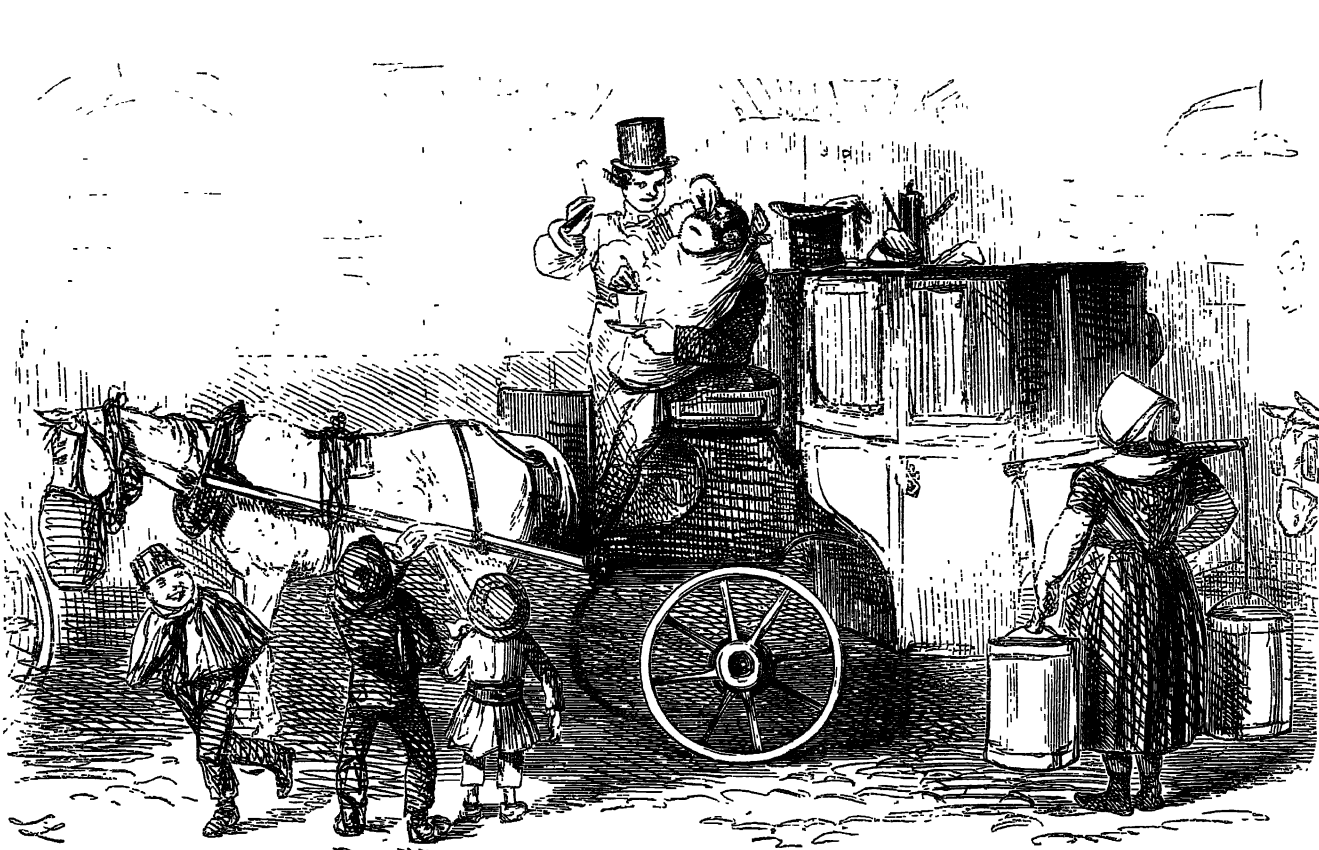


ONE OF THE HORRORS OF THE CHOBHAM WAR.



THE ROUND HAT.

1. WHEN IT IS ALL VERY WELL. 2. WHEN IT IS OBJECTIONABLE.
3. WHEN THE POLICE OUGHT TO INTERFERE.



THE NEW CAB REGULATION.



WAITING FOR THE CARRIAGE.

Charlie. "THIS WILL BE A STUPID AFFAIR, GEORGY."
Georgy. "OH! YES—ONLY A WHITE FROCK AND BLACK MITTEN PARTY—
VERY SLOW!" [Old Nurse wonders what next.]



A SKETCH.

SHOWING THE DECENT MANNER IN WHICH THE "FORM OF PRAYER" WAS RETAINED ON THE FAST DAY.



DOMESTIC BLISS.

Servant (rushing in). "OH! GRACIOUS GOODNESS, MASTER! THERE'S THE KITCHEN CHIMNEY A-FIRE—AND TWO PARISH INCHES
KNOCKING AT THE STREET DOOR."



"BUY A LITTLE DORG, MAR'M?"

BITS OF IRON FROM THE CRIMEA.



A LITTLE DINNER AT THE CRIMEA CLUB.



"WELL, JACK! HERE'S GOOD NEWS FROM HOME. WE'RE TO HAVE A MEDAL."
"THAT'S VERY KIND. MAYBE ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'LL HAVE A COAT TO STICK IT ON!"



HOW JACK MADE THE TURK USEFUL AT BALACLAVA.

British Officer. "HALLO, JACK! WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT NOW?"
Jack. "WEY, YER HONOUR—YOU SEE RIDING'S A DEAL PLEASANTER THAN WALKING ABOUT HERE, AND WHEN THIS CHAP'S TIRED—I MOUNTS T'OTHER COVE!"



Ben. "I SAY, JACK!—GIVE US A LIFT DOWN WITH THESE HERE BLOOD-STAINED RUINS FROM SEBASTOPOL!"
["Sebastopol is only a heap of blood-stained ruins."—GORTSCHAKOFF to his Imperial Master.

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



TAKING A LEAF OUT OF THE FRENCH BOOK.
THE LICENSER OF PLAYS INTERFERING WITH THE PANTOMIMES.



1st Snob. "YOU KNOW THAT JOLLY LITTLE GAL, JULIA BINKS?"
2nd Snob. "ALL RIGHT, GO-AHEAD."
1st Snob. "WELL! SHE'S BEEN STICKING UP TO ME LIKE BRICKS, BUT I CAN'T RETURN HER AFFECTION, BECAUSE I'M SO DEUCED SWEET WITH THE PLANTAGENET GALS."



"PERFORMERS" AFTER A RESPECTABLE FUNERAL.



ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.
"MARTHA, WAST 'E DONE WI' THE MILK?"
"GEEN IT TO THE SHILD."
"DANG THE SHILD, THERE SHOULD HA' GEEN IT TO TH' BULL PUP!"



Gentleman from Town (log). 'OH, IF THIS IS ONE OF THE LITTLE PLACES CHARLEY SPOKE OF, I SHALL GO BACK.'



THE END OF A FIVE MINUTES' BURST.

Stout Gentleman. "THAT'S THE WAY TO GO OVER A GATE! I DON'T THINK YOU LEFT ME SO FAR BEHIND THAT TIME."



BINKS, MAJOR, (OF HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD TROOPS) GOES TO SEE HIS "LITTLE BROTHER," WHO HAS JUST TAKEN ORDERS.

Binks, Minor (log). "AH! YOU CAN'T THINK HOW A FELLA SAYS, WHEN HE GOES INTO THE CHURCH. I USED TO GIVE SNOBBINS THREE GUINEAS FOR MY BOOTS, AND NOW I GET THEM MADE FOR TWO POUND TWELVE."

Binks, Major. "BY JOVE!"



Indignant Party. "WHAT? A SHILLING FOR THE TWO MILES, AND A SIXPENCE BESIDES. WHY, YOU DON'T CALL ME AN EXTRA PERSON?"

Calman. "OH! DON'T I THO'!"



FRIENDLY, BUT VERY UNPLEASANT.

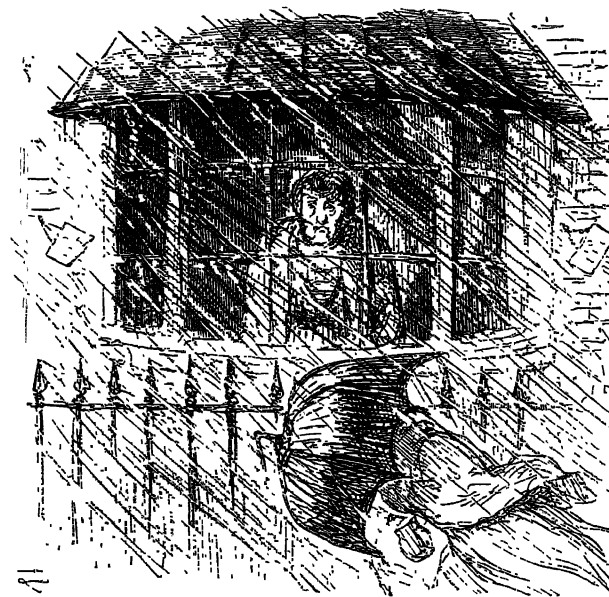
Lively Party (charging ELDERLY GENTLEMAN with his umbrella). "HULLO, JONES!"
[Disgust of ELDERLY PARTY, whose name is SMITH.]



THE FRENCH CENT GARDES AND THE BRITISH LIFE-GUARDS;
OR, SIX OF ONE, AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.



SET FAIR.



OUT OF TOWN.

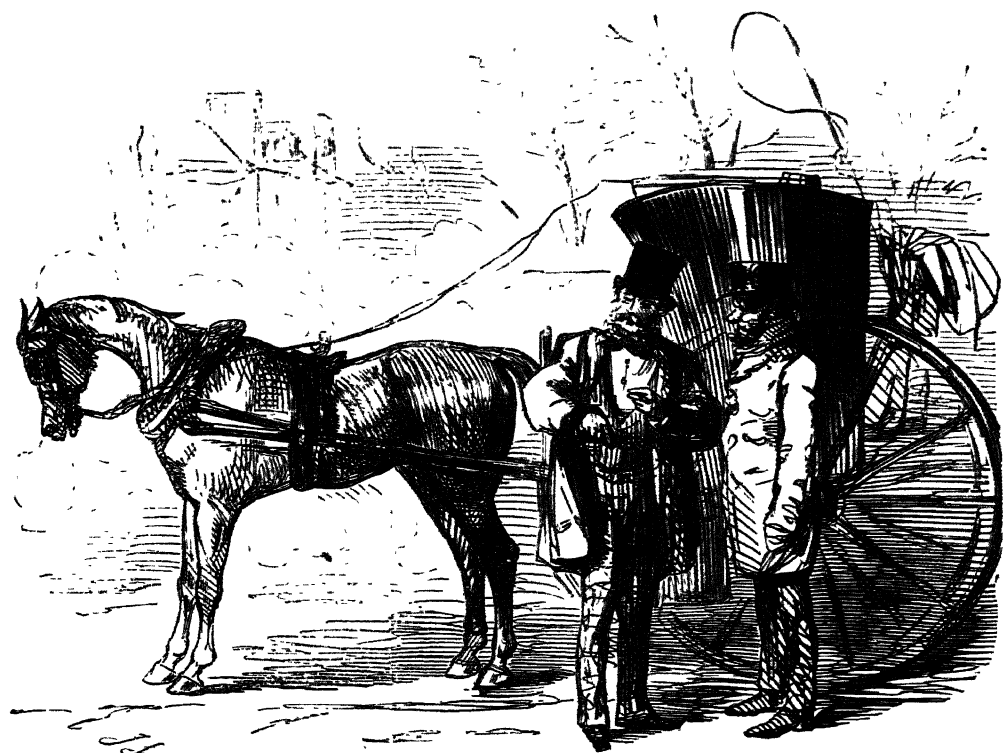
STORMY, AND MUCH RAIN.



Officer (log.). "WELL, MY FINE FELLOW, SO YOU'VE BEEN IN THE REGULAR ARMY?—IN THE WARS, TOO, I SEE—EH?"
Stout Yeoman. "NOA, COLONEL, I NEVER WASN'T IN NO WARS; BUT MY OLD SOW GAINED A SILVER MEDAL LAST COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, SO I THO'T AS 'OW I MIGHT WEAR UN!"



JOHN BULL À LA MODE.—A PROBABLE EFFECT OF THE ALLIANC



WELL OUT OF IT.

"THAT'S A DEUCED GOOD HORSE TO GO, DRIVER; WHAT'S HIS FAULT, THAT HE COMES IN A CAB?"
 "WELL, SIR, I DON'T KNOW OF ANY FAULT IN PERTICKLER, 'CEPT THAT WHEN HE BEGINS TO KICK, HE DO KICK LIKE BLAZES."



First Militia-man. "JIM, YOU BAIN'T IN STEP."
Second ditto. "BAIN'T I? WELL, CHANGE YOUR'N"



A HINT FOR THE HORSE-GUARDS.

SHOWING HOW ALL THE WEIGHT OF OUR HEAVIES MIGHT BE PRESERVED, AND MORE FAIRLY ADJUSTED.



THE ICE HARVEST.



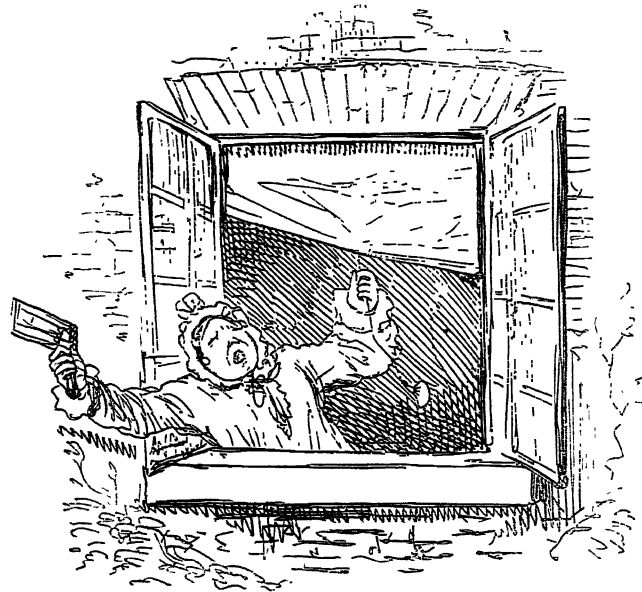
THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Fred. "HOW DO YOU LIKE THE ALTERATION, BLANCHE?"
Blanche. "WHAT ALTERATION, DEAR!"
Fred. "WHY, HANG IT!—HAVEN'T I CUT OFF MY BEARD AND MOUSTACHES?"



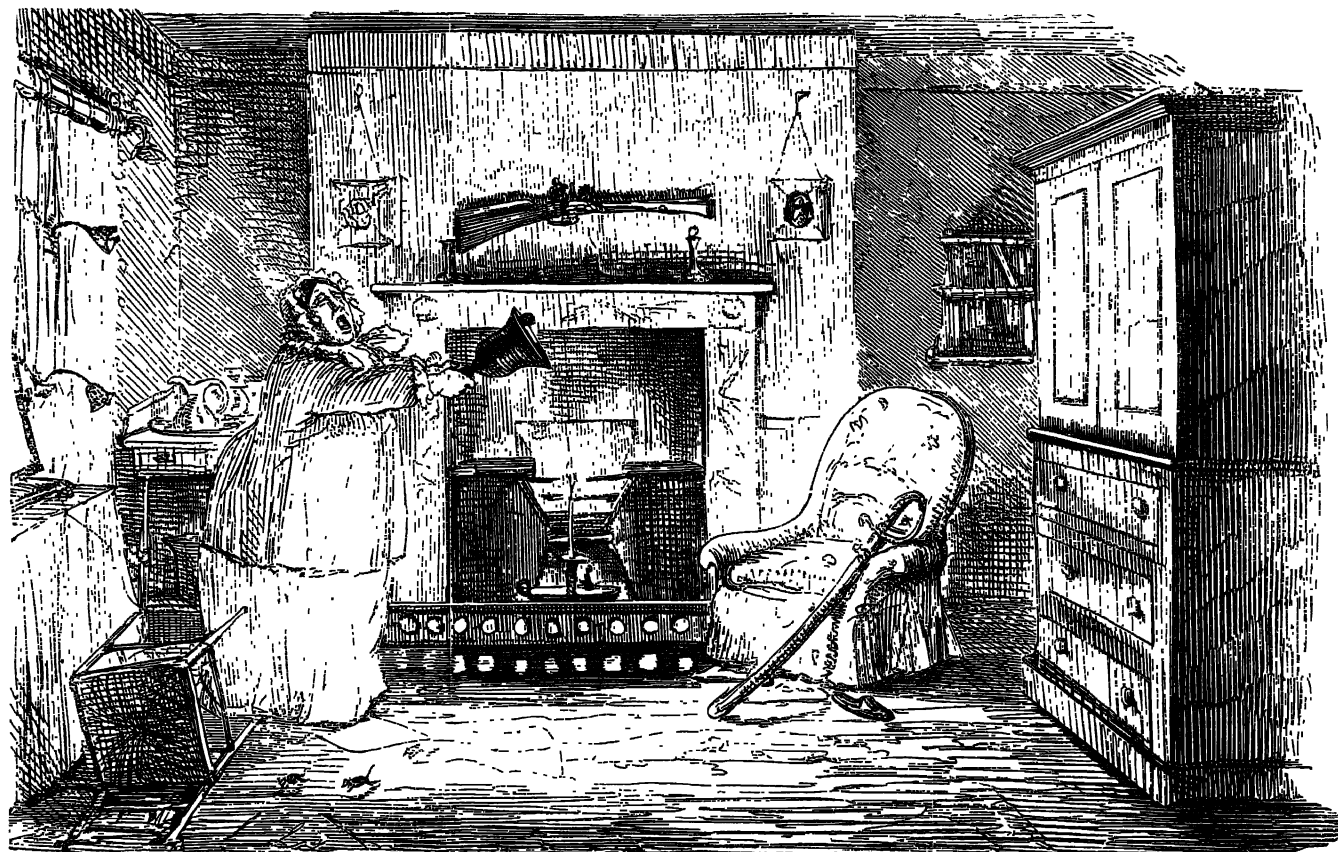
A NEW BROOM BEING TAUGHT TO DISTINGUISH HIS PATRONS BY AN OLD BROOM (RETIRING FROM BUSINESS).

New Broom. "POOR JACK, YER HONOR?"
Old Broom. "LEAVE THEM COVES ALONE, TIM; THEY'RE TWO SWELLS WHAT ALWAYS CROSSES IN A 'ANSOM—'CAUSE O' THEIR BOOTS!"



EXPERIMENTS OF OUR "USED-UP" MAN IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT.
TRYING THE TOP OF THE MONUMENT ON A WET AFTERNOON.

THIEVES! THIEVES!



THE BLACK DIAMOND- THE REAL MOUNTAIN OF LIGHT!!



Boy. "COME IN, SIR! YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFRAID! I'VE GOT HIM QUITE TIGHT."



THE "KNEE PLUSH ULTRA" OF SENTIMENT.



NOTHING LIKE FORETHOUGHT.

Captain (to Brother Officer). "WHAT AM I ABOUT? I'LL TELL YOU, OLD BOY. THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT MAY HAPPEN WHEN WE ARE ENCAMPED ON CHOBHAM COMMON, SO I AM LEARNING THE NOBLE ART OF MAKING OMELETTES, IN CASE ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO OUR CHEF!"



THE CONSTITUTIONAL WALK.

Lady. "DEAR, DEAR, IT'S COMING ON TO RAIN! RUN, JAMES! QUICK, AND FETCH AN UMBRELLA AND TWO PARASOLS. I'M AFRAID MY POOR DEAR COCHINS WILL GET THE RHEUMATISM."



AWKWARD CONSEQUENCES OF REMOVING THE SOLDIERS FROM KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

Housemaid. "IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, ME, AND COOK, AND MARY, WISHES TO LEAVE, THIS DAY MONTH, MA'AM."

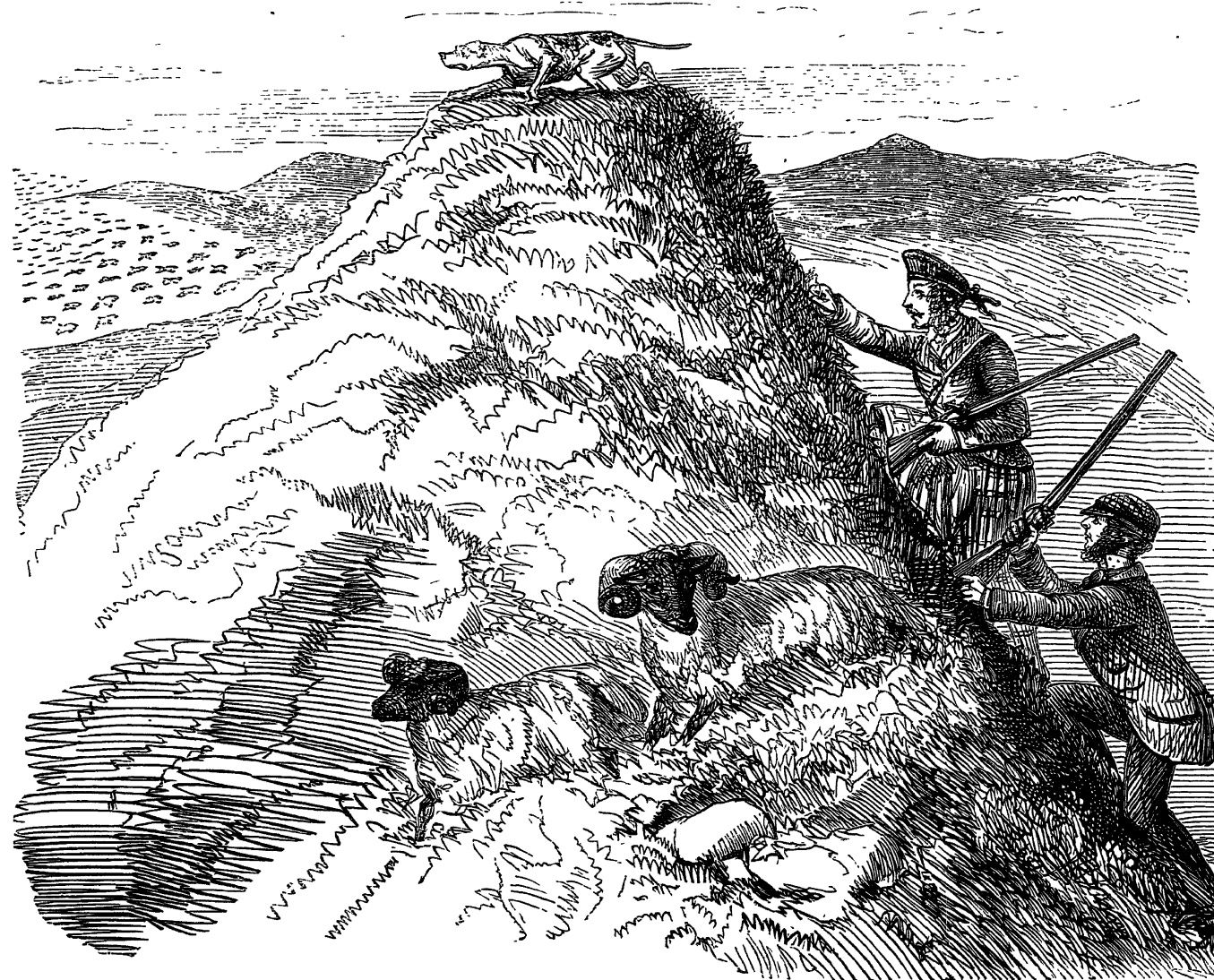


Young Lady (reading Crimean Correspondence). "I MUST TELL YOU, TOO, THAT I HAVE QUITE ABANDONED POOR BROWN BESS, AND THAT WITH MY BEAUTIFUL MINNIE—"

Elder Lady (interrupting hastily). "THERE—THERE—MY DEAR, GO ON TO THE NEXT LETTER. WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT HIS BESSIES AND MINNIES—THESE SOLDIERS ARE ALL ALIKE!"



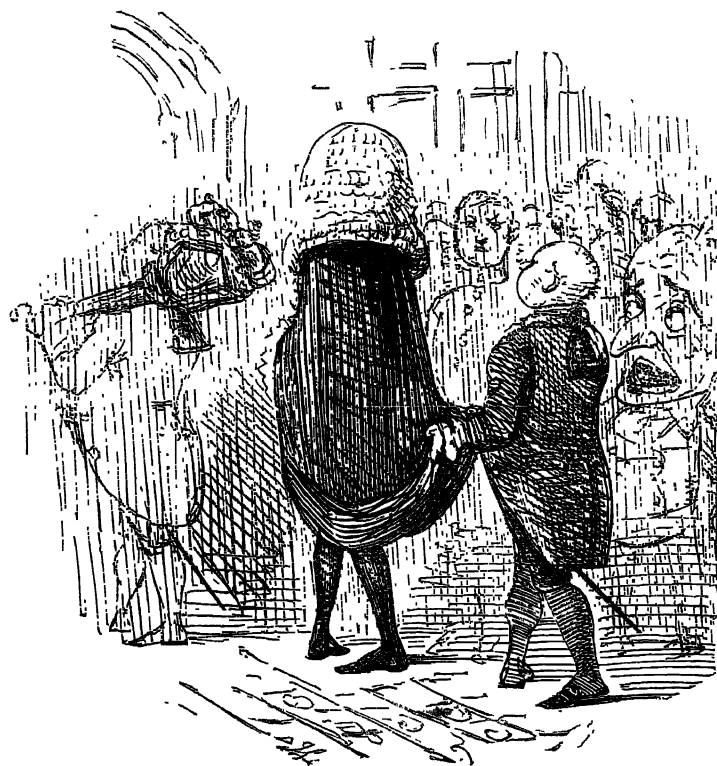
First Swell. "WHAT AN ASTONISHING COAT, GUS!"
Second Do. "YA-AS! YOU SEE ALL THE SNOBS DWESS SO INFERN'LY
 LOUD—THAT FIVED AND I THOUGHT WE WOULD COME DOWN VEWY QUIET!"



GROUSE SHOOTING LATE IN THE SEASON. JOLLY VERY.
 "COME ALONG, OLD FELLOW! HERE'S A POINT!"



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.
Railway Official (waking Old Gent from a sweet sleep). "TICKETS, PLEASE!"



"HATS OFF, STRANGERS!"



THE NORTH AMERICAN LODGERS IN 1851.



OXFORD COSTUME.
Small Oxford Man. "NOW, SNIP, REMEMBER, NOT SO TIGHT IN THE ARM!"
Snip. "VERY GOOD, SIR, (to the Clerk) 84 AND A ARF!"



Navy. "AH, BILL! IT SHOWS THE FORWARD MARCH OF THE AGE. FUST, THE BRUTE FORCE, SUCH AS 'IM; AND THEN THE LIKES OF US TO DO IT SCIENTIFIC, AND SHOW THE MIGHT OF INTELLECT."



NEVER CARRY YOUR GLOVES IN YOUR HAT.
MR. POFFINGTON FLATTERS HIMSELF HE IS CREATING A SENSATION.—(Perhaps he is.)



HOW VERY EMBARRASSING.
Gustavus. "MAMMA, DEAR! ARE MOUSTACHES FASHIONABLE?"
Mamma. "WELL, GUS, I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY, BUT I BELIEVE THEY ARE."
Gus. "OH! THEN, IS THAT THE REASON WHY MISS GRUMPH WEARS 'EM?"
[MISS GRUMPH, as well as being strong-minded, is rather masculine in appearance.]



Ston Parient. "I TELL YOU, SIR, I WILL NOT ALLOW IT—AND DON'T LET ME SEE ANY MORE NASTY PIPES OR TOBACCO IN THIS HOUSE."
Young Williams. "BOO-HOO—AND WHAT'S A FELLOV TO DO WHEN ALL THE MEN OF HIS OWN AGE SMOKE?"



A VISIT TO A DOG-FANCIER.



EDUCATION IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.
Jemoimer. "BIST THOU A GOIN' TO SKULL, ELOYZA?"
Eloyza. "NOT HI, JEMOIMER. THEY GID US TEA AND BUNS LARST WEEK, AND WE SHA'T HAN NO MOORE TILL CUM CRISMUS; SO MUTHER SATS AS HOW IT AIN'T NO USE."



SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES

Servant Gal. "I TELL YOU WHAT, COOK; WITH MY BEAUTY AND FIGGER, I A'INT A GOING TO STOP IN SARVICE NO LONGER. I SHALL BE ORF TO HORSE-TRAYLIER."



"OH! HERE'S A JOLLY SLEDGE."



PRUDENT RESOLVE.

Little Party. "GO AND WALK IN HYDE PARK? OH, AH!—I DESSAY! AND GET PELTED FOR A HANISTOCRAT!—NO THANK'E—NOT IF I KNOW IT."



TOO BAD.

Rule Boy. "AH! HERE'S THE P'LEECE A-COMIN'. WON'T YOU CATCH IT FOR SLIDING ON THE PAVEMENT!"



SYMPATHY.

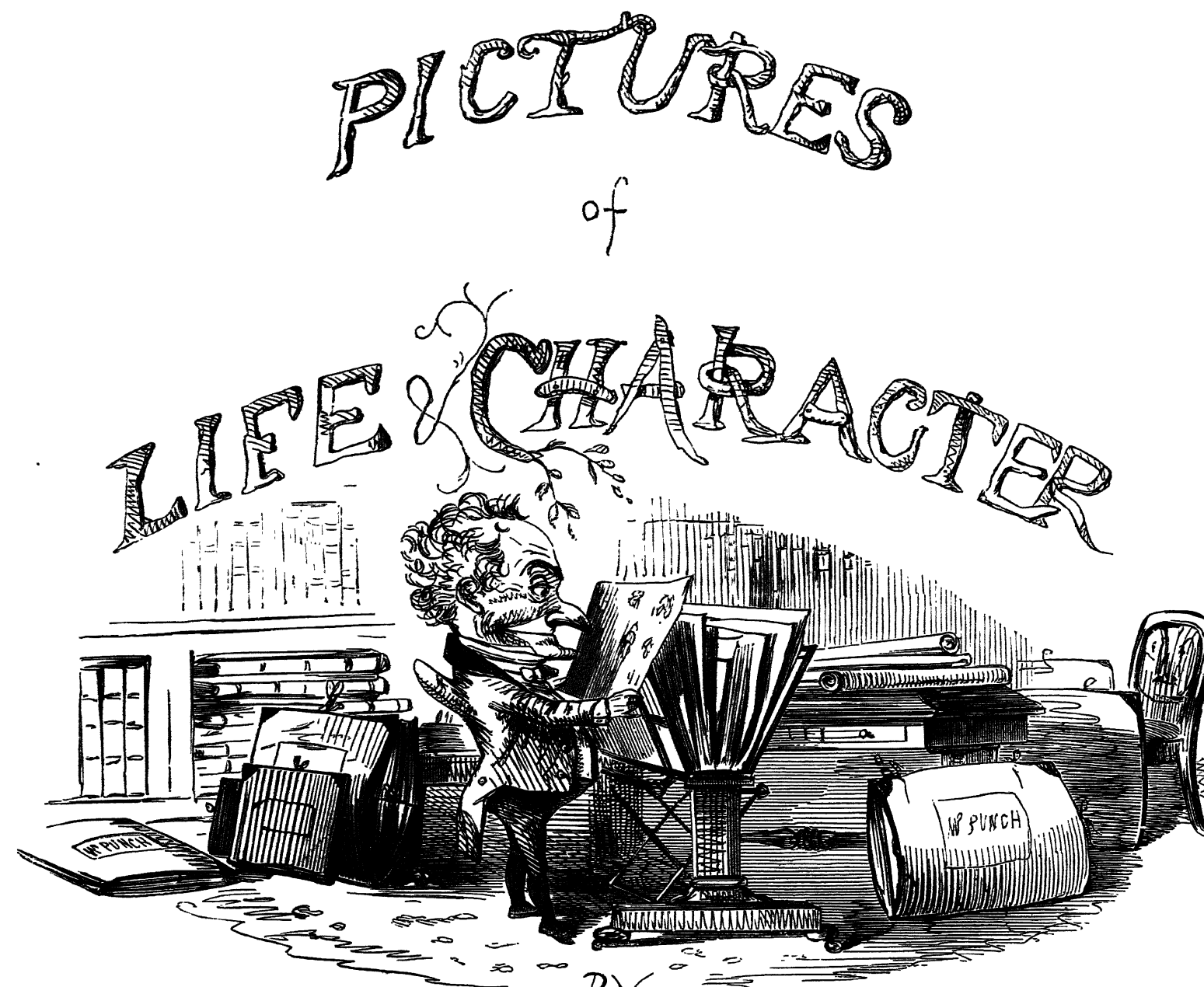
Tailor (to considerable Customer). "TRIFLE THINNER THAN YOU WAS, SIR! GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK, SIR! 'OPR YOU'LL SOON GET YOUR 'EALTH, SIR! WHEN WE HEARD YOUR REGIMENT HAD BEEN IN ACTION, SIR—YOU MAY FANCY WHAT OUR FEELINGS WAS, SIR!"



Emily. "WHY MY GOODNESS, FRANK! WHAT A DREADFUL BLACK EYE YOU HAVE! YOU ARE QUITE DISFIGURED!"

Frank. "E'M, HAH! THAT'S VERY DISAGREEABLE NOW: I WAS IN HOPES NO ONE WOULD HAVE PERCEIVED IT!"

[FRANK HAS BEEN SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO CATCH A COLD IN HIS EYE FROM SITTING IN A DRAW, HT AT EXETER HALL—SO HE SAYS.



By
JOHN LEECH

FROM THE COLLECTION of *W^o PUNCH*.

THIRD SERIES.

LONDON:

BRADBURY, EVANS, & CO., 11, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET.

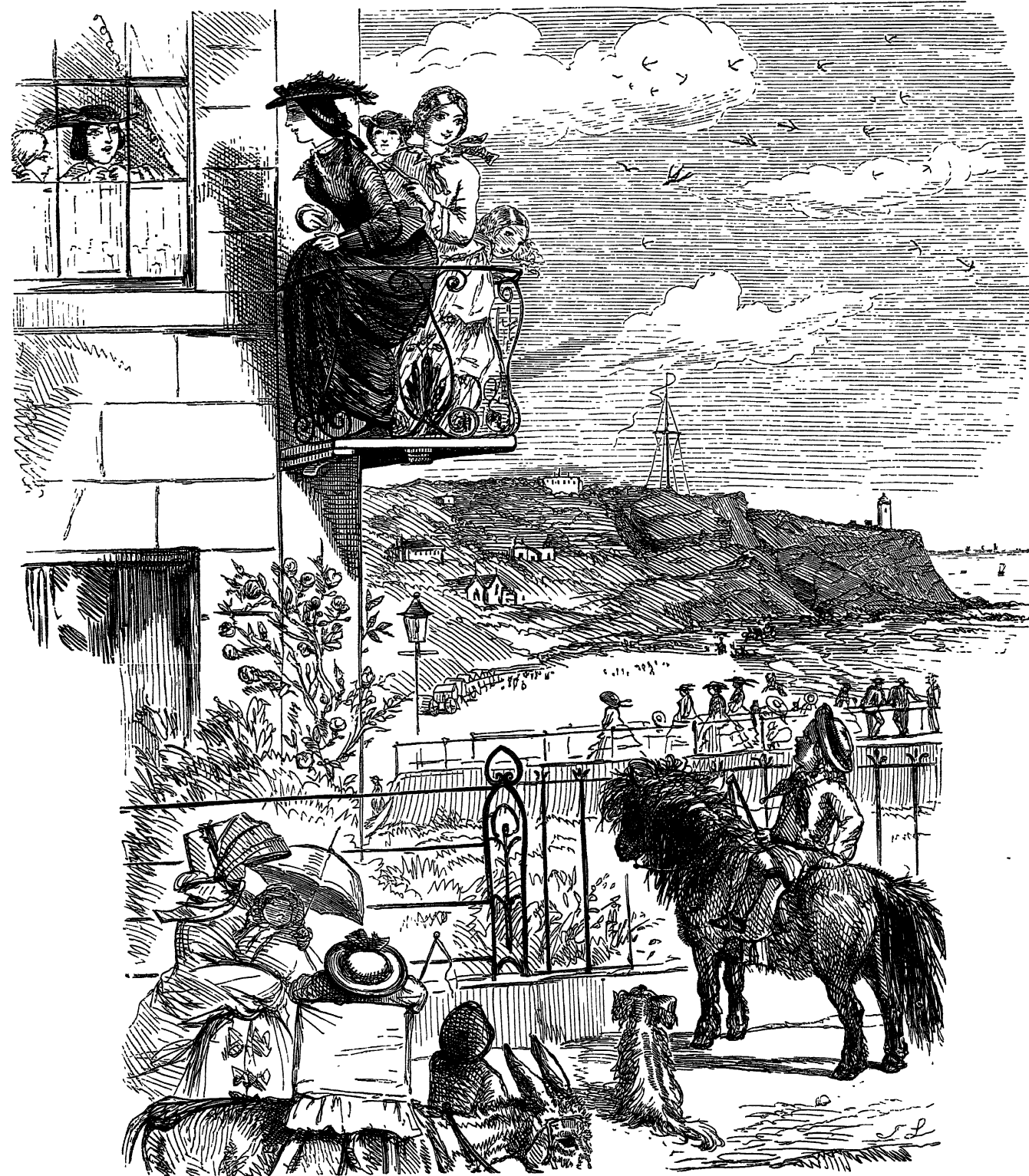


DISGUSTING FOR AUGUSTUS.

Augustus (who was rapidly coming to the point). "THEN, EMILY! OH, MAY I CALL YOU EMILY?—SWEETEST!—BEST!—SAY THAT YOU WILL NOT GO—WITHOUT—"
Fish-woman (cuts in). "ANY FEESH TO-DAY, MARN?—ANY MACKEREEL, SOLES, OR WHITING?"



DISTRESSING POSITION OF CHARLES, WHO DOES NOT FEEL WELL, AND WHO IS KEENLY ALIVE TO THE FACT THAT AMY IS LOOKING AT HIM THROUGH HER OPERA GLASS.



A CAVALIER, 1860.

Adolphus. "NOW, GIRLS!—IF YOU'RE GAME FOR A RIDE ON THE SANDS—I'M YOUR MAN."



MALICIOUS.

Flora. "CAN YOU STILL SEE THE STEAMER, LUCY, DEAR?"
Lucy. "OH, YES, QUITE PLAINLY!"
Flora. "AND DEAR, DEAR WILLIAM, TOO?"
Lucy. "OH, YES!"
Flora. "DOES HE SEEM UNHAPPY, NOW HE IS AWAY FROM ME?"
Lucy. "EVIDENTLY, I SHOULD SAY, DEAR; FOR HE IS SMOKING A CIGAR, AND DRINKING SOMETHING OUT OF A TUMBLER TO CHEER HIM, POOR FELLOW!"



LITTLE DUCKS.

Georgy. "THERE NOW, CLARA—I CALL IT VERY PEEVISH OF YOU. YOU PROMISED ME, IF I LET YOU GO IN FIRST, THAT YOU WOULDN'T BE LONG, AND I DECLARE YOU HAVE BEEN EXACTLY AN HOUR AND TWENTY MINUTES." (Pouts.)



SERVANTGALISM.

Mistress. "NOT GOING TO REMAIN IN A SITUATION ANY LONGER! WHY YOU FOOLISH THINGS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, THEN?"
Eliza. "WHY, MA'AM, YOU SEE OUR FORTUNE-TELLER SAY THAT TWO YOUNG NOBLEMEN IS A GOING TO MARRY US—SO THERE'S NO CALL TO REMAIN IN NO SITUATIONS NO MORE!"



SERVANTGALISM; AND



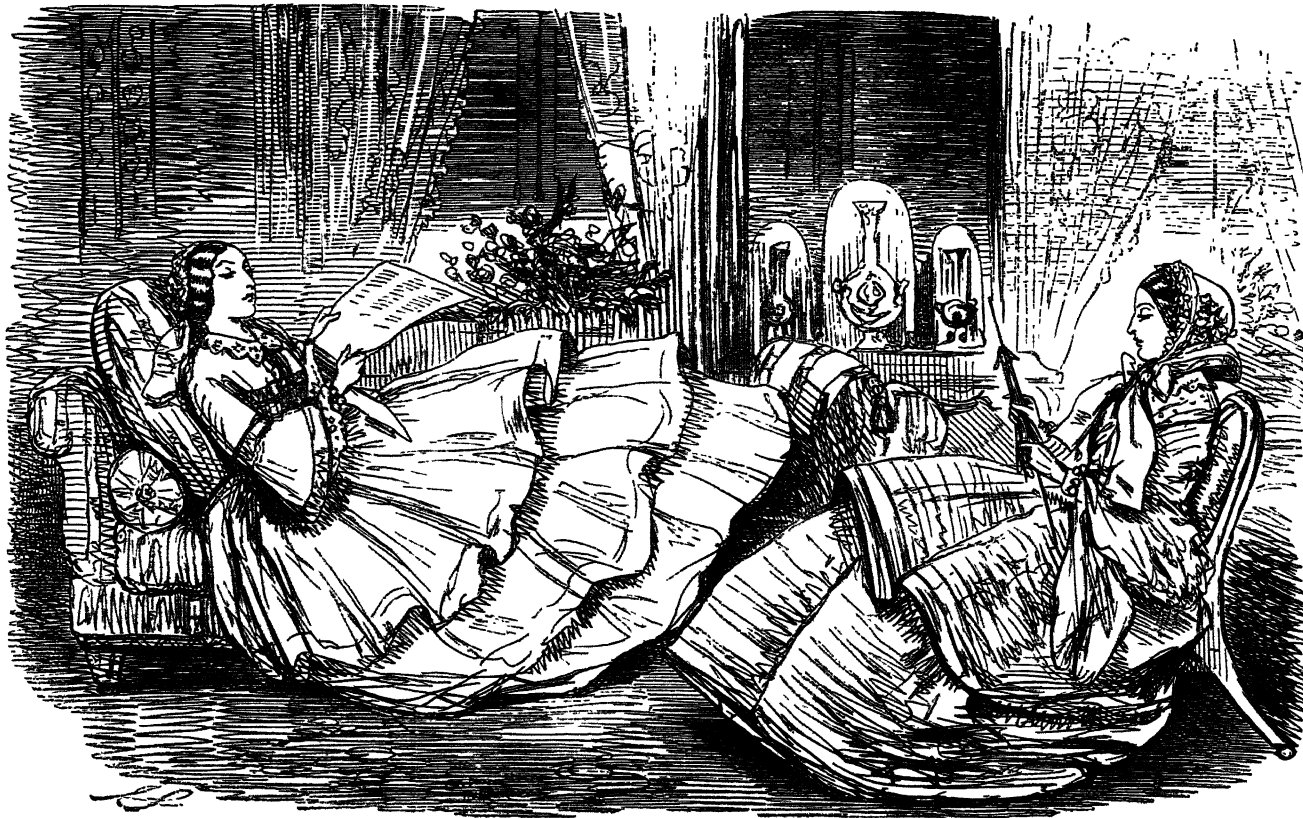
FLUNKEIANA RUSTICA.

Mistress. "NOW, I DO HOPE, SAMUEL, YOU WILL MAKE YOURSELF TIDY, GET YOUR CLOTH LAID IN TIME—AND TAKE GREAT PAINS WITH YOUR WAITING AT TABLE!"
Samuel (who has come recently out of a Strawyard). "YEE, M'! BUT PLEAZ, M', BE OI TO WEAR MY BREECHES?"



A FACT.

Mistress. "I THINK, COOK, WE MUST PART THIS DAY MONTH."
Cook (in astonishment). "WHY, MA'AM? I AM SURE I'VE LET YOU 'AVE YOUR OWN WAY IN MOST EVERYTHINK!"



FINELADYISM.

First Elegant Mamma. "HOW SHOCKING THIS IS!—THE WAY NURSERYMAIDS NEGLECT THE CHILDREN!"
Second Do. "YES, DEAR! AND I DON'T SEE THAT ANYTHING CAN BE DONE. FOR WHAT WITH PARTIES, AND THE TIME ONE NATURALLY DEVOTES TO DRESSING, AND THE NUMEROUS CALLS ONE HAS TO MAKE, ONE CAN'T LOOK AFTER ONE'S OWN CHILDREN, YOU KNOW!"



DELICIOUS!

Party in Bed. "HEY! HOLLO! WHO'S THAT?"
Domestic. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK, SIR! YOUR SHOWER BATH IS QUITE READY. I'VE JUST BROKEN THE ICE, SIR!"



MR. B. AS HE APPEARED FROM SIX IN THE MORNING UNTIL THREE IN THE AFTERNOON, WHEN—



HAVING HOOKED A "FISH," HE IS LANDED TO PLAY IT.—THE FISH RUNS AWAY WITH HIM—AND MR. B. IS DRAGGED ABOUT A MILE AND A HALF OVER WHAT HE CONSIDERS A RATHER DIFFICULT COUNTRY.—

MR. BRIGGS HAS A DAY'S SALMON-FISHING.



AFTER A LONG AND EXCITING STRUGGLE, MR. B. IS ON THE POINT OF LANDING HIS PRIZE, WHEN—THE LINE UNFORTUNATELY BREAKS!—



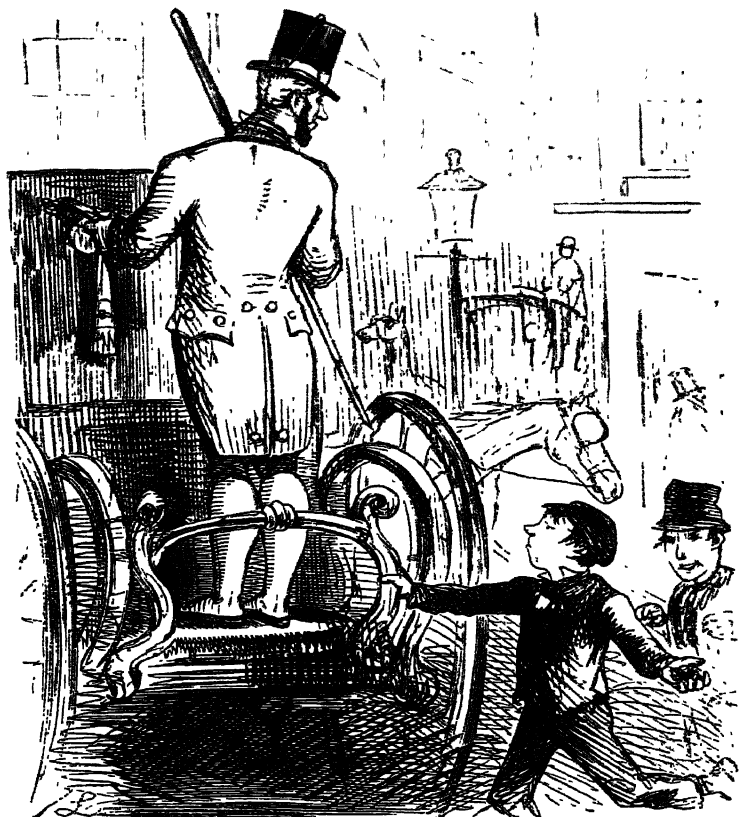
THE FISH HAVING REFRESHED HIMSELF, AND RECOVERED HIS SPIRITS, BOLTS AGAIN WITH MR. B.



ON ARRIVING AT "HELL'S HOLE," HE IS DETAINED FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR WHILE THE FISH SULKES AT THE BOTTOM.—



HOWEVER, IN MUCH LESS TIME THAN IT HAS TAKEN TO MAKE THIS IMPERFECT SKETCH—ACQUAINTED AS HE IS—HE PLUNGES IN—AND AFTER A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER, HE SECURES A MAGNIFICENT SALMON, FOR WHICH HE DECLARES HE WOULD NOT TAKE A GUINEA A POUND!—AND IT IS NOW STUFFED IN THE GLASS-CASE OVER THE ONE WHICH CONTAINS HIS LATE FAVOURITE SPOTTED HUNTER.



IRRESISTIBLE

John Thomas. "GET AWAY, BOY—GET AWAY, BOY!"
Boy. "SHAN'T! AND IF YER DON'T LET ME RIDE, I'LL SEND THIS 'ERE MUD OVER YER CALVES!"



FLUNKELANA.

John Thomas. "YES, I MUST LEAVE. YOU SEE, MARY, MY DEAR—THERE'S TOO MUCH RED IN THE LIVERY, AND THAT DON'T SUIT MY COMPLEXION—NEVER DID!"



A MONSTROUS LIBERTY.

Flunkey. "HALLO, WILLIAM, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Groom. "MATTER!—WHY I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT NEXT?—HERE'S MASTER, WITHOUT SAYING NOTHUN TO ME, 'AS BIN AND LENT MY 'OSS TO A FRIEND—AND I'M DONE OUT OF MY AFTERNOON'S RIDE!"



FLUNKELANA.

Push Adonis. "I SHOULD OBSERVE, MY LADY,—THAT IF YOU ENGAGED ME, I SHOULD REQUIRE TO BE SIX MONTHS AT LEAST IN TOWN, IN A GOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD,—AND THAT IF YOU SHOULD AT ANY TIME LIVE NORTH OF THE NEW ROAD, I SHOULD EXPECT FIVE GUINEAS PER ANNUM INCREASE OF SALARY!" [Puck.]

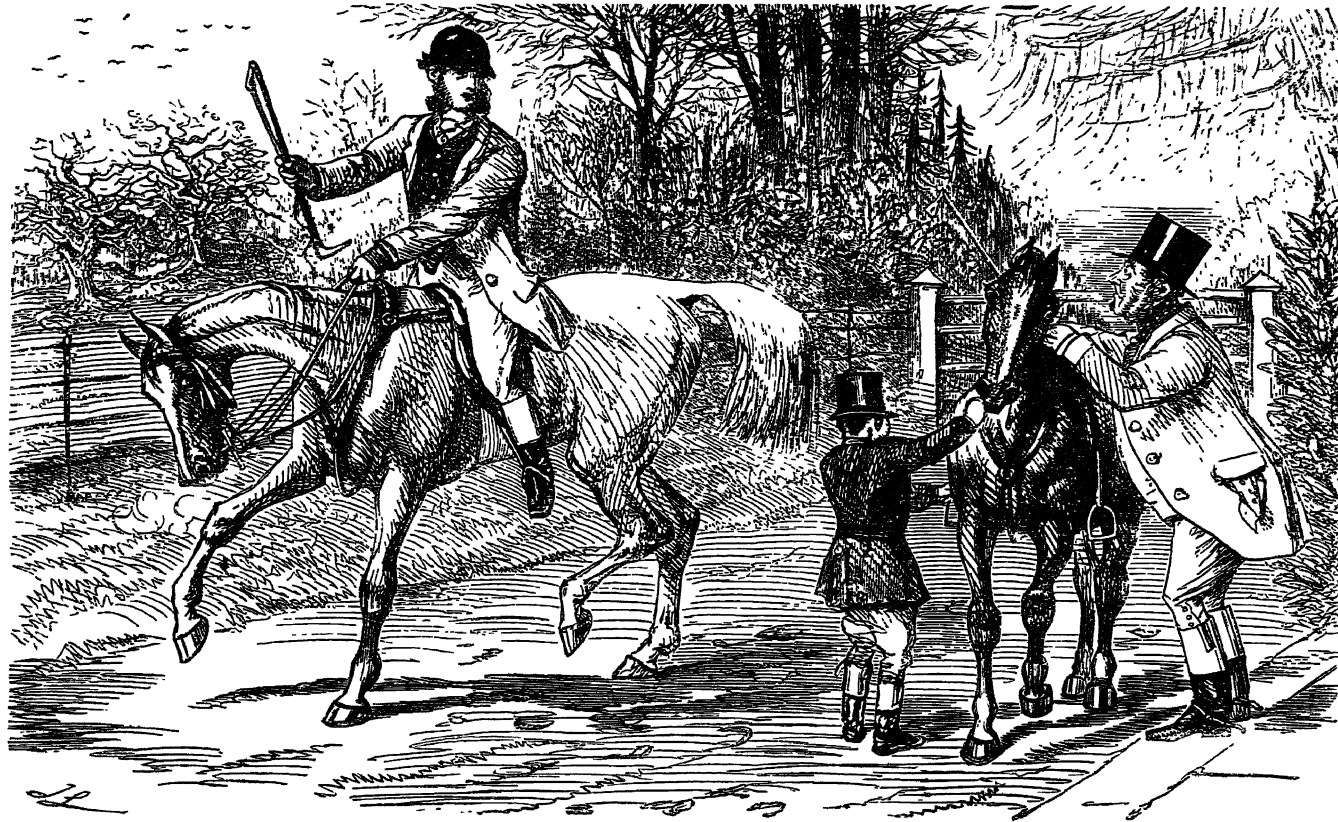


FORTUNE-TELLING.—A SCENE OF DOMESTIC INTEREST.



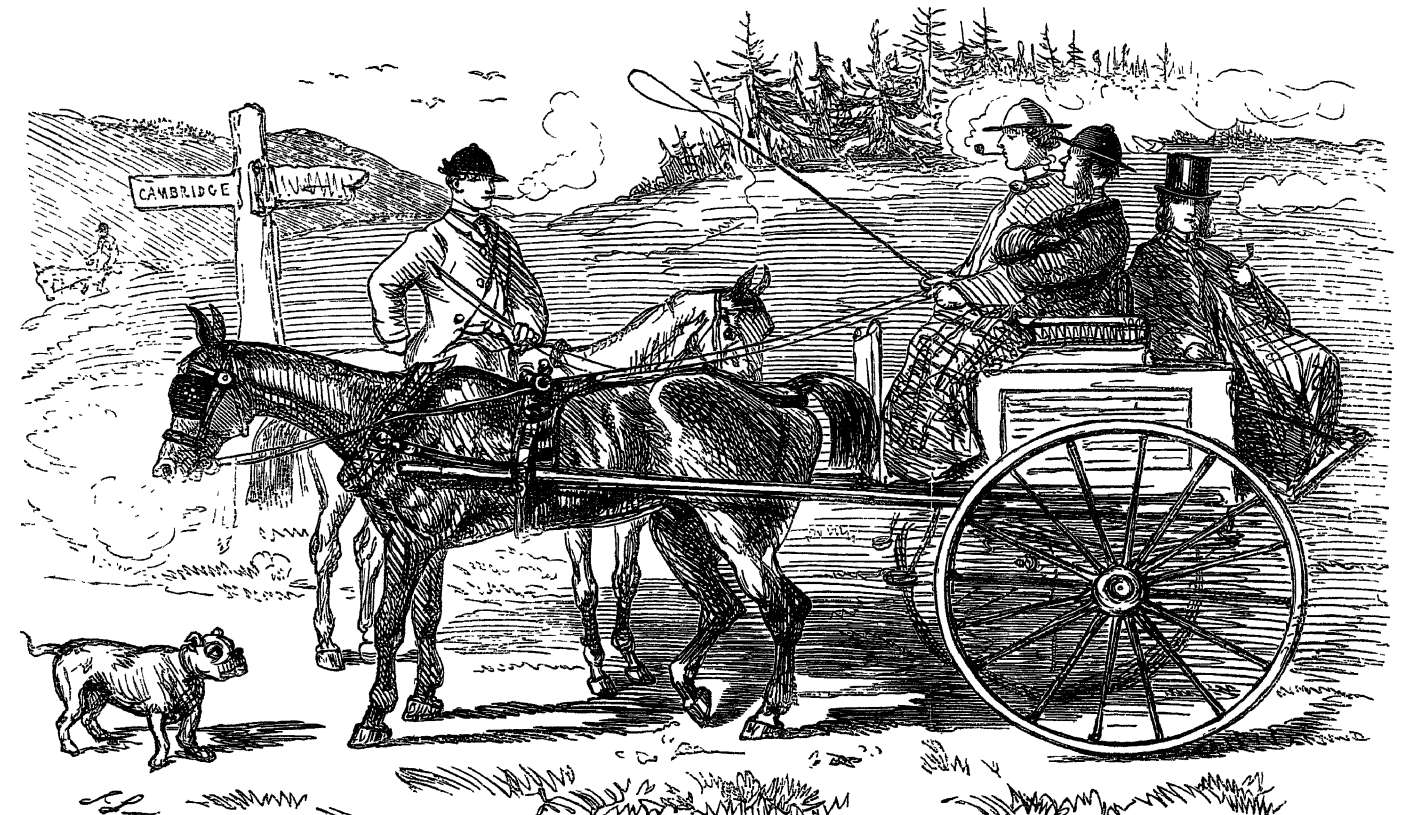
MELANCHOLY—A FRAGMENT.

Lord Eustace (a young Nobleman in love). "TELL ME, THOMPSON, ARE THOSE THE BIRDS?"
Thompson (his confidential servant). "YES, MY LORD."
Eust. "THEY ARE YOUNG!"
Thomp. "THEY ARE, MY LORD."
Eust. "AND THE WINE!"
Thomp. "LAFITTE—44, MY LORD."
Eust. "YOU HAVE DRAWN THE CURTAINS?"
Thomp. "EVEN SO, MY LORD."
Eust. "AND YOU HAVE PLACED SOME COALS UPON THE FIRE?"
Thomp. "MY LORD, THIS MOMENT I HAVE DONE SO."
Eust. "THEN—THEN—LEAVE ME!!!"
[And his Lordship pegs away at the Birds, drinks a Bottle of Claret, and feels all the better.]



A FRIENDLY MOUNT.

Party (whose nerve is not what it used to be). "YOU ARE QUITE SURE, CHARLES, THAT HE'S TEMPERATE?"
Charles. "OH, YES! COME ALONG! DO YOU THINK I SHOULD LET YOU RIDE HIM IF HE WASN'T? WHY YOU MIGHT KILL THE HORSE!"
[Nervous Party is much flattered by the consideration of Friend.]



MODERATION.

First Undergraduate. "HOLLO, CHARLEY! AIN'T YOU GOING OUT TO-DAY?"
Second Undergraduate (driving). "WHY NO—NOT THIS MORNING. YOU SEE I'M ONLY A ONE HORSE MAN, AND AS I HAVE HUNTED HIM THREE TIMES THIS WEEK, I THOUGHT I'D GIVE HIM A DAY'S REST IN THE DOG-CART!"



JONES TRIES HIS NEW HACK, WHICH IS AS QUIET AS A LAMB—JUST ABOUT!



A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

First Whip (who is a little ruffled because the Fox won't break). "NOW, THEN, SIR! OUT O' THE WAY, UNLESS YOU'LL GET INTO THE COVER. MAYHAP YOUR UGLY MUG MIGHT FRIGHTEN HIM OUT. COME UP 'OSS!"



MARRY ON £300 A-YEAR!

Passer-by (to Crossing-Sweeper). "WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?"

Sweeper. "WELL, SIR, I BELIEVE IT'S A KIND OF WEDDING; BUT IT AIN'T LIKELY TO BE AN 'APPY UNION—ONLY TWO BROUGHAMS AND A HACK CAB!"



Man of the World. "WHAT RUBBISH ALL THIS IS ABOUT MARRYING ON £300 A-YEAR! WHY IT AIN'T ENOUGH TO BUY A FELLAH CIGARS!"



THE GREAT BOON.

Superior Being (!) "YOU'LL PLEASE TO OBSERVE, MUM, THAT A DIWORCE IS A MUCH EASIER MATTER THAN IT USED TO BE—SO NONE OF YOUR VIOLENCE!"



MUCH ABOVE THAT SORT OF THING.



THE HUSBAND AS HE OUGHT TO BE,

AND



AS HE OUGHT NOT TO BE.

(Isn't it so, my Dears?)

Angelina. "WELL, LOVE—HOW DO YOU THINK I LOOK? DO YOU LIKE THE DRESS?"

Edwin. "I THINK IT'S PERFECTLY CHARMING.—I NEVER SAW YOU LOOK BETTER!"

Angelina. "WELL, E.,—YOU DON'T SAY A WORD ABOUT MY DRESS?"

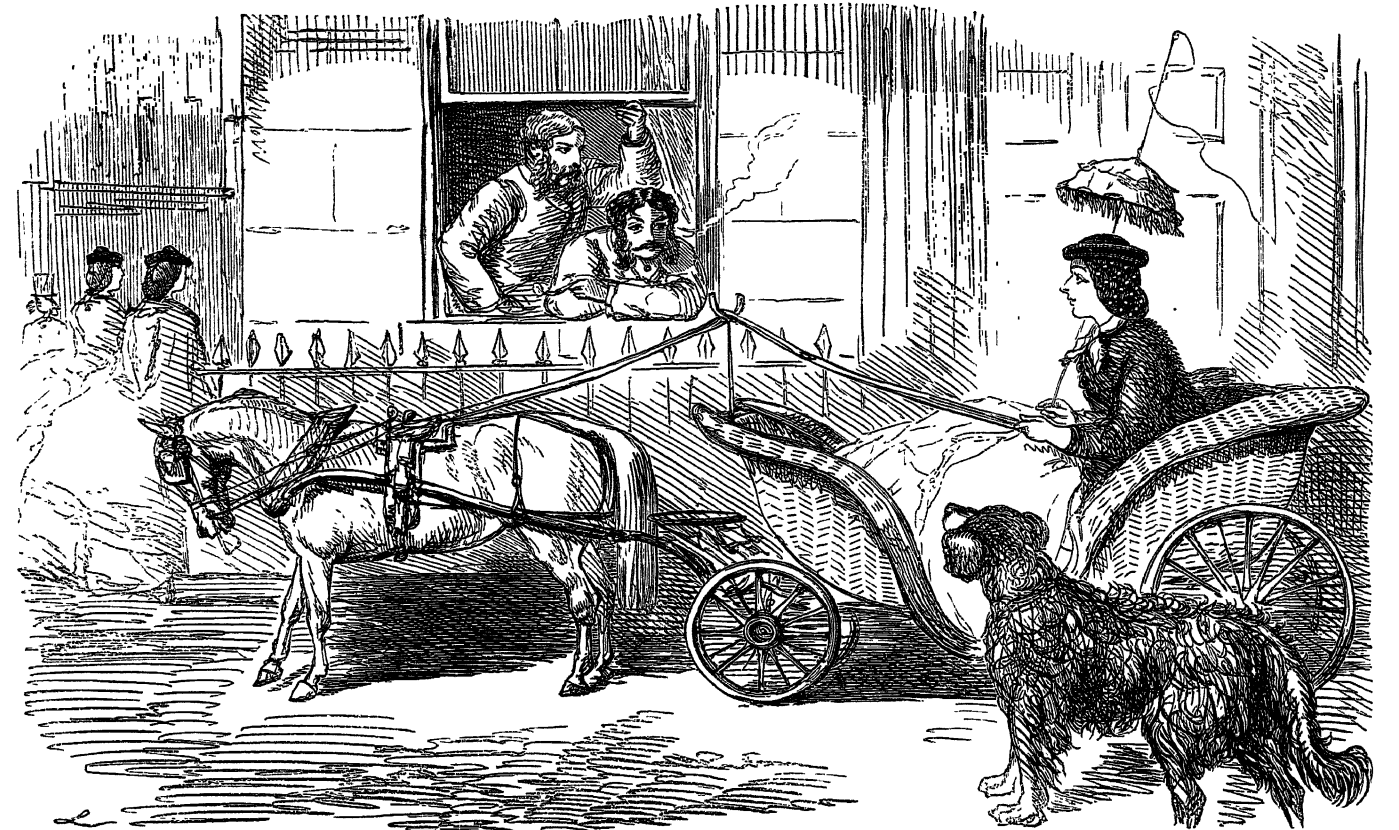
Edwin. "EH? WHAT? OH! UGH!—E'M—BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL!"



Snake I speak or shall I write to her?



NOT A BAD IDEA FOR WARM WEATHER.
Frederick. "NOW, GIRLS, PULL AWAY—DON'T BE IDLE!"



A NICE OFFER.
Cousin (who is a little fast). "MORNIN', CHARLES! NOW THEN, IF YOU WILL POP ON YOUR HATS, AND WRAP YOURSELVES UP WARM, I'LL TAKE YOU AND YOUR FRIEND OUT FOR A DRIVE!"



THE MARGATE EXCURSION BOAT ARRIVES AT 2.30 P.M., AFTER A RATHER BOISTEROUS PASSAGE.
Ticket Collector (without any feeling). "TICKET, SIR! THANKYE, SIR! BOAT RETURNS AT 3!"



BY MUCH THE PLEASANTEST WAY OF SEA-BATHING IS TO TAKE A BOAT, AND HAVE A GOOD SWIM IN THE CLEAR BLUE WATER—AND ISN'T IT NICE SCRAMBLING INTO THE BOAT AGAIN! EH?

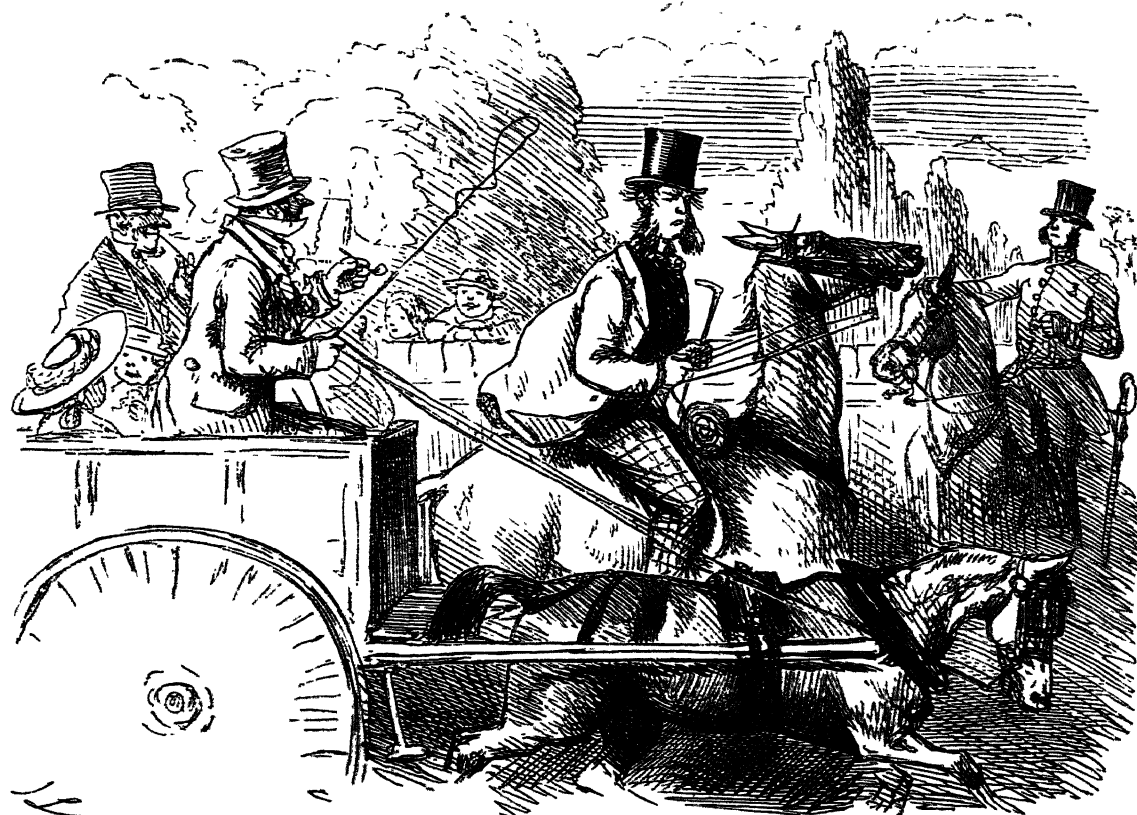


AN INCIDENT WITH THE O.P.Q. HOUNDS.

MISS DIANA SLIPS OFF AT A FENCE, AND IS SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO LEAVE THE BETTER HALF OF HER HABIT ON THE PUMMELS OF HER ADDLE.



Little Gent. "MORNIN', MY LORD!—GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN!—WHAT I LIKE ABOUT FOX-UNTING IS, THAT IT IMPROVES THE BREED OF 'ORSES—AND BRINGS PEOPLE TOGETHER AS WOULDN'T OTHERWISE MEET!"



THE ROAD.

Party in the Cart (to Tomkins, who is immensely proud of his Steed). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DON'T 'APPEN TO 'AV ANOTHER CAMEL AS YOU WANT TO DISPOSE OF!"



IN THE PARK.

THE POOR FLY-DRIVERS ARE UP SO LATE AT NIGHTS, THAT THEY ARE GLAD TO GET A NAP WHEN THEY CAN. THIS IS NOT TO BE WONDERED AT, BUT IT IS NOT LIKELY TO ADD TO THE REPOSE EITHER OF OLD MRS. DUMBLEDORE OR OF OLD MRS. BLOWHARD, WHO ARE OUT FOR AN AIRING.



FAIR AND EQUAL.

Sister. "NOT GIVE A BALL, CHARLES! FIDDLE! WHY NOT? I TELL YOU WHAT,—IF YOU WILL FIND THE ROOM, AND THE MUSIC, AND THE SUPPER, AND THE CHAMPAGNE, AND THE ICES,—I'LL FIND THE LADIES! COME NOW!"



A VERY PARTICULAR PARTY.

Mrs. —. "OH, HERE YOU ARE AT LAST. NOW, YOU MUST COME AND DANCE THIS WALTZ WITH A FRIEND OF MINE—CHARMING GIRL, I ASSURE YOU."
Mr. —. (*who prides himself upon his dancing*). "HAW! THANK YOU—YOU'RE VERY GOOD!—BUT I NEVER WALTZ WITH STRANGE GIRLS. I DON'T MIND GIVING HER A QUADRILLE FIRST, JUST TO SEE HOW SHE MOVES!"



Party (who of course doesn't think himself good-looking). "REALLY, CLARA, I CAN'T THINK HOW YOU CAN MAKE A PET OF SUCH AN UGLY BRUTE AS AN ISLE OF SKYE TERRIER!"



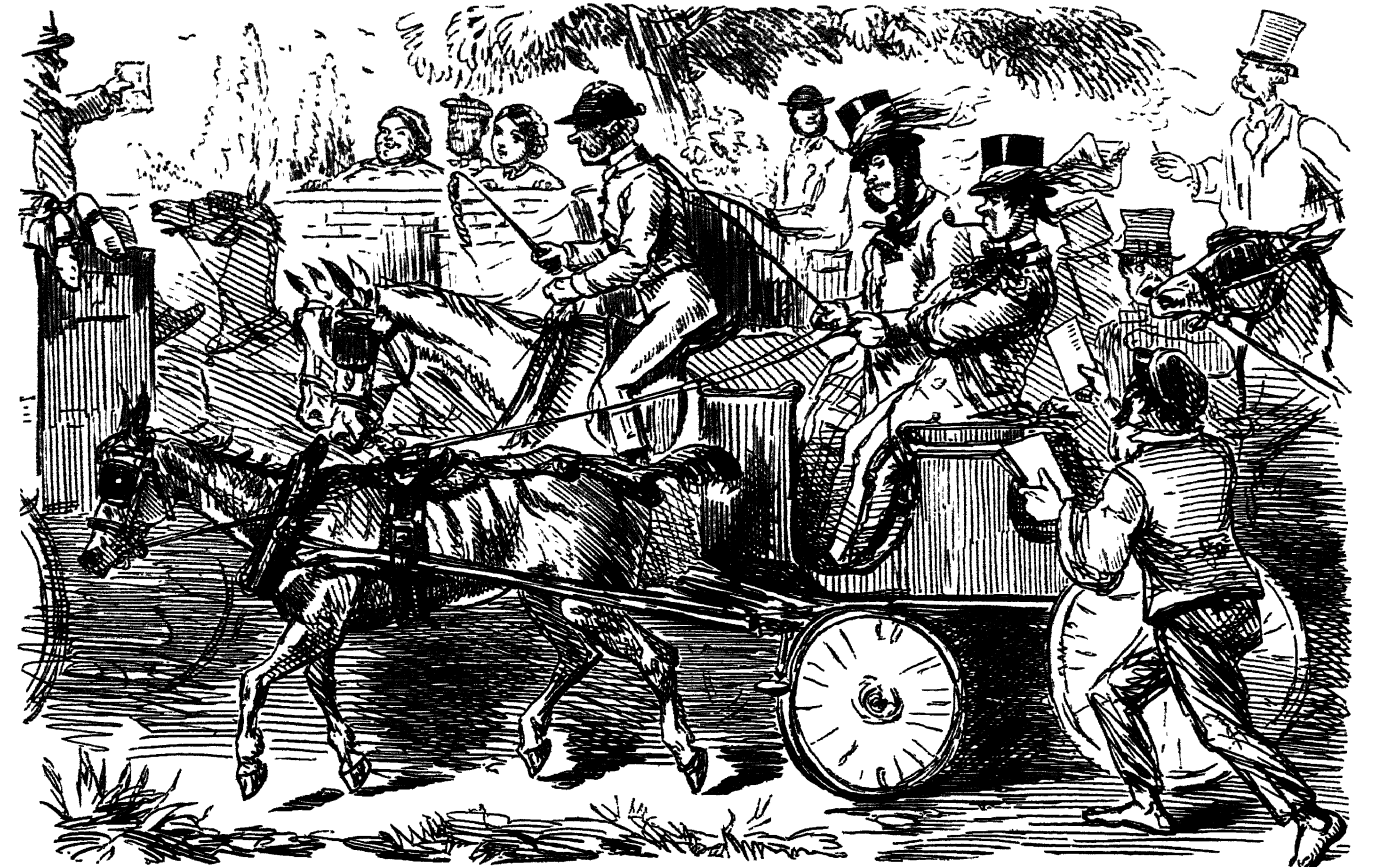
FOLLY AND INNOCENCE.

Charles. "I SAY, CLARA, AIN'T IT JOLLY? I'VE MADE SUCH A CAPITAL BOOK ON THE DERBY!"
Clara. "I AM SURE, CHARLES, I AM DELIGHTED TO HEAR IT. ANY LITERARY PURSUIT MUST BE BETTER THAN THE HORRID PRACTICE YOU WERE GETTING INTO OF BETTING AT RACES!"



HEAVY OR LIGHT WEIGHT—WHICH IS BEST!

Heavy. "I'LL GIVE IT YOU, YOU MISCREANT—WHEN (!) I CATCH YOU!"



THE ROAD.

Gent (with much pride). "THERE'S ONE THING, 'ARRY, AS ALWAYS STRIKES ME A GOIN' DOWN TO THE DABBY, AND THAT IS HOW THE NUMBER OF SPLENDID EQUIPAGES MUST ASTONISH THE FOREIGNER!"



"The traveller, wearied with the noonday heat, need never be at a loss to find rest and refreshment; stretched upon the softest and cleanest of matting, imbibing the most delicately flavoured tea, inhaling through a short pipe the fragrant tobacco of Japan, he resigns himself to the ministrations of a bevy of fair damsels, who glide rapidly and noiselessly about, the most zealous and skilful of attendants."—*Times*, Nov. 2, 1858.

—AND BY ALL MEANS LET US HAVE JAPANESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS HERE.

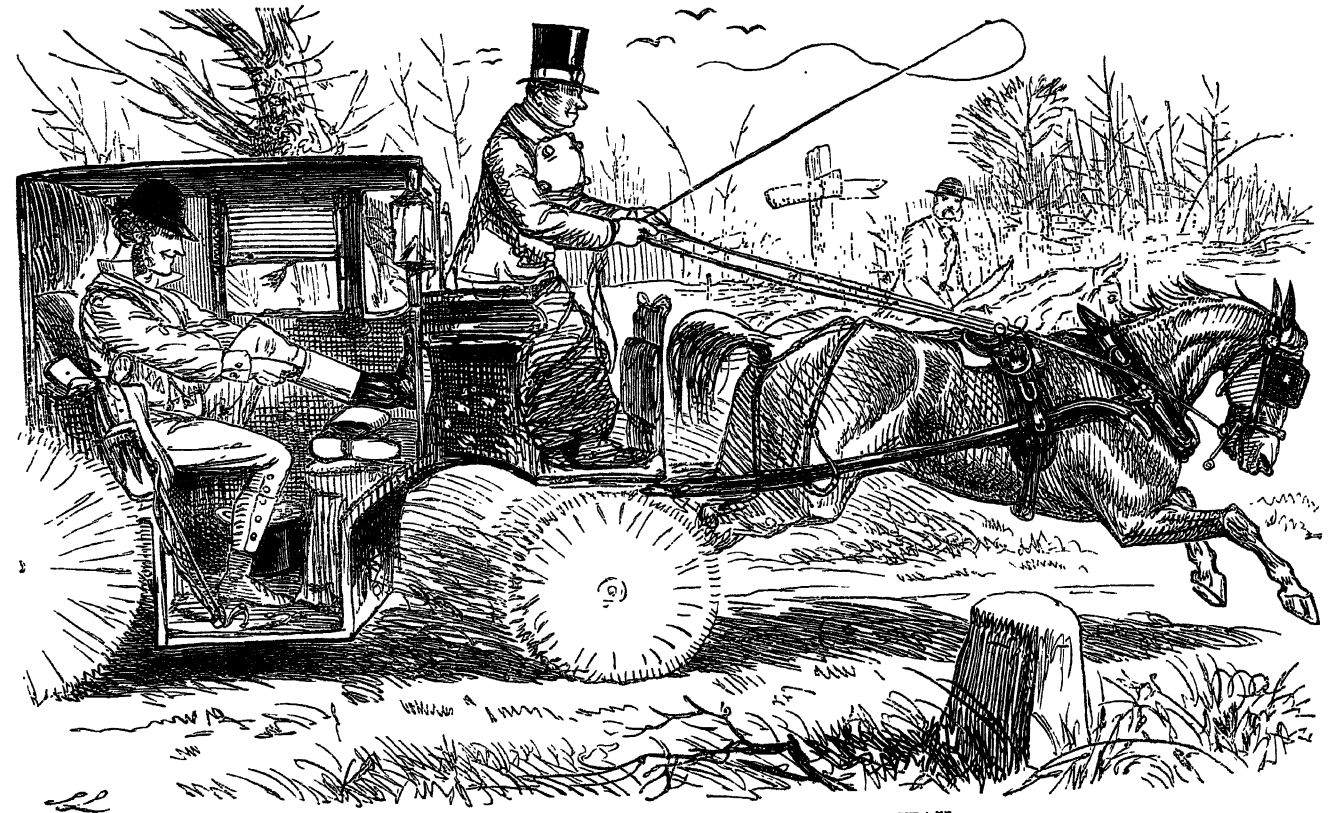


A CAUTIOUS BIRD.

Young Lobkins. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT MARRYIN'—FOR YER SEE, AFTER THE KNOT WAS TIED, SOME OTHER GAL MIGHT BE FALLIN' IN LOVE WITH ONE—AND THAT WOULD BE SO DOOCED AWKWARD!"



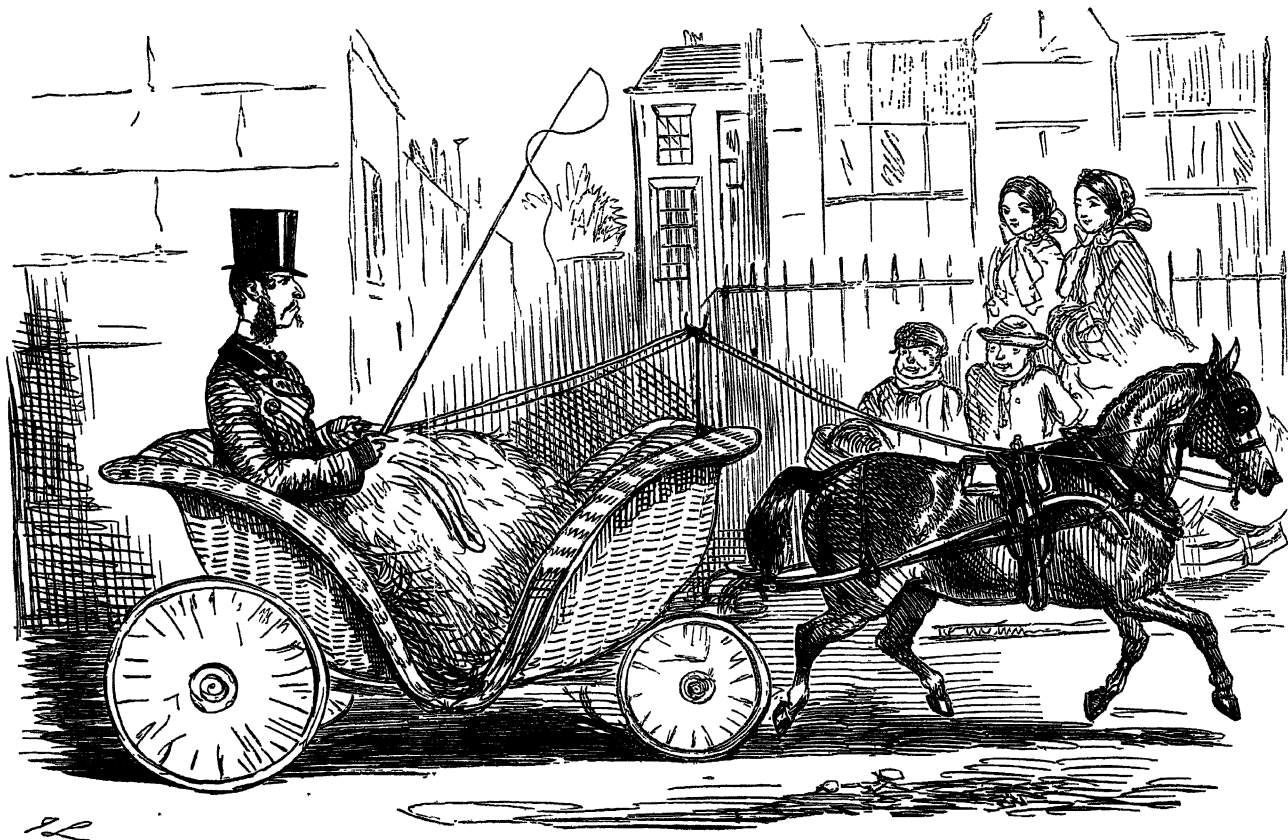
SENSIBLE RIDING COSTUME FOR WARM WEATHER.



WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

Foxhunting Doctor. "NOT BE IN TIME! OH, NONSENSE! SEND MY HORSE ON,—SEE MY PATIENTS EARLY,—DRESS IN THE BROUGHAM,—THERE I AM!" (and we hope he may have a good run).

** We have been obliged to take the side of the Carriage out, which perhaps the kind reader will excuse.



Street Boy (in playful allusion to the basket-carriage). "OH, LOOK HERE, BILL! IF 'ERE AIN'T A SWELL DRIVING HISSELF HOME FROM THE WASH!"

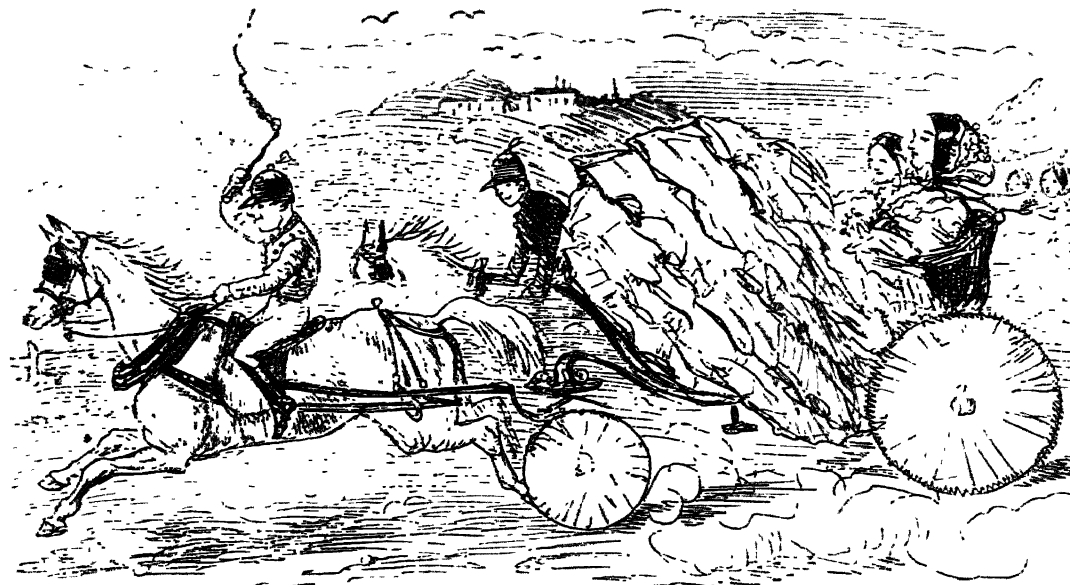


THE SHUTTLE-COCK NUISANCE.

Little Girl. "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR!—IT WAS THE WIND AS DONE IT!"



PLEASING DELUSION. IN RE THE ROUND HATS.
Female. "WELL! THERE CAN BE NO QUESTION ABOUT ONE THING!—THEY CERTAINLY DO MAKE YOU LOOK YOUNGER!"



GOING TO CHURCH.—SCARBOROUGH.



Mrs. Pops. "WELL, WHAT I SAY IS, THEY ARE VERY BECOMING—AND UNCOMMON COMFORTABLE!"



CRINOLINE ON THE WATER.

Waterman. "YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFRAID, MISS; WE'RE LICENSED TO CARRY SIX!"



A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR MUGGINS.

"LARK! I SAY! WHAT'LL MY OLD MAN THINK WHEN HE SEE ME IN THIS 'ERE 'AT?"



Mr. Hobble-de-Hoye. "I'M VERY FOND OF 'EM—THERE'S NO ONE LOOKING!—DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T—I WILL!—YES—I'LL HAVE A PENNYWORTH!"



"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE
(NEW VERSION.)

"I SAY, JIM, VOT'S A PANIC?"
"BLOW'D IF I KNOW; BUT THERE'S VON TO BE SEEN IN THE CITY."



PRIVATE OPINION.

Little Shrimpton. "HAH! THEY MAY LAUGH! BUT I MEAN TO SAY THAT THE BEARD IS A GREAT ORNAMENT, AND GIVES DIGNITY TO THE HUMAN FIGURE!"



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

"HOLLO, 'ENRY! IS THAT YOU? WHY, I HARDLY KNOW'D YER WITH THAT GREAT BEARD!"



ALWAYS BE POLITE WHEN TRAVELLING.

Affable young Gent (who is never distant to strangers). "WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE Bell's Life, SIR? THERE'S AN OUT-AND-OUT STUNNING MILL BETWEEN CONKEY JIM AND THE FORKY ONE!"



N.B.

THESE YOUNG GENTLEMEN ARE NOT INDULGING IN THE FILTHY HABIT OF SMOKING.—THEY ARE ONLY CHEWING TOOTHPICKS, THE COMFORTING AND ELEGANT PRACTICE NOW SO MUCH IN VOGUE.
[Vide Public Streets, particularly St. James's Street, Regent Street, Bond Street, and Her Majesty's Park of Hyde.



THE FRUGAL MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Jones (of the Dandelion Club). 'DOOCE JOLLY, I SHOULD SAY, TO MARRY ON £300 A-YEAR! THINK A SEE MYSELF WOOLKING A CWADLE, AND FETCHING HOME THE MUTTON FROM THE BAKER!' [Orders Glass of Dry Curaçoa.



A LITTLE BIT OF PARK!

First Man (Home for the Holidays). "AWFUL BIT OF GERANIUM THAT, CHARLEY!"
Second Ditto. "YA-AS, I WAS ALWAYS VERY FOND OF FLOWERS—AW—THEY LOOK SO JOLLY INNOCENT!"



Fred. (affectionately taking the arm of his friend HARRY—as he thinks). "OH! DO LOOK AT THESE BEAUTIFUL DIAMONDS. HOW WELL THEY WOULD BECOME YOUR SWEET SISTER!"
Coal-Heaver. "COME, NOW! WALKER!"



FAINT ATTEMPT TO CARRY OUT JONES'S IDEA.



IT WAS IN AUGUST OR SEPTEMBER, WE FORGET WHICH, THAT AMELIA'S SCARF CAUGHT HENRY'S BUTTON, AND NOW—THEY ARE MARRIED. WASN'T IT ODD?



IS SMOKING INJURIOUS?

Youthful Swell. "HAW! LOOK HERE! IS THAT CHEST OF CIGARS YOU IMPORTED FOR ME RIPE YET?"
Cigar Dealer. "WELL, SIR—I FEAR NOT—THAT IS, NOT RIPE FOR YOUR TASTE, SIR, FOR AT LEAST THREE WEEKS; BUT WE CAN SPARE YOU A COUPLE OF THOUSAND OF THESE GIANT REGALIAS TO GO ON WITH, TILL THE WEATHER IS Milder, WHEN YOUR CIGARS WILL MELLOW RAPIDLY!"
[Youth accepts the generous offer, and lounges out with a Giant Regalia as big as his leg in his mouth.]



DWEADFUL ACCIDENT IN HIGH LIFE.

THE HONOURABLE SPENCER DAWDLE (WHOSE TOTAL ABSENCE OF MIND IS SO WELL KNOWN) HAVING MADE A MORNING CALL IN BELGRAVIA WALKS OFF WITH A HAT AND STICK WHICH DO NOT BELONG TO HIM!



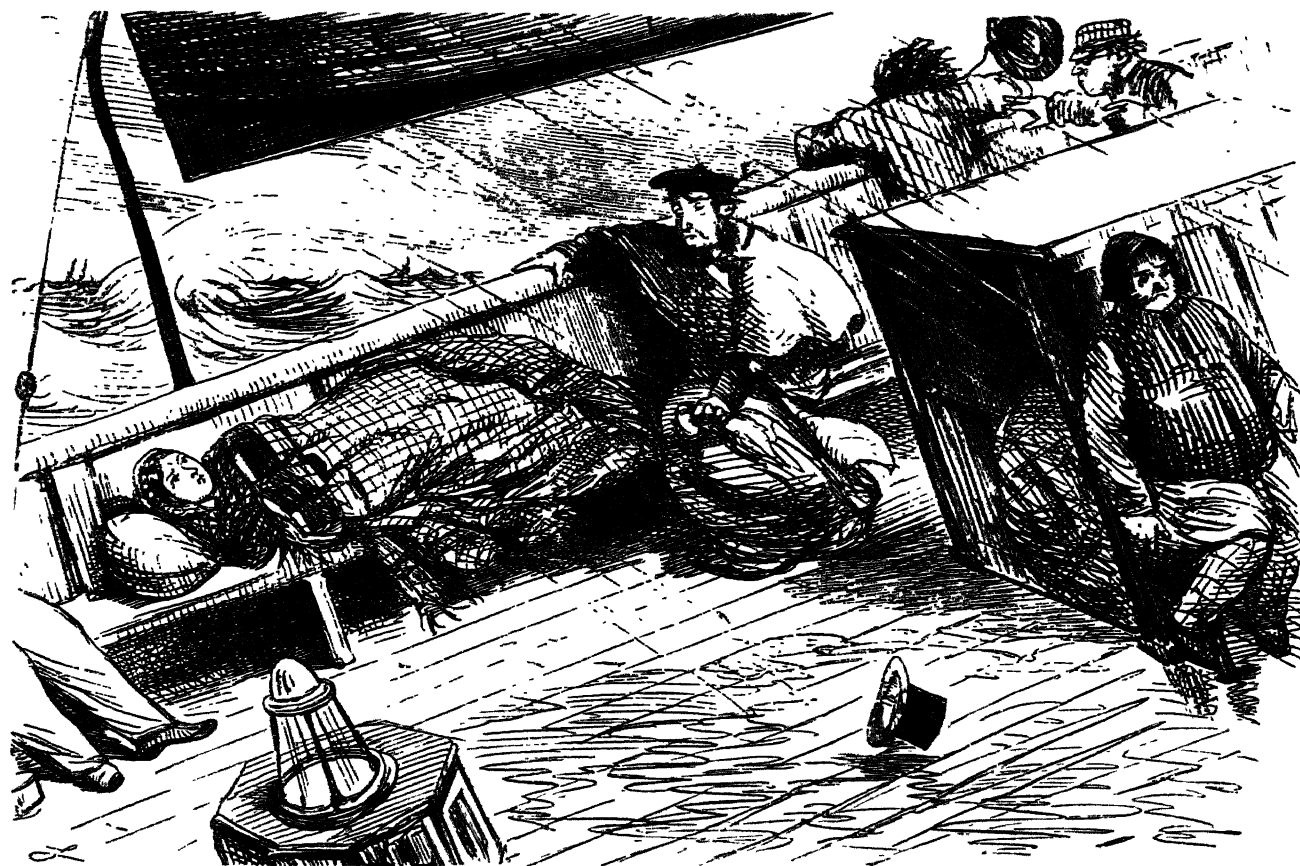
SCENE—A CLUB.

Swell. "HAW! IS THERE ANYTHING WEADY FOR DINNER?"
Waiter. "SHOULDER OF MUTTON JUST READY, SIR!"
Swell. "HAW—SHOULDAW OF MUTTON!—AW—WHAT A VEYV ODD THING FOR DINNAW!—THOUGHT THEY ONLY MADE GLUE OF SHOULDAW OF MUTTON!"



PERFECTLY DWEADFUL.

Guard. "NOW, SIR! IF YOU'RE GOING ON BY THE EXPRESS. HERE'S JUST ROOM FOR ONE!"
Tourist. "WHAT! GET IN WITH HAWWID OLD WOMEN, AND SQUEEMING CHILDREN! BY JOVE! YOU KNOW! I SAY! IT'S IMPAWSSIBLE, YOU KNOW!"



CUPID AT SEA.

Angelina (to Edwin, whose only chance is perfect tranquillity). "EDWIN, DEAR! IF YOU LOVE ME, GO DOWN INTO THE CABIN, AND FETCH ME MY SCENT BOTTLE, AND ANOTHER SHAWL TO PUT OVER MY FEET!"
[EDWIN'S sensations are more easily imagined than described.]

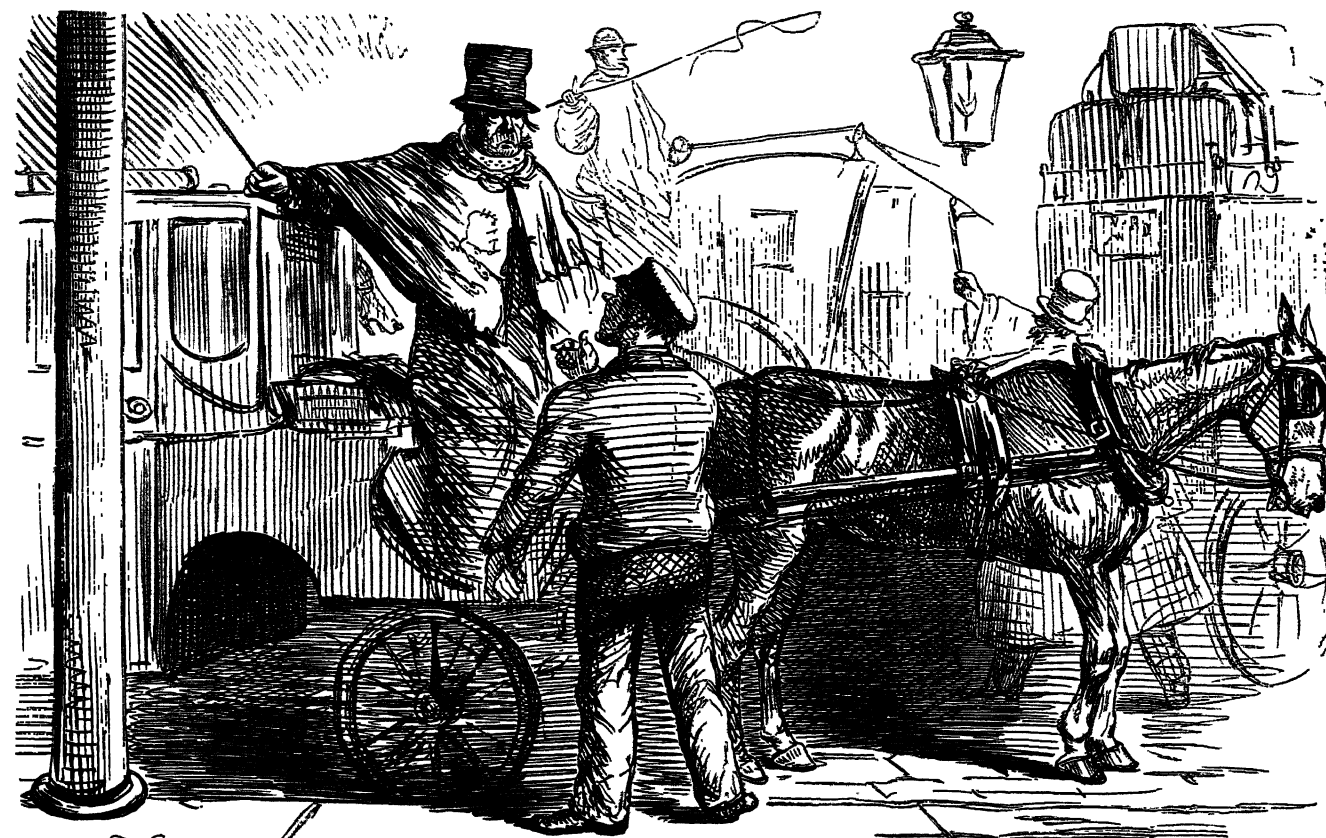


VERY CONSIDERATE.

Steward. "WILL EITHER OF YOU, GENTLEMEN, DINE ON BOARD? THERE'S A CAPITAL HOT DINNER AT THREE O'CLOCK."



AS THE TRAIN STOPS, MR. P. (A MOST ESTIMABLE MAN AND HUSBAND) ENDEAVOURS TO GET SOME STOUT FOR HIS WIFE, WHO, FROM CIRCUMSTANCES, IS OBLIGED TO DRINK THAT REFRESHING BEVERAGE FOUR OR FIVE TIMES A-DAY. UNFORTUNATELY MR. P. CANNOT FIND HIS CARRIAGE, AND, AS THE TRAIN IS RATHER BEHIND TIME, THE OFFICIALS ARE IN SOME HURRY AND CONFUSION. (IT WILL BE OBSERVED THAT THE BEER IS MUCH "UP," AND THAT THIS AMIABLE GENTLEMAN IS SOMEWHAT PERPLEXED.)



A RAILWAY COLLUSION—A HINT TO STATION-MASTERS.

Porter. "NOW, THEN, BILL! ARE YOU OFF?"

Cab Ruffian. "NO; WHAT SORT OF FARE IS IT?"

Porter. "SINGLE GENT, WITH SMALL BAG."

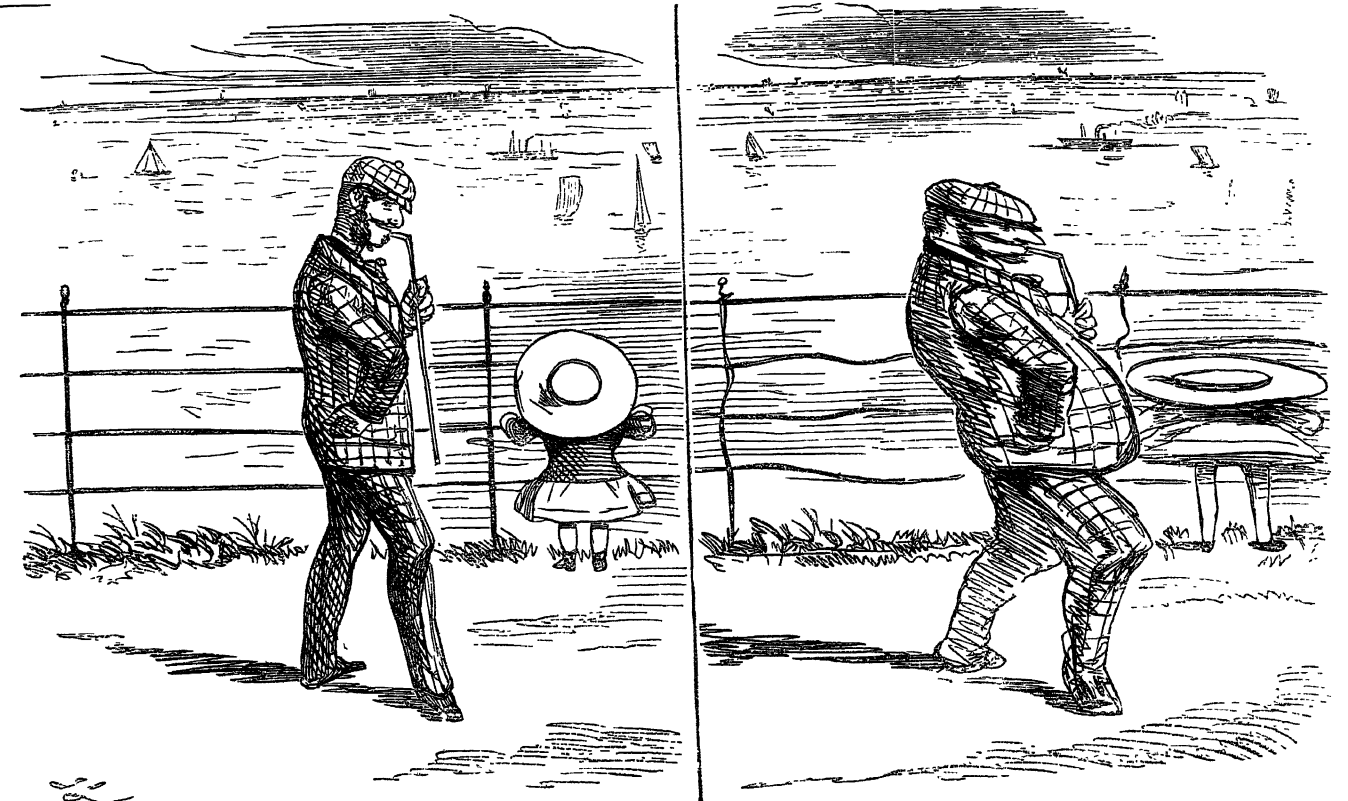
Ruffian. "OH, HE WON'T DO! CAN'T YER FIND US A OLD LADY AND TWO LITTLE GALS WITH LOTS O' BOXES? I'M GOOD FOR A PINT!"



SHOCKING RESULT OF WEARING INDIAN RUBBER GOLOSHES ON THE SANDS.

YOUNG JACK ROBINSON SEES WHAT HE IMAGINES TO BE THE IMPRESSION OF HIS DARLING'S FOOT—HE MENTALLY EJACULATES, "BEETLE-CRUSHER,* BY JOVE!" AND FLIES TO OTHER CLIMES.

* A vulgar and disgusting expression, implying that a foot is big enough, and flat enough, to kill Black-beetles. The brutality of connecting in any way such words with the feminine Tootsieums, needs no comment.



MR. BELVILLE DE COURCY WALKS ON THE ESPLANADE UNDER THE IDEA THAT HE IS CREATING NO END OF SENSATION IN A CERTAIN DRAWING-ROOM

ALAS! HE LITTLE KNOWS, THAT OWING TO THE VERY INFERIOR QUALITY OF THE GLASS IN THAT DRAWING-ROOM WINDOW, HIS SPLENDID FIGURE IS DISTORTED AS ABOVE.



Miss Stout. "THE WORST OF LETTING ONE'S BACK HAIR DOWN IS, THAT IT MAKES THE YOUNG MEN STARE SO!"



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

NORBS, HAVING COME WITH HIS FAMILY TO THE SEASIDE FOR A LITTLE CHANGE OF SCENE, COMPLAINS THAT THEY HAVE BEEN TERRIBLY BITTEN BY—(BUT NO, WE WILL NOT MENTION THE HORRID CREATURES)—AND IS ADDRESSED THUS BY THE LODGING-HOUSE-KEEPER: "THEN HALL I CAN SAY, SIR, HIS—THAT, IF YOU'VE BEEN HILL-CONVENIENCED BY 'EM, YOU MUST A' BROUGHT 'EM DOWN WITH YOU IN YOUR PORTMANTEL!"



THE QUEEN IN HER STORE-ROOM.

Her Majesty (to her Faithful Servant). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAY HAPPEN, MR. BULL, BUT 'KEEP OUR POWDER DRY.'"



JACK'S HOLIDAY.—A SCENE OFF BALAKLAVA.

Jack. "ASK YER HONOUR'S PARDON, BUT MAY ME AND JIM GRAMPUS HAVE A LIBERTY DAY ASHORE, TO GO A SHOOTIN' WITH THEM SOJERS?"



PATIENCE REWARDED.

Piscator. "A-HAH! GOT YOU AT LAST, HAVE I?—AND A FINE WEEK'S TROUBLE I'VE HAD TO CATCH YOU!"



A SKETCH FROM THE STAND AT SCARBORO'.

Fair Equestrian. "OH! I WANT TO RIDE ON THE SANDS WITH THIS LITTLE BOY.—HAVE YOU A HORSE DISENGAGED FOR HIM? ANY BIT OF A PONY THING, YOU KNOW, WILL DO FOR ME!"



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Newly Married Daughter (whose husband's income is, if anything, decidedly limited). "—AND SEE HERE, PAPA DEAR, WE ARE GETTING ON SO BEAUTIFULLY WITH OUR FURNISHING! WE BOUGHT THESE LOVELY GOLD AND SILVER INDIAN ELEPHANTS AT A SALE THE OTHER DAY, AND ONLY GAVE FIFTY POUNDS FOR THEM, WASN'T IT CHEAP? WE ONLY WANT A LITTLE CRACKED CHINA TO MAKE THE ROOM QUITE COMFORTABLE!"



ASTOUNDING ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE SMALL COUNTRY BUTCHER

(WHO DOES NOT OFTEN KILL HIS OWN MEAT).

Maid. "PLEASE, MA'AM, MR. SKEWER SAYS HE'S A-GOING TO KILL HISSELF THIS WEEK, AND WILL YOU HAVE A JOINT?"



OFFENDED DIGNITY.

Small Swell (who has just finished a Quadrille). "H'M, THANK GOODNESS, THAT'S OVER! DON'T GIVE ME YOUR BREAD AND BUTTER MISSES TO DANCE WITH. I LIKE YOUR GROWN WOMEN OF THE WORLD!"—(N.B. The bread and butter Miss has asked him, how old he was, and when he went back to School.)



A HAPPY NOTION.

Johnny. "OH, I SAY, GRANMA! S'POSE YOU PRETEND BEING A LITTLE PONY AND I RIDE ABOUT ON YOUR BACK ROUND THE SQUARE!"—(N.B. Granma feels the heat a good deal.)



AMATEUR PANTOMIME.

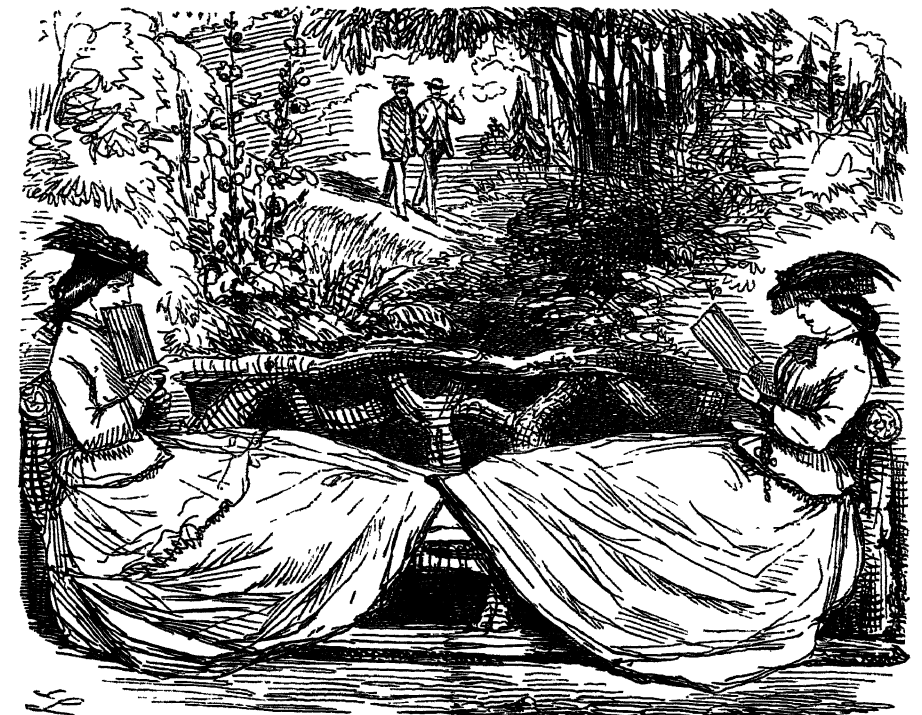


A VERY SHOCKING BOY, INDEED!

Mamma. "NOW, SIR—IF YOU DON'T BEHAVE BETTER, I WILL TELL PAPA OF YOU, AND HE WILL BOX YOUR EARS!"
Shocking Boy. "WELL, THEN, GO! MARCH!! AND SHUT THE DOOR AFTER YOU!!!"



Lucy. "WELL, REGINALD, AND WHEN DO YOU GO BACK TO SCHOOL?"
Reginald. "OH! THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW!—AND AIN'T IT A BORE, JUST AS ONE'S HUNTERS ARE IN SUCH SPLENDID CONDITION?"



REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

ON THE MORNING AFTER THE DISPENSARY BALL, AS EMILY DEUXTEMPS AND CLARA POLKINGTON WERE SITTING IN THE PLANTATION, WHO SHOULD COME TO THE VERY SPOT BUT CAPTAIN FASTMAN AND YOUNG REGINALD FIFES.



DID YOU EVER!

Augustus. "I SAY, AUNT! DID YOU SEE WHAT THE NEWSPAPER SAYS ABOUT THE ECLIPSE?"

Aunt. "NO! WHAT DOES IT SAY? READ IT, CHILD! ANYTHING RELATING TO THAT WONDERFUL EVENT IS INTERESTING."

Augustus. "WHY, IT SAYS THAT IT IS EXPECTED TO HAVE AN EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT UPON THE INFERIOR ANIMALS! MY WIG! I'D HAVE YOU AND THE GIRLS LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS!"

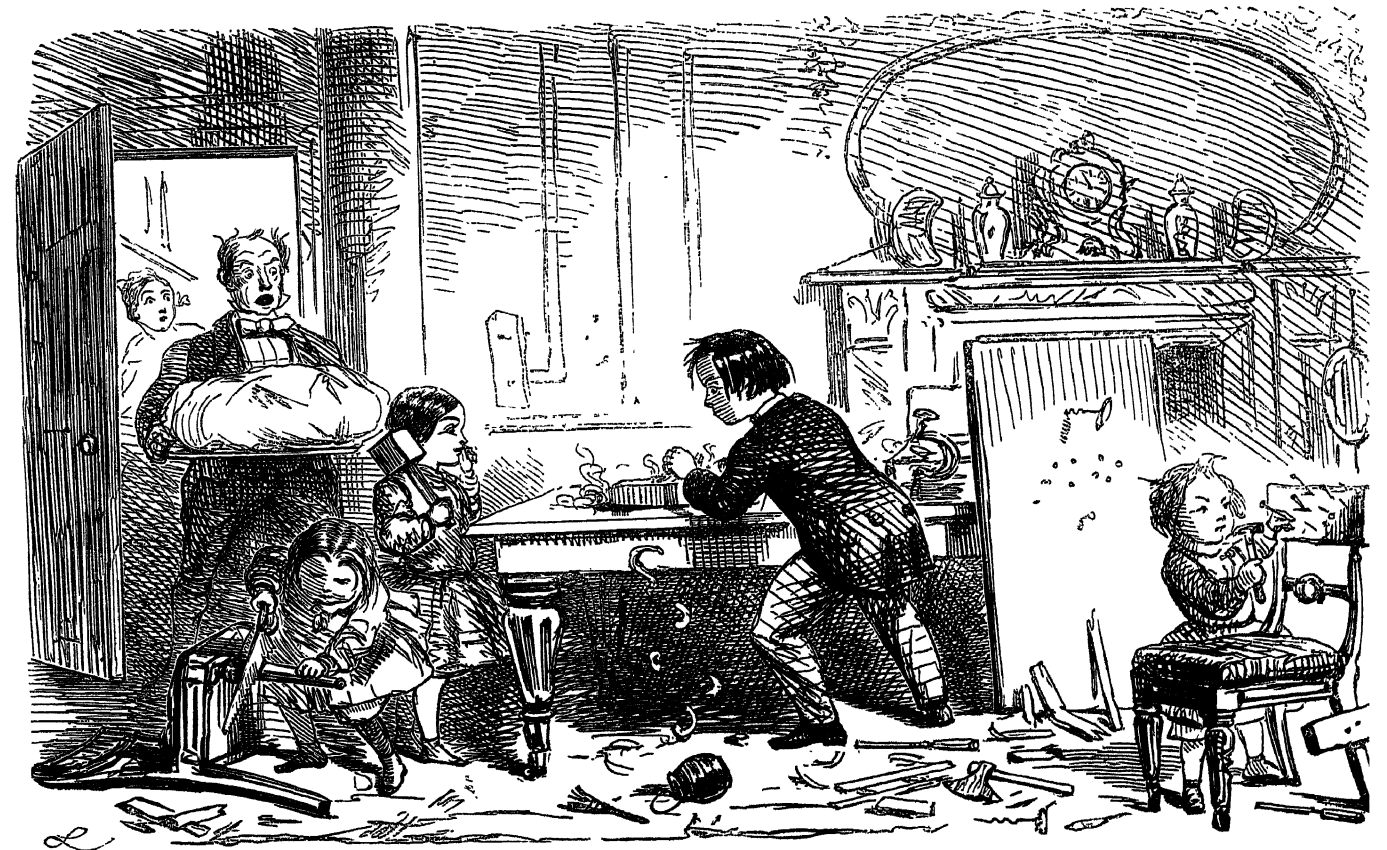
[Disgusting, Low-Minded Boy.]



GRAND PEACE DEMONSTRATION IN OUR NURSERY!



ENTER TOM (A DISAGREEABLE BOY FROM SCHOOL).—*Tom.* "LOOK HERE, CLARA, THERE'S A YOUNG WOMAN DOWN STAIRS HAS BROUGHT THIS FOR YOU, AND WANTS TO KNOW IF IT WILL DO."



A DISCREET (!) FRIEND HAVING PRESENTED MASTER TOM WITH A TOOL-BOX AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT—THE FURNITURE IS PUT INTO THOROUGH REPAIR.



DREADFUL FOR YOUNG OXFORD.

Lady. "ARE YOU AT ETON?"
Young Oxford. "AW, NO!—I'M AT OXFORD!"
Lady. "OXFORD! RATHER A NICE PLACE, IS IT NOT?"
Young Oxford. "HUM!—HAW! PRETTY WELL, BUT THEN I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT FEMALE SOCIETY!"
Young Lady. "DEAR! DEAR! PITY YOU DON'T GO TO A GIRLS' SCHOOL, THEN!"



OUR GUARDS.

THEY CAN PLAY; AND, BY JOVE, THEY CAN FIGHT TOO.



THE VALENTINE.

Little Foot Page. "I SAY, MARIA, WHAT'S A RHYME TO
Maria. "WHY, STUPID RHYMES TO CUPID—DON'T IT,



PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF." AS FOR JOHN THOMAS, THE BEST PLAN, OF COURSE, IS TO WAIT UPON HIM, AND THEN PERHAPS (ALTHOUGH IT BY NO MEANS FOLLOWS), HE MAY BE SATISFIED!
[As most Domestic are fond of the Organ-grinders, you had better engage one of an evening for their amusement.]



"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF." IT IS CERTAINLY BETTER TO MIND THE BROUGHAM YOURSELF, ESPECIALLY IN FOGGY WEATHER, AS, IN CONSEQUENCE OF ROBERT'S UNFORTUNATE PROPENSITY, YOUR FAMILY ARE ALWAYS MORE OR LESS IN DANGER WHEN RETURNING FROM THE THEATRE.



"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF." THERE CAN BE NO REASON WHY THE GIRLS SHOULDN'T DRESS THEMSELVES, SO THAT PARKER THE MAID MAY GO TO HER DANCING.



"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF." NEVER DISTURB THE MAIDS IN THE MORNING, BUT JUMP OUT OF BED THE MOMENT YOU HEAR THE SWEEP, AND LET HIM IN, IT ISN'T MUCH TROUBLE, AND SAVES A WORLD OF GRUMBLING.

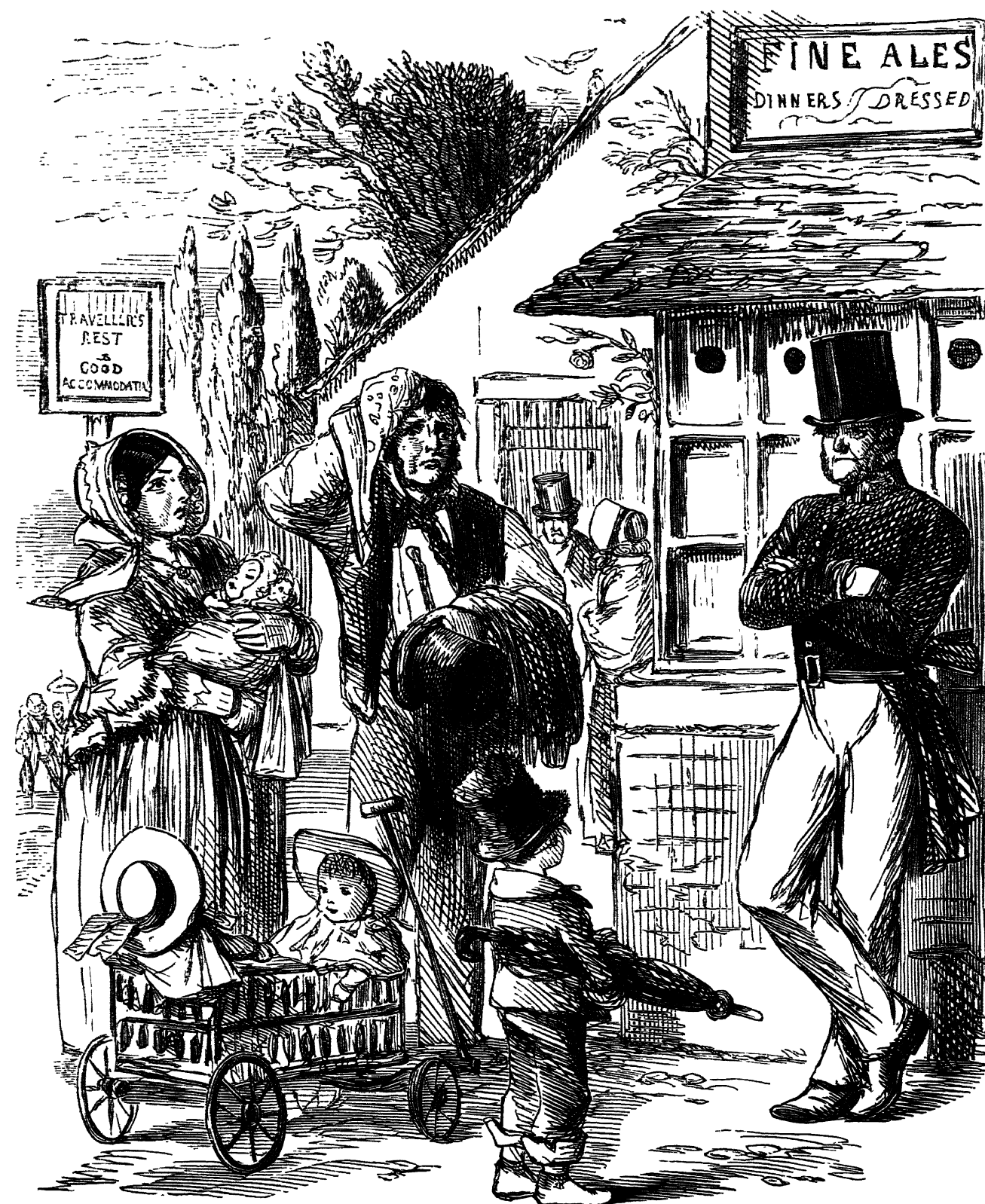


"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF." HAVING THOROUGHLY DRESSED AND FED THE HORSES, YOU HAD BETTER SET TO WORK UPON THE BOOTS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT. THE KNIVES, AS YOU HAVE A MACHINE, YOU MAY AS WELL DO. AND, WHILE YOUR HANDS ARE SOILED, YOU HAD BETTER HELP ALPHONSO TO CARRY UP SOME COALS.

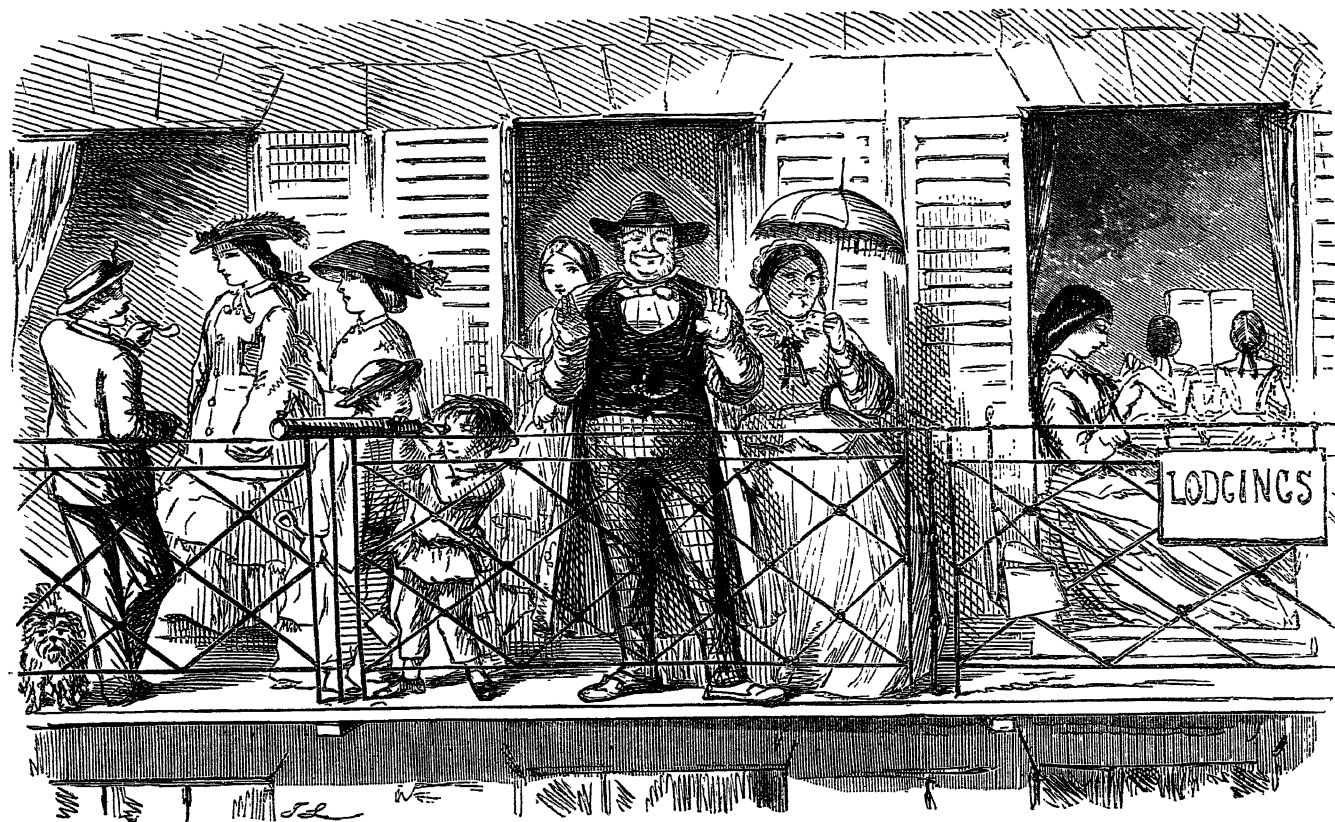


SUNDAY AT THE CLUB,
JUST A SANDWICH AND A NICE GLASS OF HOCK AND SELTZER WATER.

AND



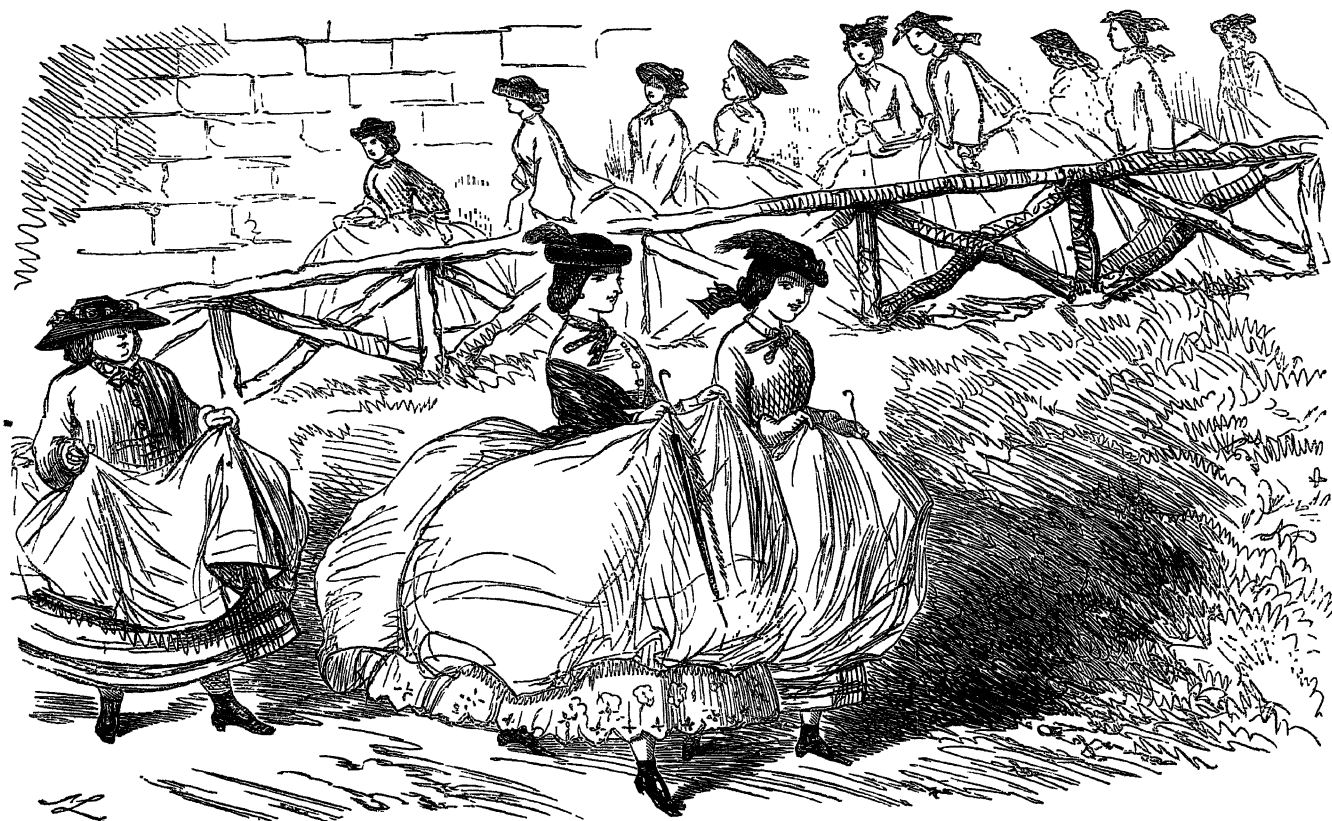
AT THE ROADSIDE INN.
A MOUTHFUL OF DUST AND A PULL AT THE PUMP.



PATERFAMILIAS HAS HIS HOLIDAY AT THE SEA-SIDE—



WHILE A RESPECTABLE ELDERLY FEMALE TAKES CARE OF THE HOUSE IN TOWN.



THE RACE FOR A BATHING MACHINE.

ALICE FIRST, CLARA SECOND, MISS TODDLES A BAD THIRD; AND THE REST NOWHERE!

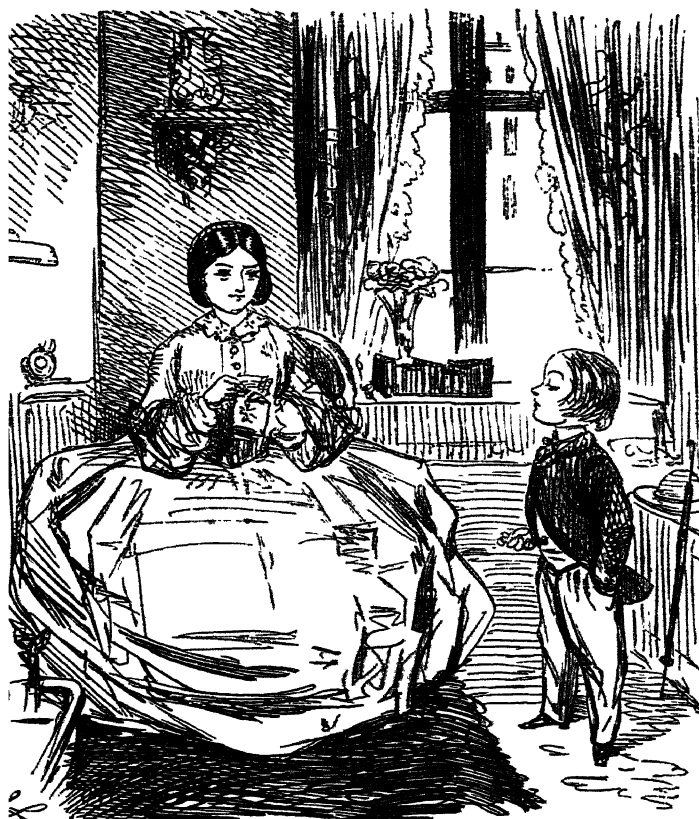


HEARTLESS PRACTICAL JOKE.

Charlotte. "HERE THEY COME, BLANCHE. LET US PRETEND WE DON'T RECOLLECT THEM."



Stodious Boy. "JOHNNY!—I ADVISE YOU NOT TO BE A GOOD BOY!"
Johnny. "WHY?"
Stodious Boy. "BECAUSE IN BOOKS ALL GOOD BOYS DIE, YOU KNOW!"



Cousin Harriet. "WELL, ALFRED, WILL YOU STOP AND HAVE SOME TEA WITH US?"
Alfred. "HAW! YOU'RE VERY GOOD, I'M SURE; BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHILDREN TO SEE THE PANTOMIME!"



A CHRISTMAS PARTY.—GRANDPAPA DANCES "SIR ROGER"—AND MAY HE DANCE IT FOR MANY, MANY YEARS TO COME!



THE DISAPPOINTED ONE.

Lover. "WHAT A BORE! JUST AS I WAS GOING TO POP THE QUEEN HERE'S MY NURSE COME FOR ME!"



A MORAL LESSON FROM THE NURSE.

Arthur. "DO YOU KNOW, FREDDY, THAT WE ARE ONLY 13?"
Freddy. "ARE WE? THEN I'M SURE WE OUGHT TO BE VERY WE PITCH INTO EACH OTHER SO, FOR FEAR WE MIGHT CRUM ALL TO PIECES!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.

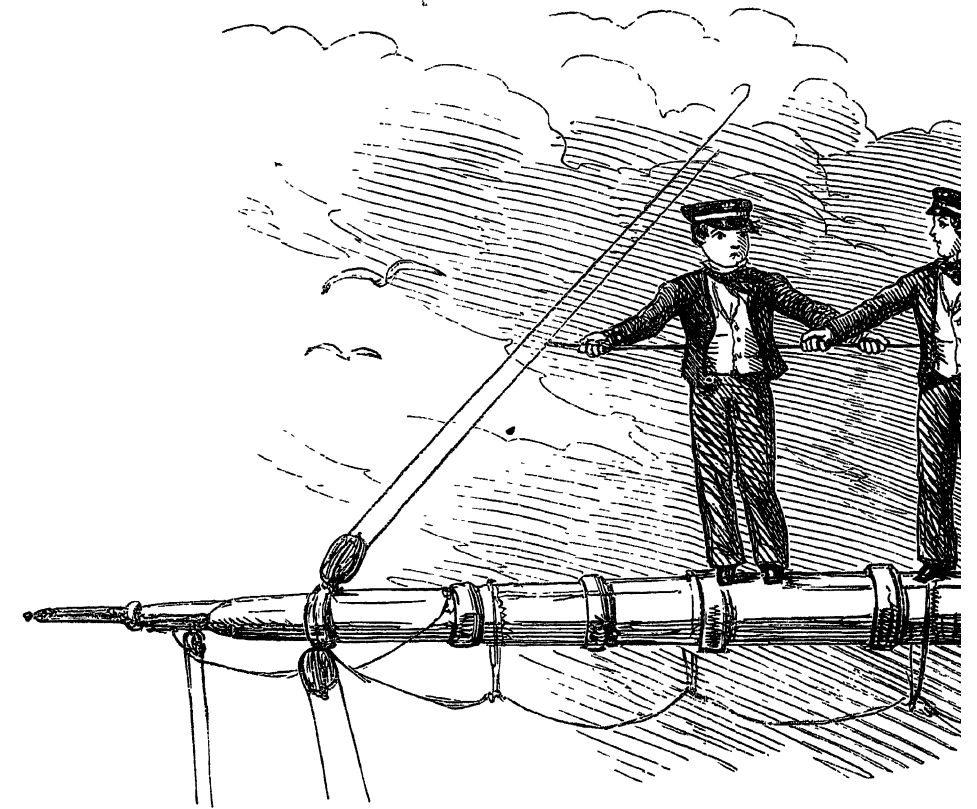


Boy. "OH! LOOK 'ERE, BILL! 'ERE'S A BLOATED HARISTOCRAT. THERE'S NO ONE LOOKING. LET'S PUNCH HIS ED!"



A MAN OF SOME CONSEQUENCE.

Elder Sister. "WHY, GEORGE! NOT DRESSED! PRAY ARE YOU NOT GOING WITH THE OTHER CHILDREN?"
George. "H'M!—I SHOULD RATHER FANCY NOT.—YOU DON'T CATCH ME GOING OUT OF AN EVENING JUST TO FURNISH PEOPLE'S ROOMS. WHERE I GO—I DINE!"



SCENE ON BOARD H.M.S. —

"I SAY, WHY AM I LIKE THE QUEEN'S CHIEF COOK? DO YOU GIVE IT UP?"
"YES."
"BECAUSE I AM IN A HIGH COOL-AND-AIRY (culinary) POSITION."
[Astonished Cadet nearly,]
You Young Monkey, how dare you joke up in the air like that? However, we look over it this t



MARRIED FOR MONEY.—THE HONEYMOON.

"NOW, THEN, DARLING, PUT AWAY YOUR PAPER, AND WE'LL HAVE A NICE LONG WALK, AND THEN COME BACK TO TEA IN OUR OWN LITTLE COTTAGE, AND BE AS HAPPY AS TWO LITTLE BIRDS!" SAID THE FAIR BRIDE— "OH! HANG IT!" MENTALLY EJACULATED THE CAPTAIN.





PLEASING PROSPECT.

Friend from Town. "WELL! AND HOW'S THE MARE?"
Country Friend. "OH! ALL RIGHT, OLD BOY! SHE WILL BE AS FRESH AS PAINT FOR YOU TO-MORROW, FOR SHE HASN'T BEEN HUNTED SINCE THE DAY SHE PUT FRANK RAILER'S SHOULDER OUT!"



IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

Jules (who affects English manners and customs). "GOOD—A—BY, OLE BOY! I GO TO MAKE A PROMENADE IN MY TO-CAR!"
(Which being interpreted means that Jules is going for a drive in his Dog-Cart.)



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Miss Greshington. "OH, DON'T YOU LIKE CHRISTMAS TIME, MR. BROWN, AND ALL ITS DEAR OLD CUSTOMS?" *(BROWN don't seem to see it.)*



ALARMING PROPOSITION.

Oyster Man (to Hairy Gents). "OYSTERS, SIR! YES, SIR! SHALL I TAKE YER BEARDS OFF?"
[Gents have an uncomfortable idea that they are being "chaffed,"]



Fast Young Lady (to Old Gent). "HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A LUCIFER ABOUT YOU, FOR I'VE LEFT MY CIGAR-LIGHTS AT HOME!"



COOL REQUEST.

Lady Crinolins. "YOU WON'T MIND RIDING ON THE BOX, EDWARD DEAR, WILL YOU?—I'M AFRAID, IF WE BOTH GO INSIDE THE BROUGHAM, MY NEW DRESS WILL GET SO RUMPLED!"



Police Constable (to Boy). "NOW THEN, OFF WITH THAT HOOP! OR I'LL PRECIOUS SOON HELP YOU!"
Lady (who imagines the observation is addressed to her). "WHAT A MONSTER!"

[Lifts up the Crinolins, and hurries off.]



THE NEW THEATRE.

Constance (reads Advertisement to Alice). " '* * * The Orchestra Stalls will be exceedingly commodious. Each person will have a separate Arm-Chair, occupying a space of two feet in breadth.' H'M—I DON'T SEE THAT THAT'S SO EXCEEDINGLY COMMODIOUS—EH, DEAR!"



Impudent Boy. "I SAY, BILL! COME AND SEE THE CONJURING—HERE'S THIS HERE GAL A GOIN' TO SQUEEGE HERSELF INTO THAT THERE BROOM!"



TOO BAD!

Bertha. "NOW, REALLY CHARLES, YOU ARE VERY PROVOKING. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR MY HAT EVERYWHERE—AND I DECLARE YOU ARE SITTING UPON IT!"



SCENE—BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

TOMKINS, DISCONSOLATE ON A ROCK, TRACES SOME CHARACTERS UPON THE SAND. TO HIM, MRS. TOMKINS (WHOSE NAME IS MARTHA). Mrs. T. "WELL, MR. TOMKINS, AND PRAY WHO MAY HENRIETTA BE?" [TOMKINS utters a yell of despair, and falls prostrate.]



WHEN IT IS VERY FOGGY IN LONDON, IT IS DELIGHTFUL AT BRIGHTON—AT LEAST SO CHARLES AND GEORGINA THINK.



We have received the following Telegram from our Scarborough Correspondent:—

"Scarborough, August 6th:—The weather is charming, although I do not feel much inclined for transactions of a business nature. I am decidedly better. My Doctor, a most sensible man, recommends me to take Horse Exercise, and go into agreeable Society. I endeavour to carry out his suggestions."



SERVE HIM RIGHT.

Swell (who, when he is asked to dine at half-past six, thinks it fine to come at half-past eight). "HAW! I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN WAITING DINNAR FOR ME!"
Lady of the House. "OH DEAR, NO! WE HAVE DINED SOME TIME; WILL YOU TAKE SOME TEA?"



SNOWED UP.

POOR FELLOWS! THEY CAN'T GET ANY HUNTING, AND ARE OBLIGED TO PLAY AT SCRATCH CRADLE WITH THEIR COUSINS.



Swell (log.). "IN FACT, I'M QUITE USED UP—AND IF I DON'T VERY SOON GET TO SOME WATERING PLACE, I SHALL BE A—A—"

[Cartman pulls string—Grand display of the whole system of Fountains.]



TALK OF A MAD DOG, INDEED!—WHAT'S THAT TO A WET ISLE OF SKYE TERRIER UNDER THE BREAKFAST TABLE ON A HUNTING MORNING, AMONGST THE NICE CLEAN TOPS AND BUCKSKINS?

[A Favourite Laron Meet—and not a moment to spare.]



IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE TO HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING—AS, FOR EXAMPLE, WHEN YOU GET THE ASPARAGUS SHOT OVER YOUR FAVOURITE DRESS COAT WITH THE SILK FACINGS.



QUITE A NEW SENSATION.

Swell (on top of Omnibus). "LOOK HERE, GUS, MY BOY! SUCH A CAPITAL I—DRAW! I RIDE UP AND DOWN FROM BAYSWATER TO THE WHITE CHAPEL AND EAT PERIWINKLES WITH A PIN!"



CAUTION TO GENTLEMEN WALKING TO EVENING PARTIES.

DON'T FORGET TO TAKE OFF YOUR GOLOSHES AND TURN DOWN YOUR TROUSERS BEFORE ENTERING THE ROOM.



A REAL SOLDIER.

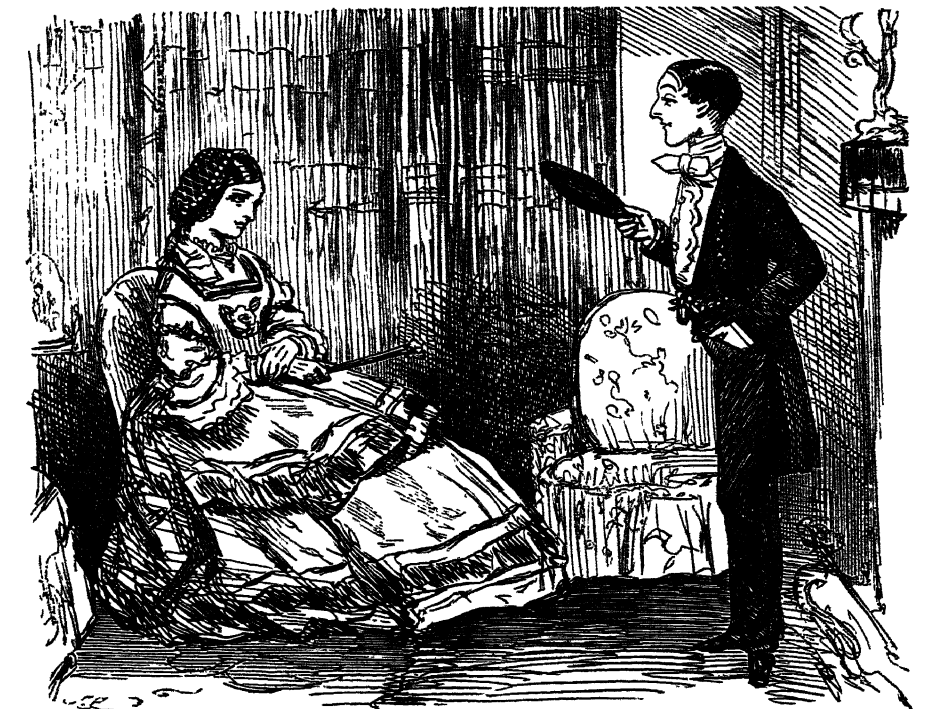
Friend. "MY GOOD ALFRED! WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU ABOUT?"

Alfred (in the Fusilier Guards). "WHY YOU SEE, OLD FELLOW, WE ARE TO HAVE A CORPS OF SCOTCH BAGPIPERS ATTACHED TO THE REGIMENT.—SO, I'M TRYING TO ACCOMMODATE MYSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, AND GET ACQUASTOMED TO THE NOISE!"



A HINT TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.

BY BREATHING ON THE GLASS—AND HOLDING A SPEAKING DOLL BY WAY OF BABY TO THE WINDOW—YOU MAY GENERALLY KEEP YOUR COMPARTMENT SELECT.



THE GREAT TOBACCO CONTROVERSY.

Clara (emphatically). "I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, FRANK—I SHALL ALWAYS THINK IT A NASTY, ODIUS, DIRTY, FILTHY, DISGUSTING, AND MOST OBJECTIONABLE HABIT!"

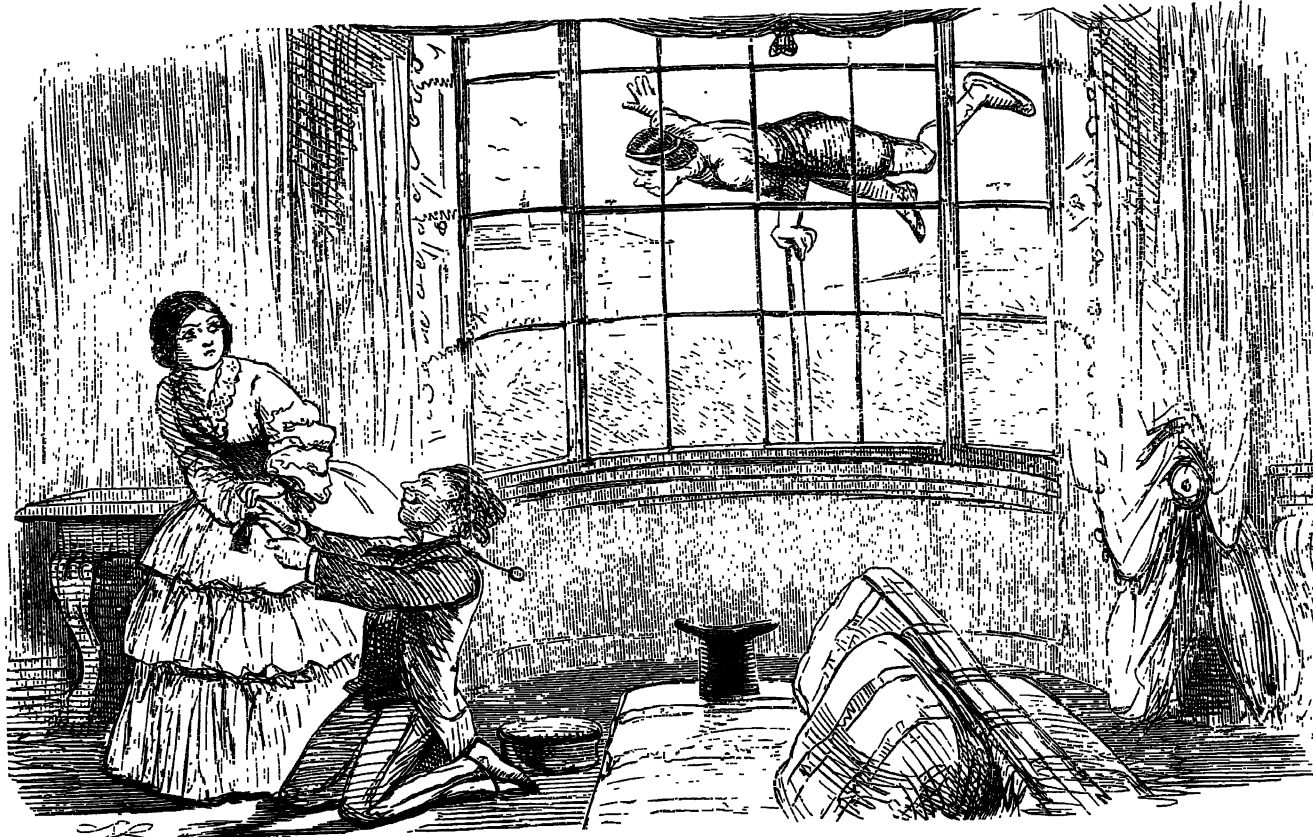
Frank. "HAW!—NOW I'M REALLY SURPRISED, CLARA, TO HEAR SUCH A CLEVER GIRL AS YOU ARE RUNNING DOWN SMOKING IN SUCH STRONG LANGUAGE—FOR IT'S ADMITTED BY ALL SENSIBLE PEOPLE, YOU KNOW, THAT IT'S THE ABUSE OF TOBACCO THAT'S WRONG!"

[Which little bit of sophistry completely vanquishes CLARA.]

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



DISMAY OF TOOTLES AT HEARING A STRANGER COMMENCE "THE STANDARD BEARER"—A SONG WHICH HE (TOOTLES) HAS BEEN PRACTISING FOR MONTHS, WITH THE VIEW OF CREATING A SENSATION AT MRS. BLOWER'S MUSICAL EVENING.—UNFORTUNATELY, TOO, FOR TOOTLES, "THE STANDARD BEARER" IS HIS ONLY SONG!



THE STREET ACROBAT NUISANCE.

UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE IS UNOBSERVED, MR. PUDDLE OFFERS HIS HAND AND HEART TO THE OBJECT OF HIS AFFECTIONS.



Sensitive Party. "WHO IS THAT GIRL WITH THE NEZ RETROUSSÉ?"
Amiable Party (who has rather a prominent beak). "NEZ RETROUSSÉ! DO YOU GIRL WITH THE PUG NOSE?"



OH YES—OF COURSE!

Lizzie. "OH, MR. POFFLES, I FIND I HAVE MADE A MISTAKE—I SEE I WAS ENGAGED FOR THIS DANCE."



OUTRAGE UPON THE SULTAN.

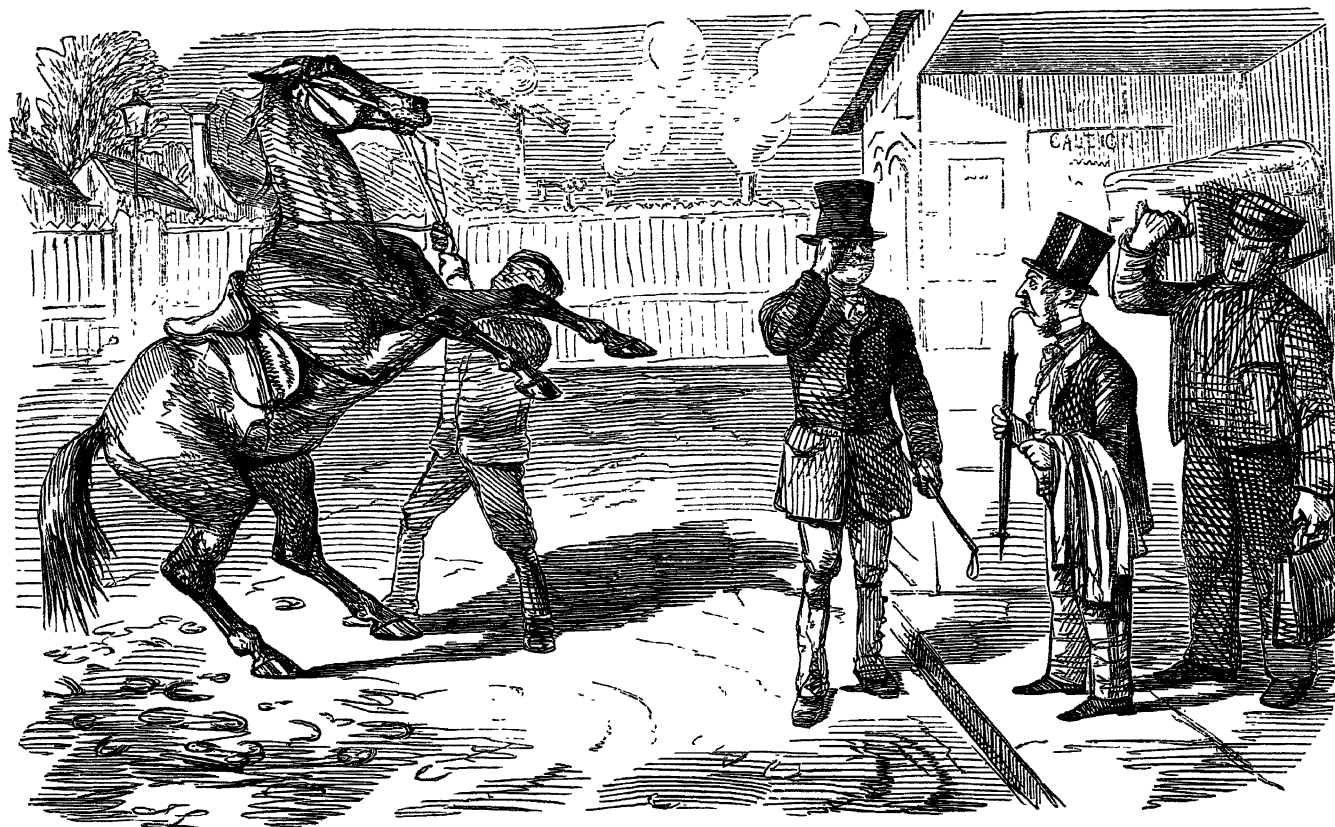


THE QUADRILLE IN HOT WEATHER.

Stout Party (who suffers much from heat, and has in vain attempted to himself). "OH, I BELIEVE WE ARE ENGAGED FOR THIS DANCE. I'VE THAT IS—I'VE—EH?—I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU—A—A—EVERY FIVE!"



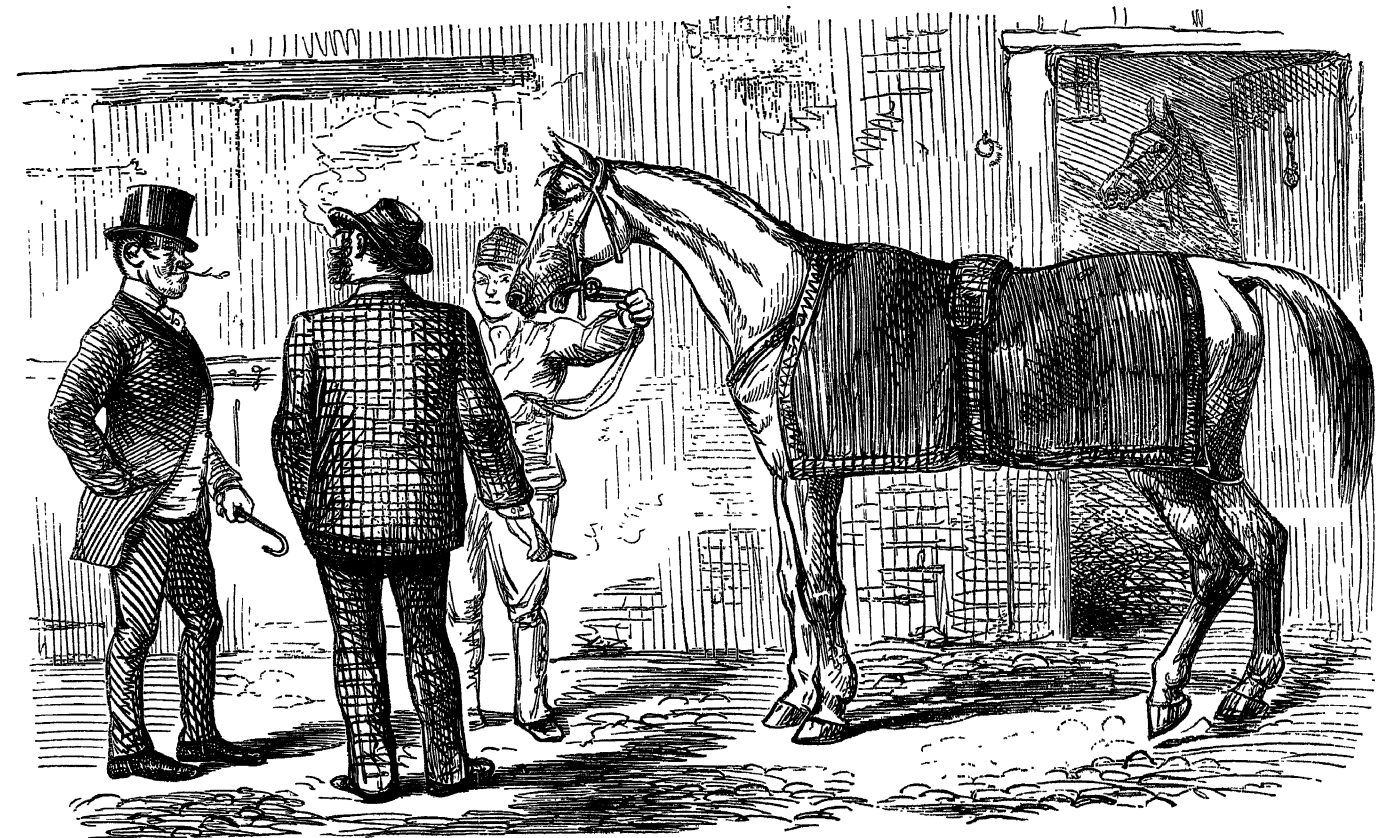
READY WHEN WANTED; OR, MILITIA VOLUNTEERS.



A SCENE AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Groom. "BEG PARDON, SIR,—BUT WOS YOUR NAME TOMKINS?"
 Tomkins. "YES!"
 Groom. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER SAYS HE WOS WERRY SORRY AS HE COULDN'T SEND THE FEEATON—BUT, AS HIS YOUNG 'OSS WANTED EXERCISE, HE THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MIND RIDIN' OF 'IM!"

[TOMKINS bursts into a cold perspiration.]



A CONSULTATION.

Veterinary Surgeon. "LEGS QUEER, SIR! DO YOU 'ACK 'IM OR 'UNT 'IM?"
 Proprietor of Quadruped. "I HUNT HIM SOMETIMES, BUT I MOSTLY USE HIM AS A HACK."
 Veterinary Surgeon. "AH, SIR, THAT'S WHERE IT IS. IT AIN'T THE 'UNTING AS 'URTS 'IM, IT'S THE 'AMMER, 'AMMER, 'AMMER ALONG THE 'ARD 'IGH ROAD!"



Bill (reads). "GENTLEMEN RIDERS ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS."
 Tom. "ALLOWED FIVE POUNDS!! WHY I'D RIDE BETTER NOR HE—FOR 'ARF A CROWN!"

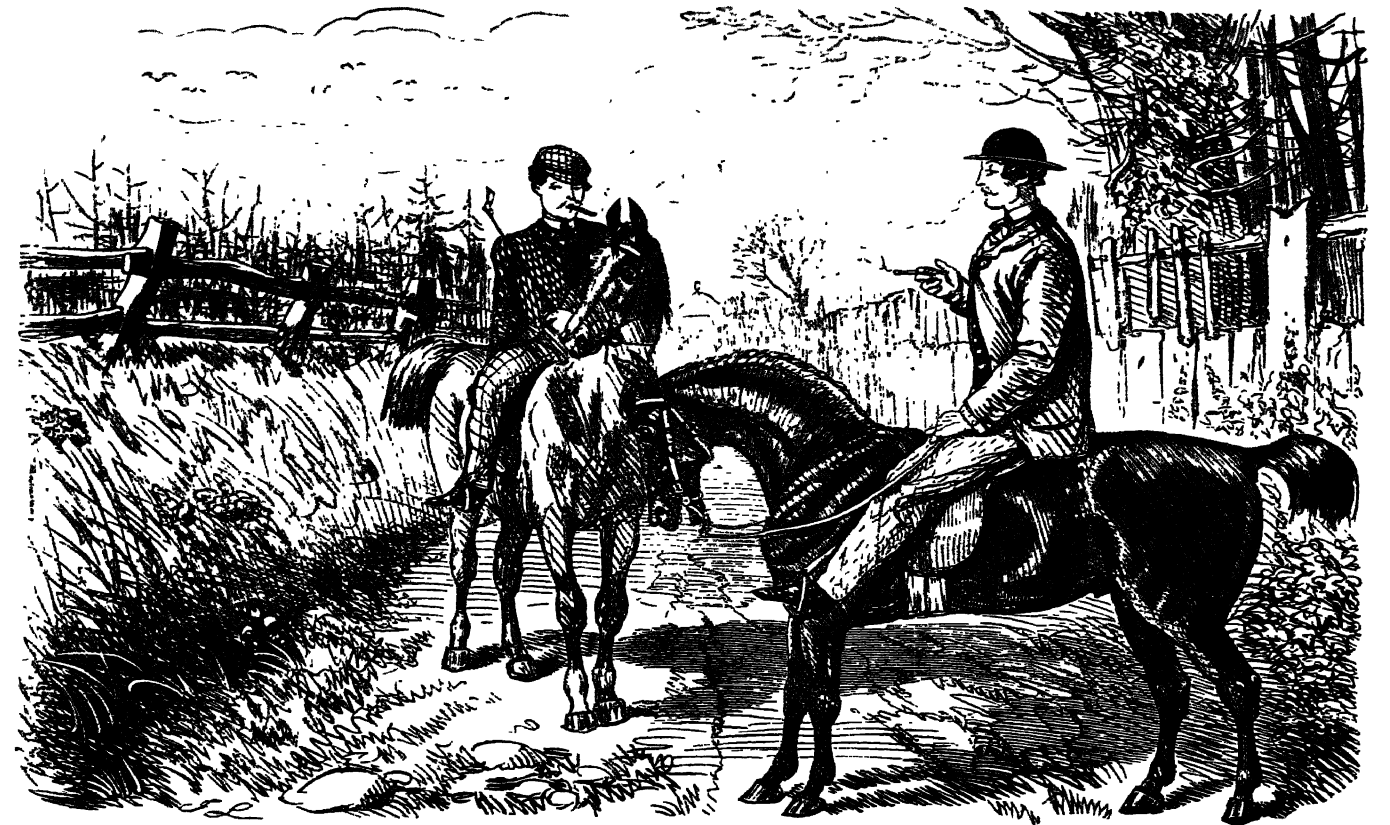


Dealer. "THERE! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND A FAULT WITH HIM!"
 Customer. "BUT HE'S GOT SUCH A BEASTLY TAIL!"
 Dealer. "BEASTLY TAIL! THERE NEVER WAS A BAD RAT-TAILED OSS. WHY WE GO MILES TO FIND 'EM!"



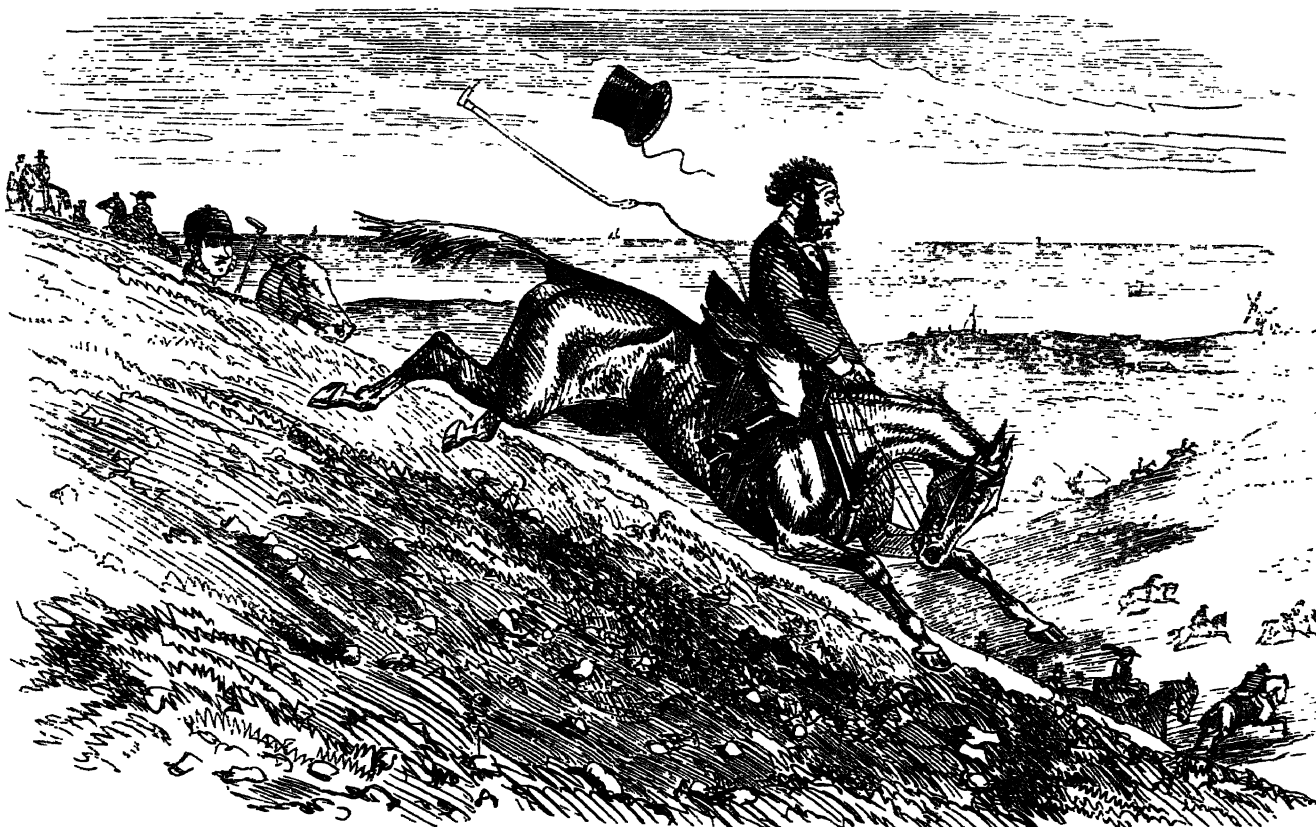
A DAY VERY LATE IN THE SEASON—SAY, THE FIRST OF APRIL!

THE O.P.Q. HOUNDS HAVE A RATTING HOUR AND TEN MINUTES AFTER A GOOD STOUT BUTTERFLY, OVER A SILENDID PRIMROSE AND VIOLET COUNTRY.—*Huntsman, (log.)* "SHALL I GIVE THE WINGS TO THE LADY, SIR?"



A QUIET LOOK AT THE COUNTRY.

Frank. "THERE, CHARLEY! WE HAVE A GOOD MANY OF THOSE LITTLE DOUBLES HERE; BUT, BLESS YOU! OUR HORSES THINK NOTHING OF 'EM!"
Charley (who is not to be beaten). "HA, I SEE!—NICE CLEAN JUMPING! NOW, IN OUR COUNTRY THE FENCES ARE BIG AND CRAMPED!"



OUR FRIEND TOM NODDY HAS A DAY WITH THE BROOKSIDE HARRIERS.—WITH HIS USUAL PRUDENCE HE GETS A HORSE ACCUSTOMED TO THE HILLS!



THE NEW PURCHASE.

Mr. Muff. "BUT—THEY SAID HE WAS WELL KNOWN IN THIS HUNT!"
Farmer. "OH, YES—AND SO HE IS VERY WELL KNOWN. HE'S BROKE MORE COLLAR BONES THAN ALL THE 'OSSES IN ENGLAND!"



WHO WILL SERVE THE COUNTRY

Recruiting Sergeant. "NOW, BRAVE BOYS, WITH THOSE WHISKERS AND SHOULDERS, YOU SHOULD BE WITH US, AND—I'M SURE THE LADIES WOULD EXCUSE YOU!"

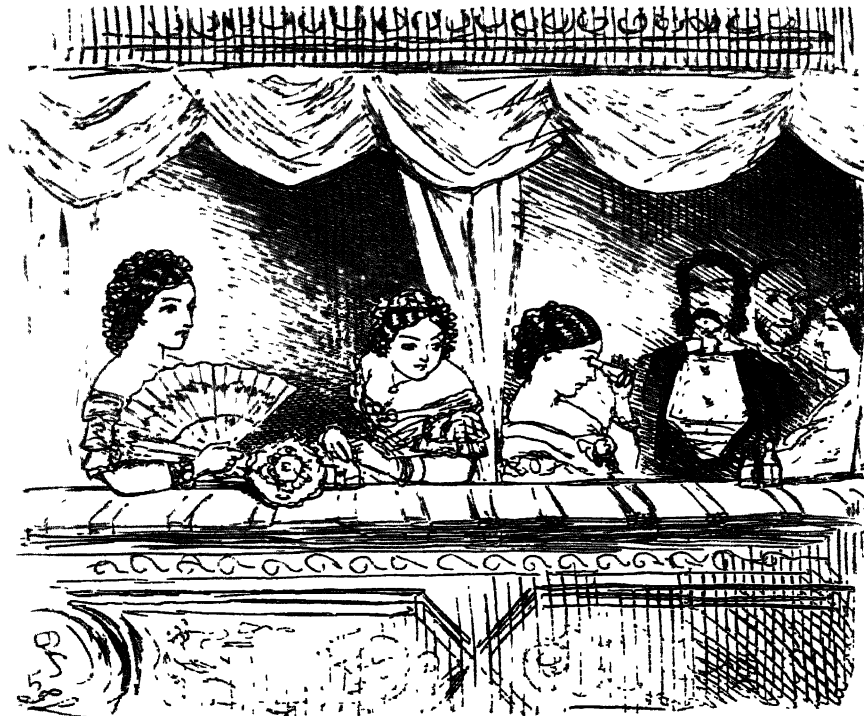


WE'LL SERVE THE SHOP.



THE NEW REGULATION MESS.

Swell Soldier. "WHAT, DINE OFF WOAST AND BOILED, JUST LIKE SNOBS—NO!—BY JOVE!—I SHALL CUT THE ARMY, AND GO INTO THE CHURCH!"



THE OPERA.

Lizzy. "GOOD GRACIOUS, SELINA, LOOK THERE! THERE'S THAT RIDICULOUS LITTLE MAN AGAIN. DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING SO ABSURD?"



THE FOUR-IN-HAND MANIA.

Hearse Driver (to Swell who has just started a Team). "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT HEARING AS YOU HAD STARTED FOUR 'OSSSES, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT A YOUNG MAN AS COULD BRING YOUR COACH UP TO THE DOOR AS IT 'AD CUGHT TO BE!"



A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

Lieutenant Foyson (of the 121st to his Elder Brother, who is home for the Holidays).—"A-SAY, OLD FELLAH!—DON'T YOU WISH YOU HAD LEFT SCHOOL?—IT MUST BE SUCH A HORRID BAW TO BE FLOGGED FOR SMOKING!"



Busby. "AH! THERE SHE IS, BLESS HER! AND LOOKING THIS WAY TOO. OH? IT'S AS CLEAR AS POSSIBLE SHE HAS TAKEN A FANCY TO ME!"



"WHY, JACK! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK DEUCED QUEER!"
"YAS! YOU SEE, I'VE GONE INTO BUSINESS. I BUY CLAY PIPES AT A PENNY A-PIECE, AND SMOKE 'EM TILL THEY ARE BLACK, AND THEN SELL 'EM FOR A GUINEA; BUT IT'S PRECIOUS HARD WORK, I CAN TELL YOU."

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



ART-PROGRESS.

Artist (!) "NOW, MUM! TAKE OFF YER 'EAD FOR SIXPENCE, OR YER 'OLE BODY FOR A SHILLIN'!"



PHOTOGRAPHIC BEAUTIES.

"I SAY, MISTER, HERE'S ME AND MY MATE WANTS OUR FOTERGRUFFS TOOK; AND MIND, WE WANTS 'EM 'ANSOM, COS THEY'RE TO GIVE TO TWO LADIES."



A SKETCH AT A RAILWAY STATION.

Respectable Citizen (reads Placard). "The Public are cautioned against Card-Sharppers, Gamblers, and Pickpockets." * * * WHY, I THOUGHT SUCH PEOPLE WAS ALL DONE AWAY WITH. DIDN'T YOU, MO?"



THE ARTISTIC (!) STUDIO.

A Stereoscopic Scene from Fashionable Life.

"Love, Pride, Revenge."—THE GROUP REPRESENTS A YOUNG MINSTREL OF HUMBLE ORIGIN, DECLARING HIS PASSION TO A LADY OF NOBLE PARENTAGE. HER HAUGHTY BROTHER, AS MAY BE SEEN FROM HIS MENACING ATTITUDE, IS ABOUT TO AVENGE THE INSULT OFFERED TO HIS FAMILY!



HI ART.

Parent. "I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO BE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT HIS HAIR." Photographic Artist (!) "OH, MUM, THE 'AIR IS HEASY ENOUGH! IT'S THE H'S WHERE WE FIND THE DIFFICULTY."

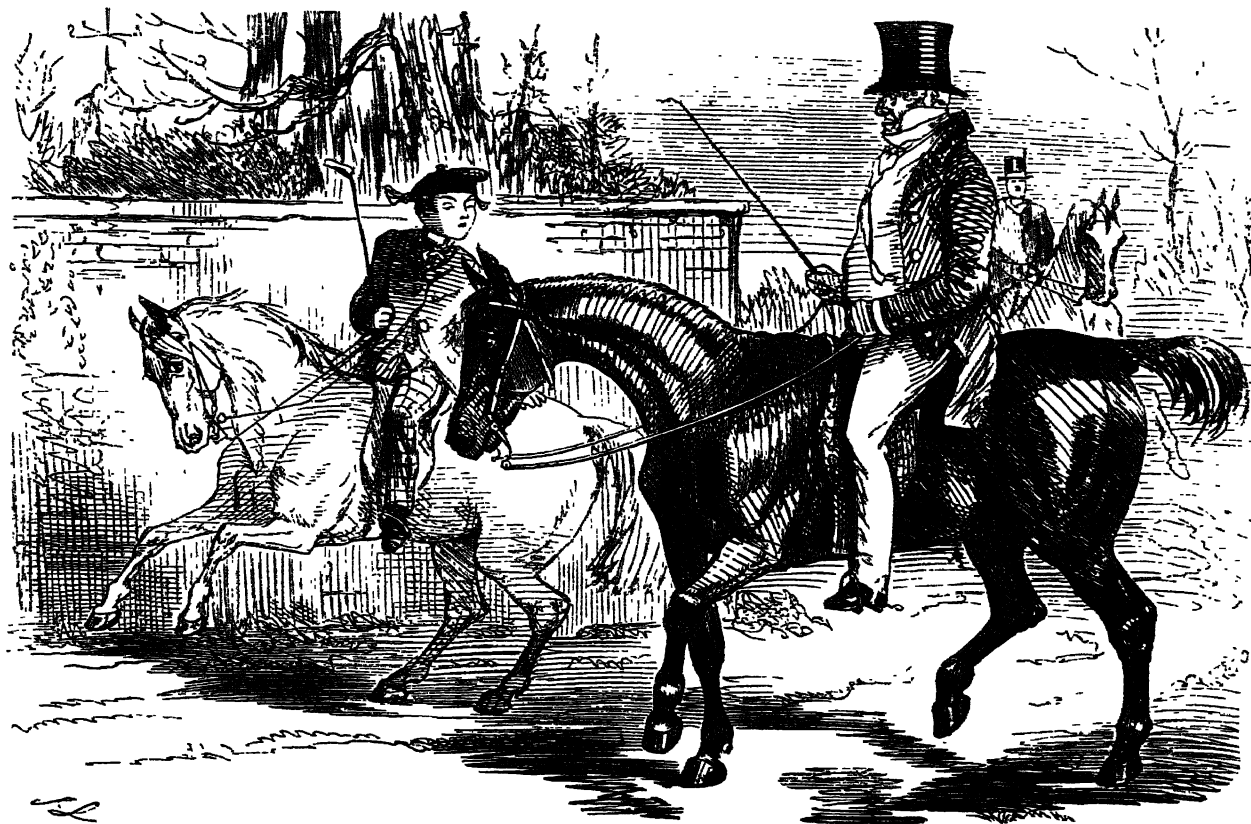


THE OLD FOXHUNTER.

Flora. "WELL, RONALD! AND HOW DO YOU LIKE ROTTEN ROW?"
Ronald. "OH, PRETTY WELL; BUT IT'S RATHER SLOW WORK TO A MAN WHO HAS BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO GO ACROSS COUNTRY AS I HAVE ALL MY LIFE!"



Florence. "—AND HOW OLD IS YOUR PONY, FRED?"
Fred. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW, EXACTLY—BUT ROBERT THINKS HE IS ABOUT FOURTEEN YEARS!"
Florence. "OH!—THEN I SUPPOSE HE WILL VERY SOON BE A HORSE!"



A GOOD LIVER.

Frank. "I SAY, GRANDPA! HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOME CHAPS COMING TO GRUB WITH YOU TO-DAY?"
Grandpa. "EH! WHAT! SOME GENTLEMEN ARE COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-DAY, SIR, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN!"
Frank. "HAH! SAME THING! WELL, LOOK HERE! YOUR COOK HEN'T A GREAT HAND AT A SALAD—NOW THAT'S A THING I FLATTER MYSELF I UNDERSTAND BETTER THAN MOST MEN—SO, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL MIX YOU ONE!"



A WEIGHTY MATTER.

Frederic (a very big boy). "THAT'S A NICKISH PONY OF YOURS, CHARLEY.—BY THE BYE, HOW HEAVY ARE YOU?"
Charley. "WELL, WITHIN A POUND OF THREE STONE, I'M SORRY TO SAY."
Frederic. "OH! I CALL THAT A NICE WEIGHT. NOW, I'M OBLIGED TO HAVE VERY EXPENSIVE PONIES, FOR, WITH SADDLE AND BRIDLE I DON'T RIDE LESS THAN FOUR STONE TWO!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



FLUNKEIANA.

Lady of the House. "OH, THOMAS! HAVE THE GOODNESS TO TAKE UP SOME COALS INTO THE NURSERY!"
Thomas. "H'M, MA'AM! IF YOU ASK IT AS A FAVOUR, MA'AM, I DON'T SO MUCH OBJECT; BUT I 'OFE YOU DON'T TAKE ME FOR AN 'OUSEMAID, MA'AM!"



FLUNKEIANA.

Lady. "RESIGN YOUR SITUATION! WHY, WHAT'S WRONG NOW, THOMAS? HAVE THEY BEEN WANTING YOU TO EAT SALT BUTTER AGAIN?"
Gentle Footman. "OH, NO, THANK YOU, MA'AM—BUT THE FACT IS, MA'AM—THAT I HAVE HEARD THAT MASTER WERE SEEN LAST WEEK ON THE TOP OF A HOMNIBUS, AND I COULDN'T AFTER THAT REMAIN ANY LONGER IN THE FAMILY!"



SERVANTGALISM.

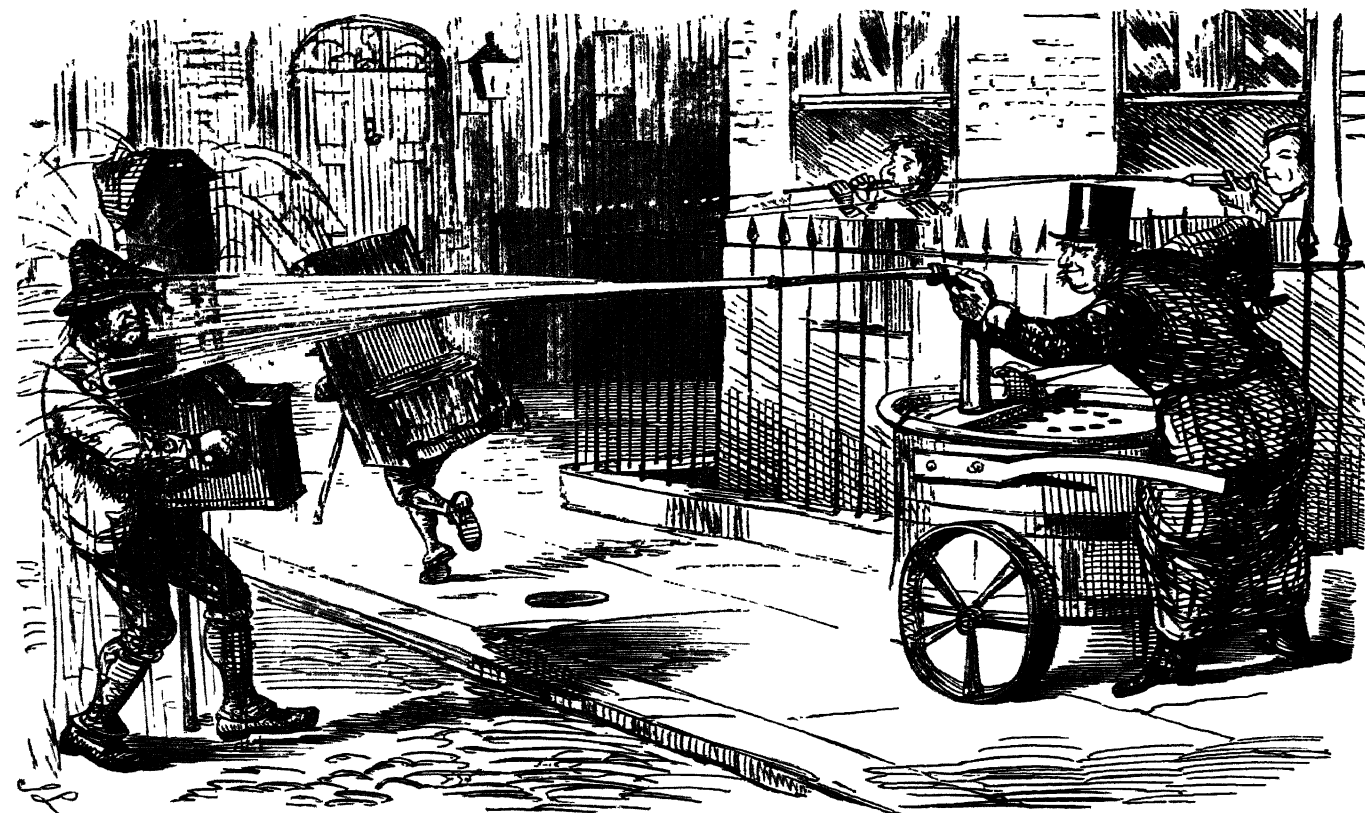
Mistress. "WHY, NURSE—WHAT A TERRIBLE DISTURBANCE!—PRAY, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"
Nurse (addicted to Pen and Ink). "OH, MUM, IT'S DREADFUL!—HERE'S NEETHER ME NOR MARY CAN'T ANSWER NONE OF OUR LETTERS FOR THE RACKET!"



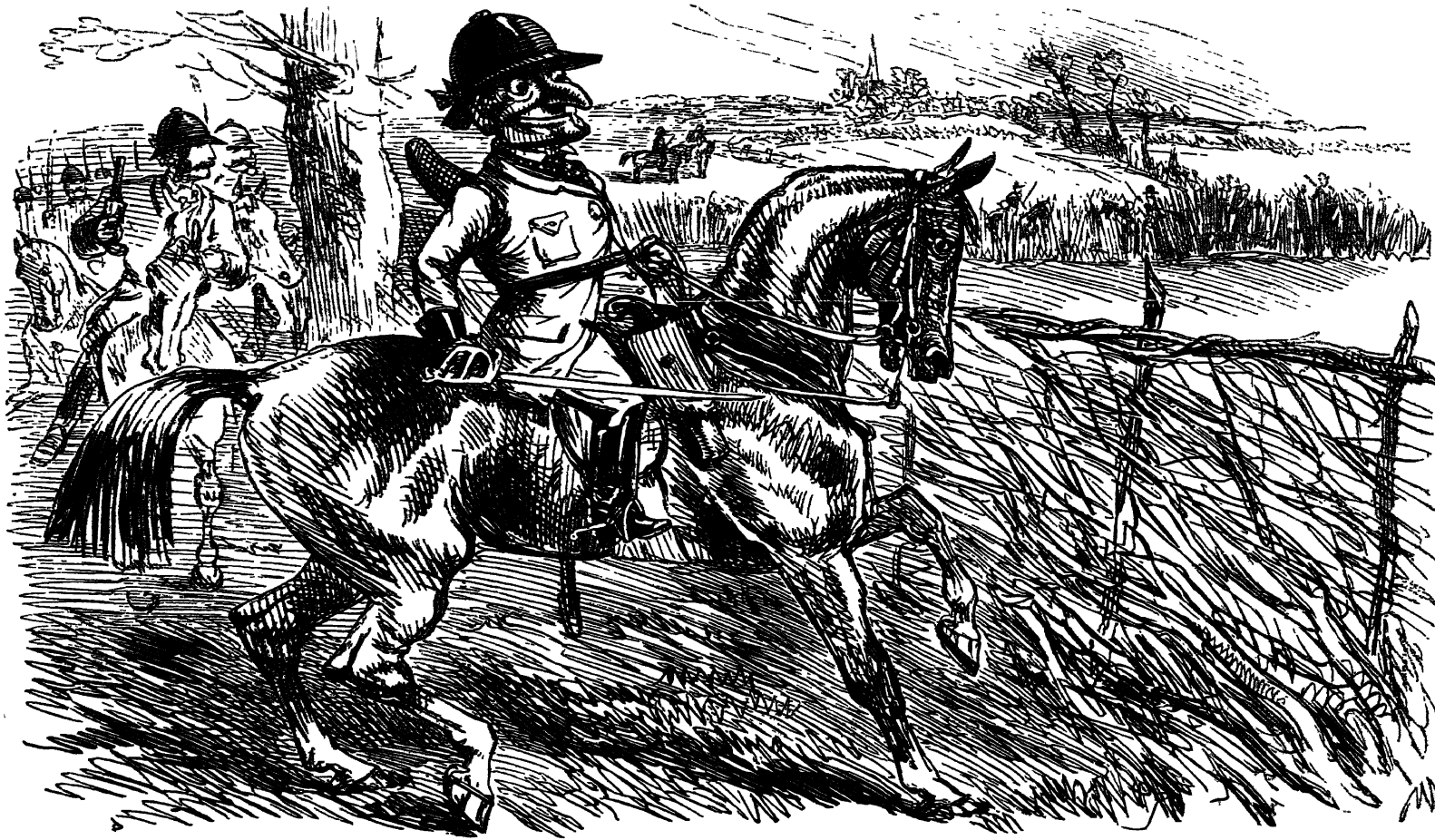
JOHN THOMAS, AS HE APPEARED WHILE HIS MISSUS WAS IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.
 J. T. IS CONSULTING HIS BETTING-BOOK—(A POSITIVE FACT).



EVENING PARTY AT SEBASTOPOL.



PATERFAMILIAS TRIES THE COLD WATER CURE IN A CASE OF ORGAN-GRINDING.



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

M.F.H.* PUNCH TAKES COMMAND OF HIS FIELD IN DEFENCE OF HIS COUNTRY.
* Master of Fox Hounds.



"WHY ARE YOU ON THE CROSSING, JAMES? IS YOUR FATHER ILL?"
"NO. HE'S DROVE MOTHER DOWN TO HASCOT."



PHYSICAL EDUCATION.



Youth. "YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID, MA'AM. STAND BEHIND ME!"



SYMPTOMS OF HARD READING!

Student. "OH, MARY! HAVE YOU TAKEN UP THE LAMP AND THE CIGARS "

Mary. "YES, SIR."

Student. "—AND THE WHISKEY, AND THE SUGAR, AND THE LEMON, AND BOILING WATER

Mary. "YES, SIR!"

Student. "THEN COME, JACK! SUPPOSE WE GO INTO THE STUDY!"

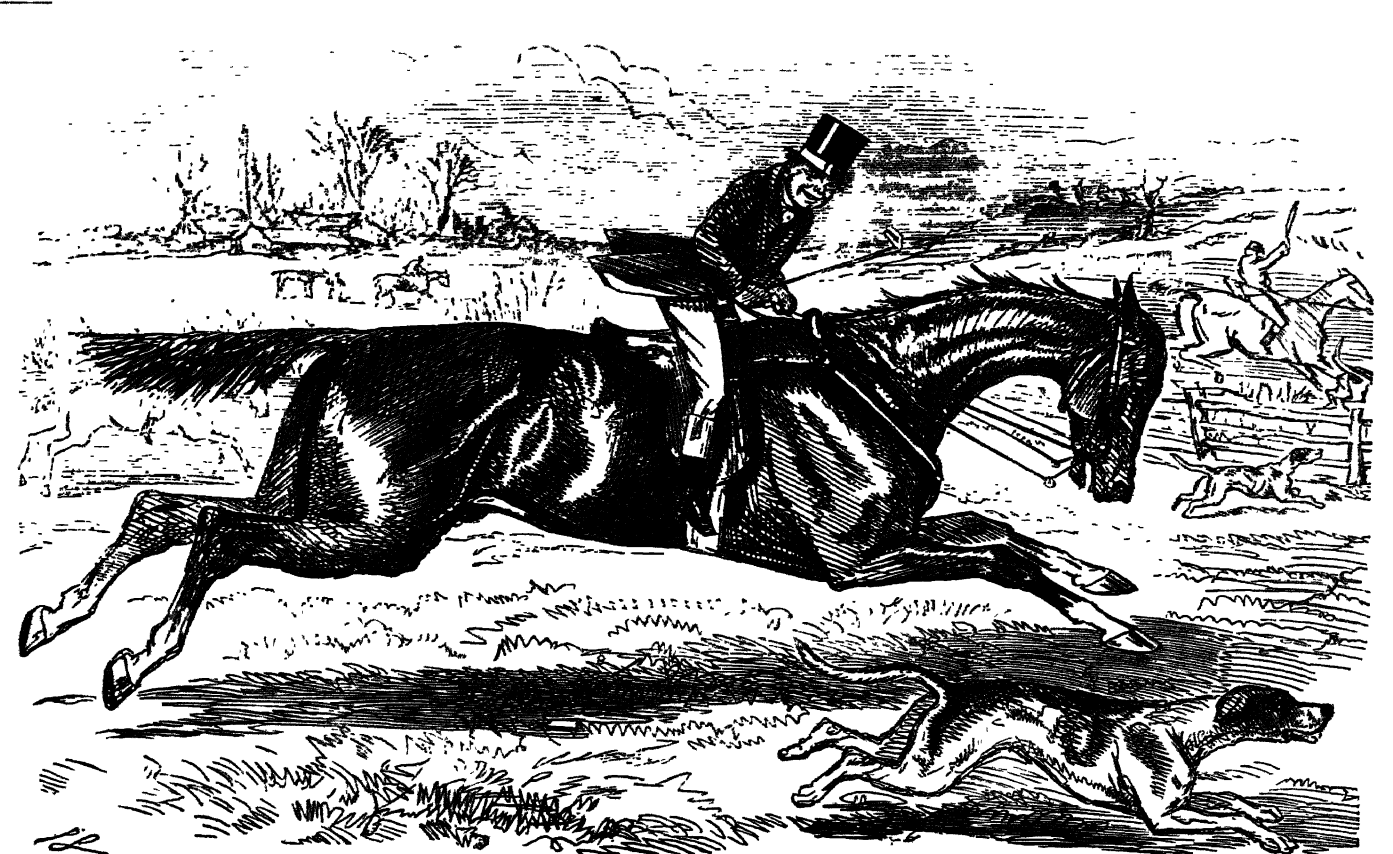


GRAND BURNS' FESTIVAL.—BROWN ENTERTAINS HIS FRIEND WT A HAGGIS!



THE BEST RUN OF THE SEASON.

Master (with pumped-out horse). "CONFOUND THAT RASCALLY BOY! WHERE CAN HE HAVE GOT TO WITH MY SECOND HORSE?"



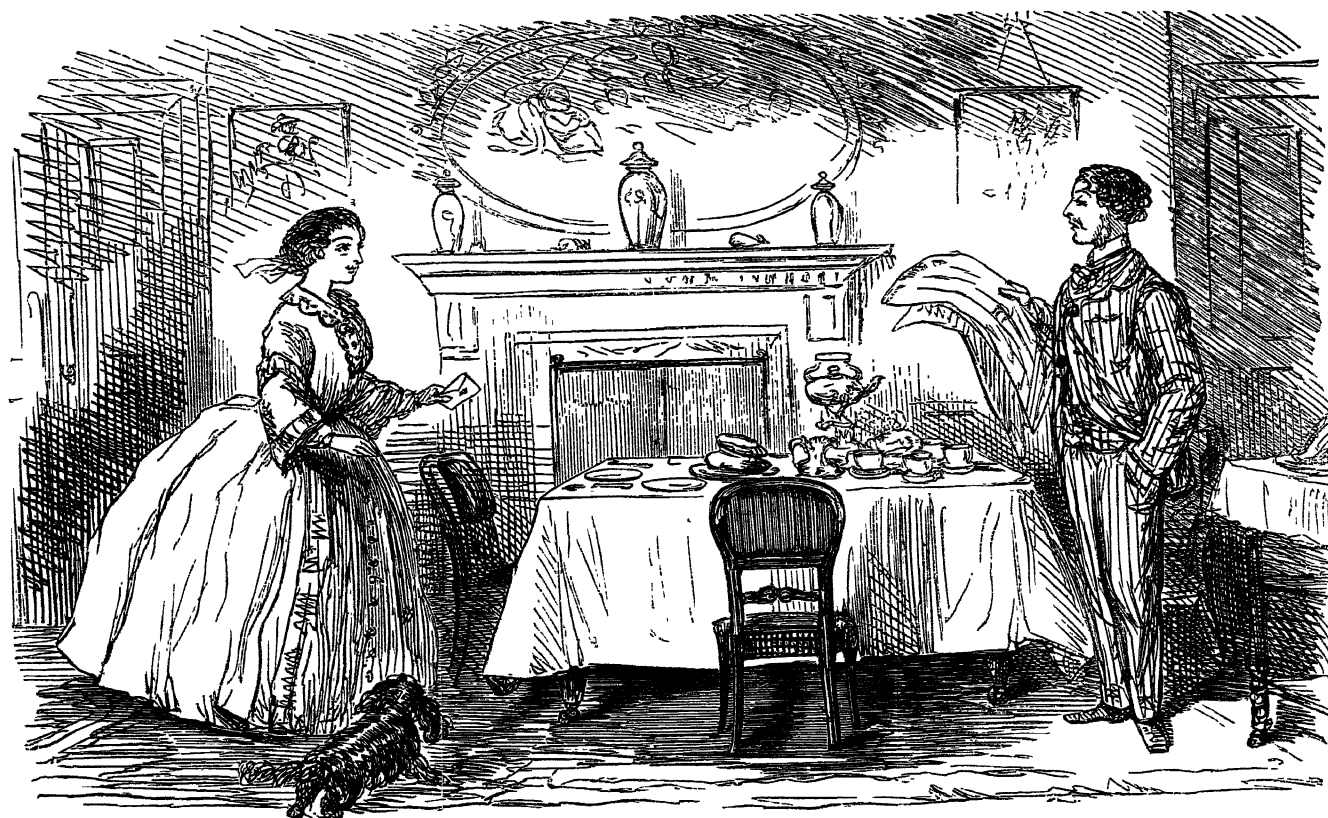
Rascally Boy (with delightfully fresh animal). "OH, DEAR! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL THING! I WONDER WHERE MASTER CAN BE?"



OLD MR. B. HAS FOUND OUT THAT THE OIL OF RHODIUM SYSTEM IS ALL NONSENSE, AND HAS BEEN INITIATED BY MR. RARRY. WHENEVER HE GETS SPILT, AND LOSES HIS HAT (AS HE DID THE VERY LAST DAY OF THE SEASON), HE JUST SAYS TO HIS HORSE, "FETCH IT, OLD BOY!" AND THE THING IS DONE!



OUR DEAR OLD FRIEND BRIGGS—HAVING TAKEN THE RECEIPT FOR HORSE-TAMING FROM THE PAPERS—TRIES SOME EXPERIMENTS UPON AN ANIMAL THAT HE HAS PICKED UP A BARGAIN!



RATHER DEEP!

Cousin. "CHARLIE!—JUST FANCY WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING!"

Captain Charlie. "WELL, GEORGIE!"

Cousin. "THAT—THAT—YOU AND I ARE GOING—A—A—TO BE—MARRIED!"

Charlie (with presence of mind). "A—NEVER MIND, GEORGIE,—WE KNOW BETTER—WE ARE NOT SO FOOLISH!"



PLEASANT FOR "CHARLES DEAR."

Married Sister. "OH, CHARLES DEAR! NURSE IS NOT VERY WELL, AND AS I MUST STAY WITH BABY, WOULD YOU TAKE FREDDY AND THE TWO LITTLE ONES FOR A WALK, ONLY CARRY THEM OVER THE CROSSINGS, THAT'S A DEAR!"



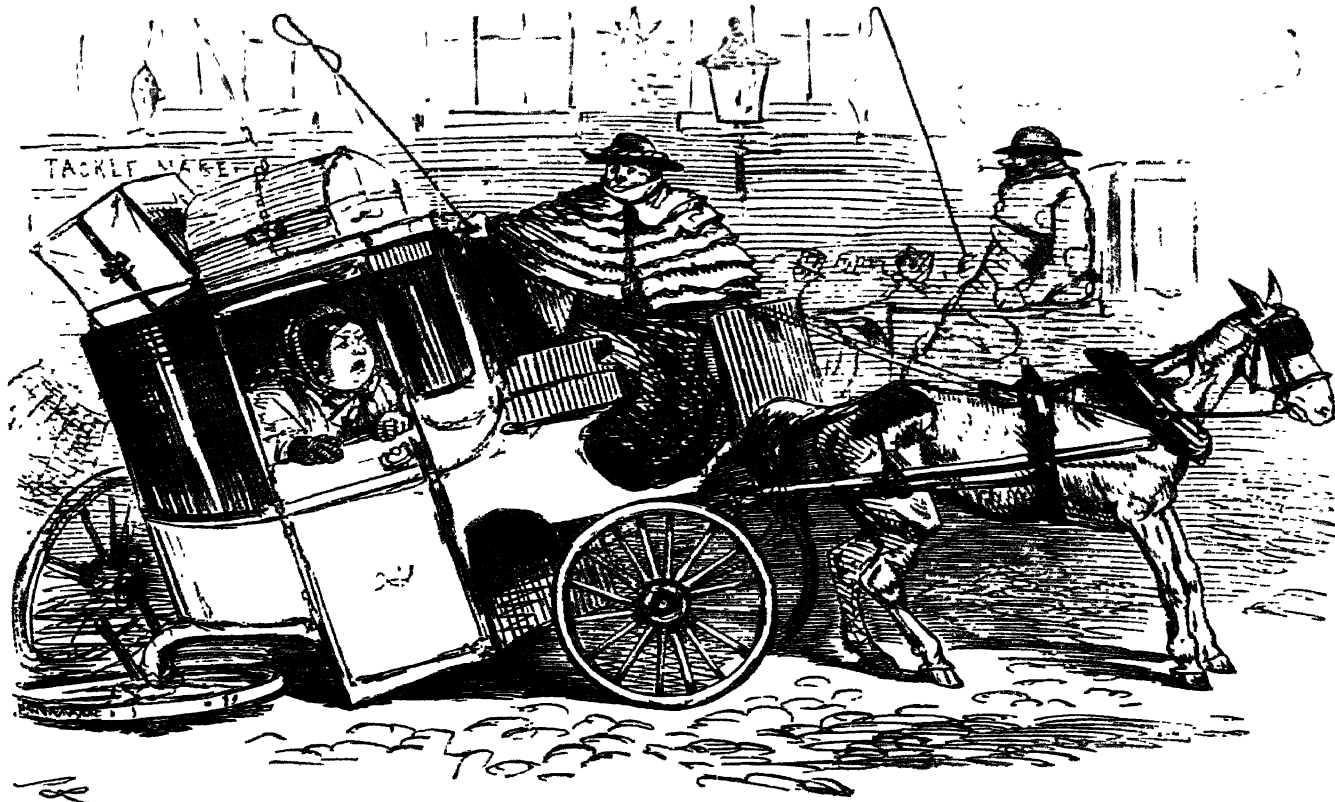
JUST LIKE 'EM.

Mamma (staying with newly-married Daughter). "MY DEAREST, SWEETEST DARLING! WHAT! CRYING! WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Daughter (with many sobs). "OH, M-M-MAMMA DEAR! HERE'S OH-CH-CH-CHARLES SO DREADFULLY UNKIND. HE KNOWS THE H-H-HORSE TAMING SECRET, AND HE W-W-W-W-ON'T TELL IT TO ME!"



TOO MUCH!

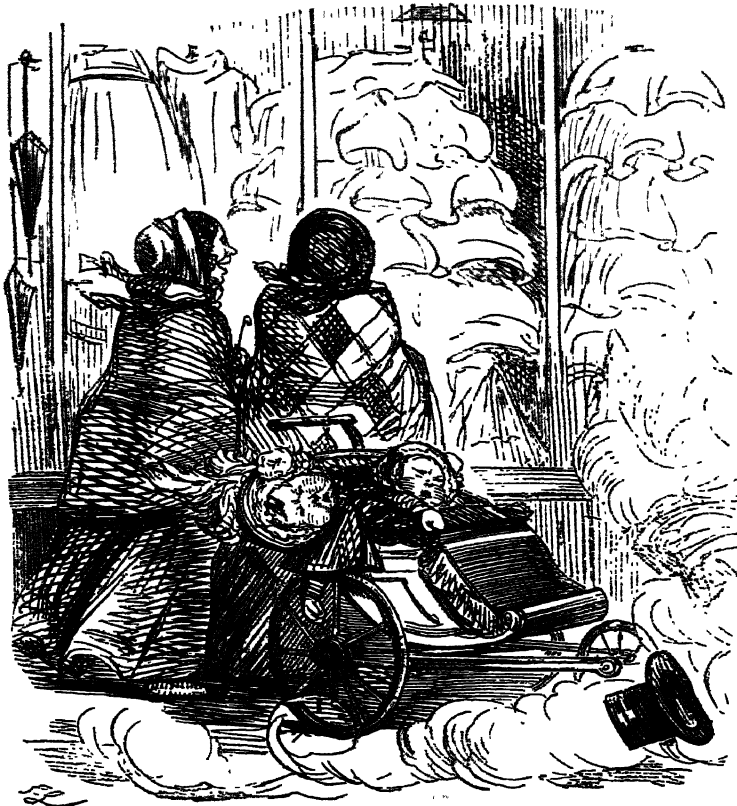
Party (who hates bad music in the middle of the night). "WHA-A-T!! THE WAITS! CALLED FOR A CHRISTMAS BOX!!!
STOP A BIT!!"—(The rest is too terrible).



Cabby. "LET YER OUT!—THAT'S A GOOD UN!—NOT AFORE YER PAYS FOR BREAKING MY SPRINGS!"



Old Party from the Country (with much wheezing and embarrassment). "I—I—WANT TO GO TO—TO—TO—"
Conductor (with alacrity). "ALL RIGHT, OLD BOY! JUMP IN! I KNOW—CATTLE SHOW!"



!A HINT TO MAMMAS.

First Nursemaid. "LAWK, MAMMER! WHAT A BEER-UTIFUL GOWNED!"
Second Do. "MY! JANE! HAIN'T IT?"

[They contemplate the Gown for about a quarter of an hour, and the Children have the full benefit of the delicious North-East wind.]



MR. FEEWIT HAS A LITTLE ADDITION TO HIS FAMILY—
HE IS OBLIGED TO GET HIS MEALS ANTHOW—AND—



ABDICATES IN FAVOUR OF THE REAL MASTER OF
THE HOUSE.



THE ADVENT OF SPRING.

"THE DEAR GIRLS REALLY MUST HAVE SOME NEW BONNETS, FOR THEY
'CANNOT POSSIBLY WEAR THOSE NASTY SHABBY, DIRTY, OLD WINTER
THINGS ANY LONGER."



MORE NOVELTY.

THE MISSES WEASEL THINK CRINOLINE A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. ROUNDABOUT'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE.



IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY.

Sarah Jane to Betsy Ann. "OH, YES! IF IT COMES TO THAT, YOU KNOW PEOPLE CAN STICK OUT AS MUCH AS OTHER PEOPLE—I ALWAYS WEARS ONE O' MOTHER'S OLD CLOTHES BASKETS."



A WHOLESOME CONCLUSION.

Lady Crinoline. "YES, LOVE—A VERY PRETTY CHURCH, BUT THE DOOR IS CERTAINLY VERY NARROW!"

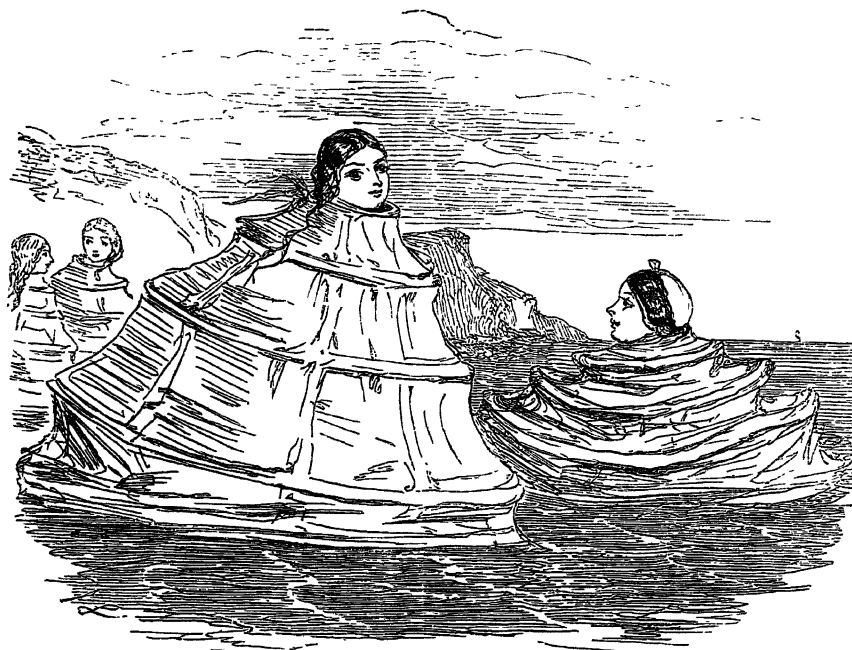


CRINOLINE AGAIN.

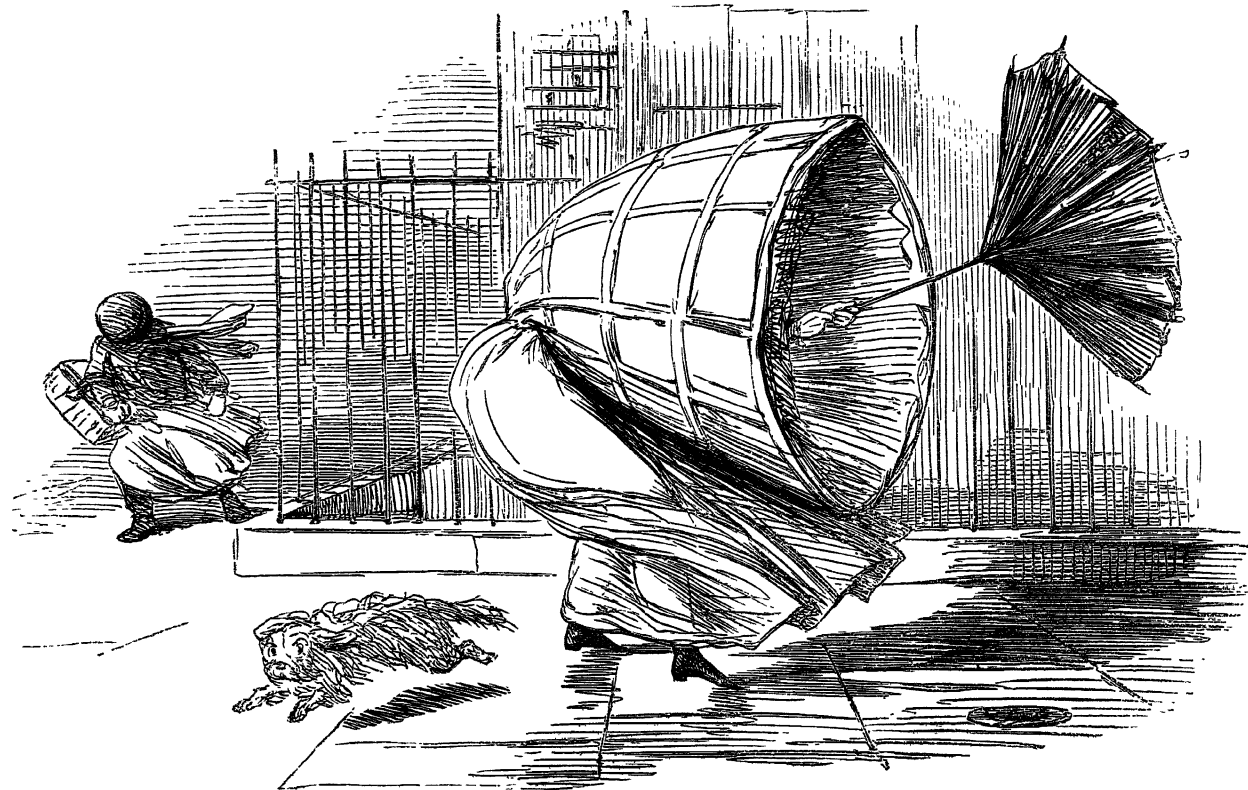
Charles. "CONFOUND THE HOOPS, JUST WHEN I WANT TO MAKE MY NEAT SPEECH ABOUT BEING 'NEARER AND DEARER TOO!'"



TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR LADIES ABOUT TO APPEAR AT COURT.



CRINOLINE FOR EVER—NO BATHING-MACHINE REQUIRED.
A HINT FOR THE SEA-SIDE.



A SKETCH DURING THE RECENT GALE.



EASIER SAID THAN DONE.
Master of the House. "OH, FRED, MY BOY—WHEN DINNER IS READY, YOU TALK
MRS. FURBELLOW DOWN STAIRS!"



First Coster. "WHY, JACK! WHAT'S ALL THAT?"
Second do. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY! UNLESS IT'S FIREWORKS!"



GOING OUT OF TOWN.
Mary. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MISSUS SAY YOU MUST FIND ROOM FOR THIS IN YOUR PORTMANTEL."



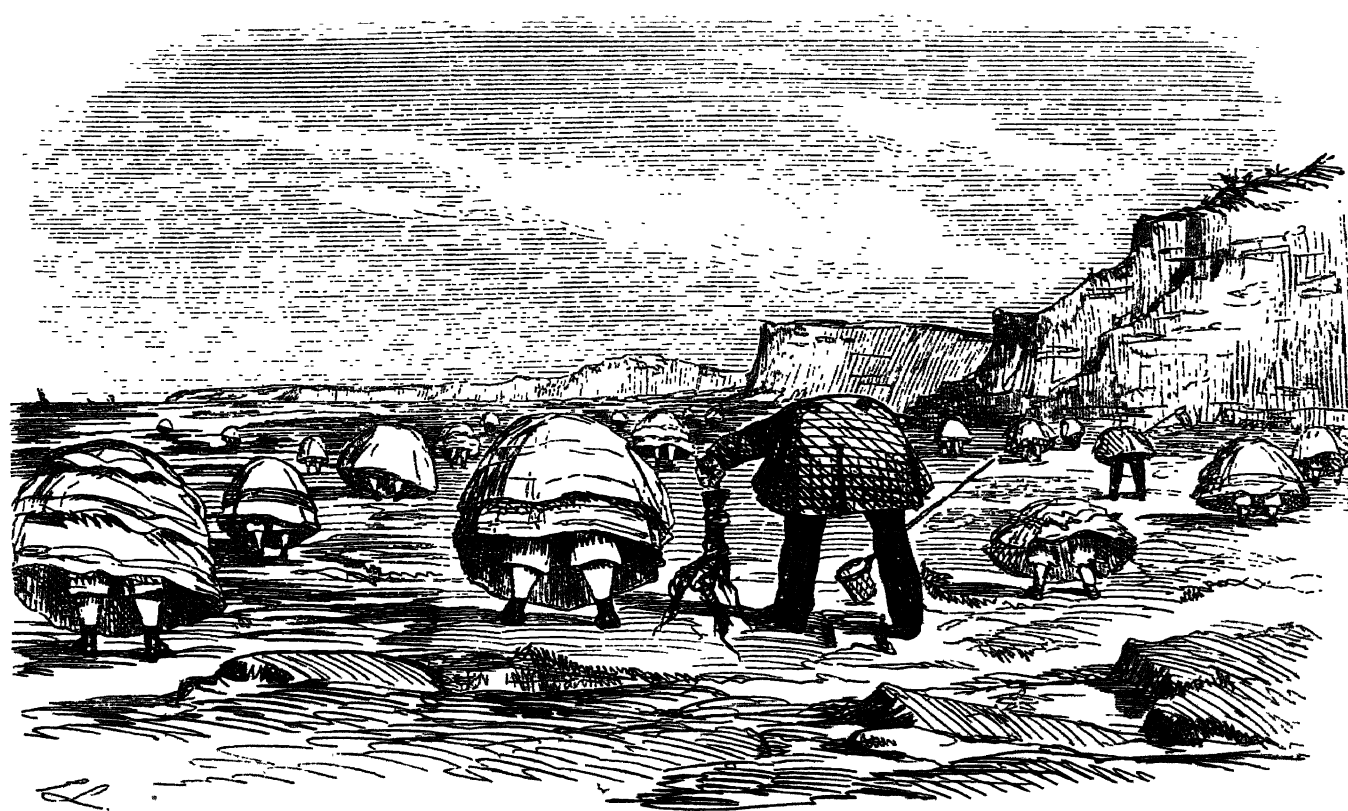
CANDID.
Cook. "FINE DAY, MR. CHALKS!"
Mr. Chalks. "YES, COOKEY, IT'S A VERY FINE DAY; BUT IF WE HAVEN
SOME RAIN SOON, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE SHALL DO FOR MILK!"



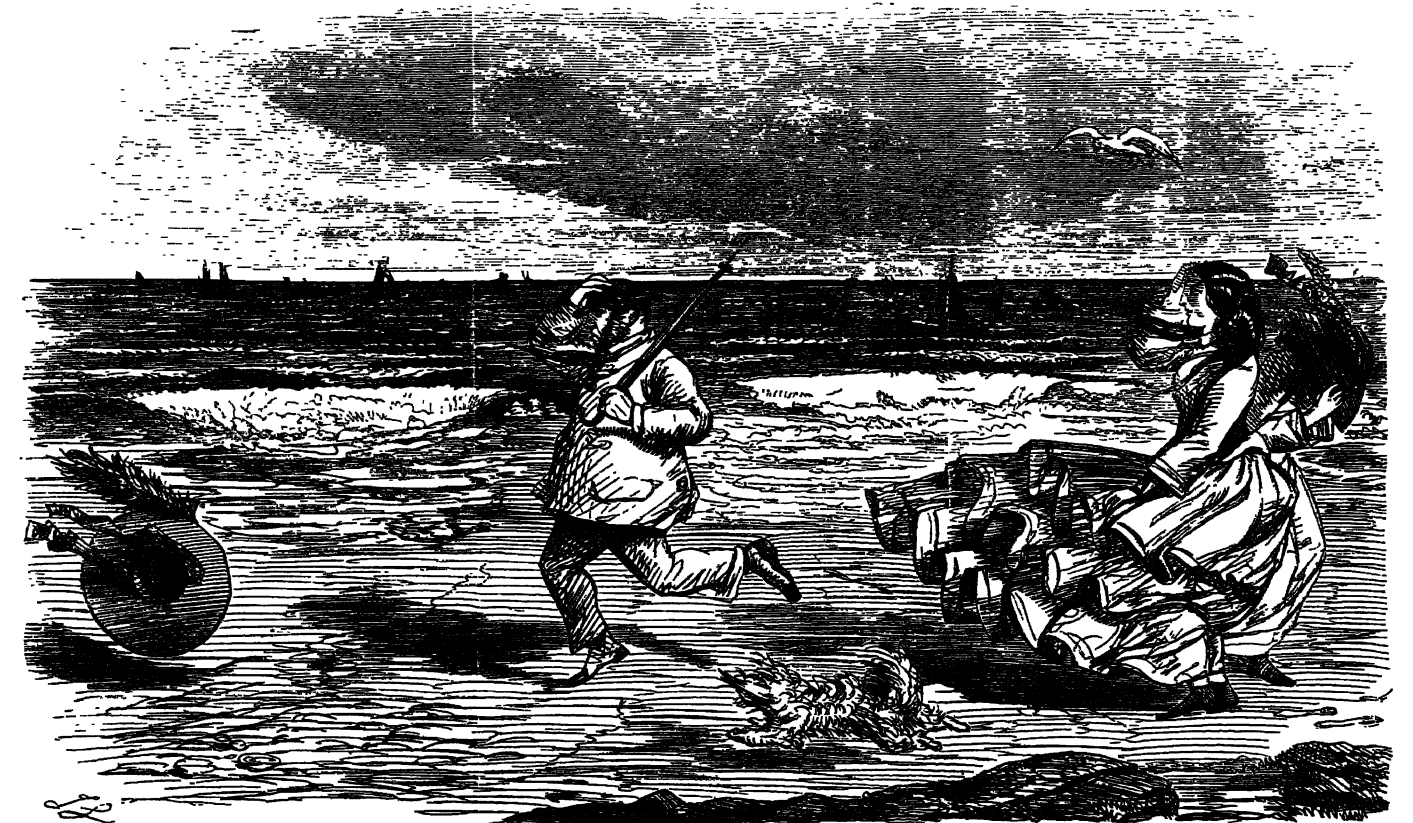
"THE VERY IDEA OF WORK THIS BEAUTIFUL WEATHER IS REPUGNANT TO MY FEELINGS."
[Extract from our Young Friend * * *'s Letter.]



YES, MY DEARS! I KNOW THE SEA-BREEZE AFTER BATHING IS BENEFICIAL TO THE BACK HAIR;—BUT CONSIDER THE HEART OF YOUR
TOO SUSCEPTIBLE PUNCH!



COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEA-SIDE—GENERALLY FOUND UPON THE ROCKS AT LOW WATER.

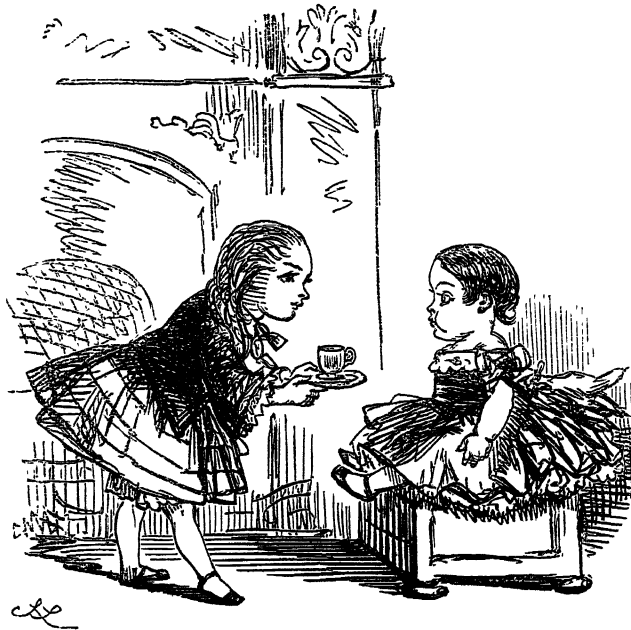


MR. WIGGINS HAS A FINE OPPORTUNITY OF DISPLAYING HIS POLITENESS AND ACTIVITY.



A FACT FROM THE NURSERY.

Nurse. "MY GOODNESS GRACIOUS, MISS CHARLOTTE, YOU MUSN'T PLAY WITH THOSE SCISSORS!"
Miss Charlotte. "I'M NOT PLAYING WITH 'EM, NURSE DEAR—I'M CUTTING 'TITTLE BRUDDER'S NAILS!"



THRILLING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

Master Alf. ed. "DON'T BABY!—YOU'LL SPOIL IT. LEAVE GO, SIR! HERE, NURSE! HE'S SWALLOWING MY NEW WATCH."



IT MUST BE ALL RIGHT!

Mamma. "I WONDER WHERE THAT CHILD, ARTHUR, IS—HE IS VERY QUIET. I HOPE HE IS NOT IN MISCHIEF."
Child. "OH, NO, MAMMA, DEAR! HE'S NOT IN MISCHIEF, FOR HE IS IN THE LIBRARY, PLAYING WITH THE PENS AND INK."



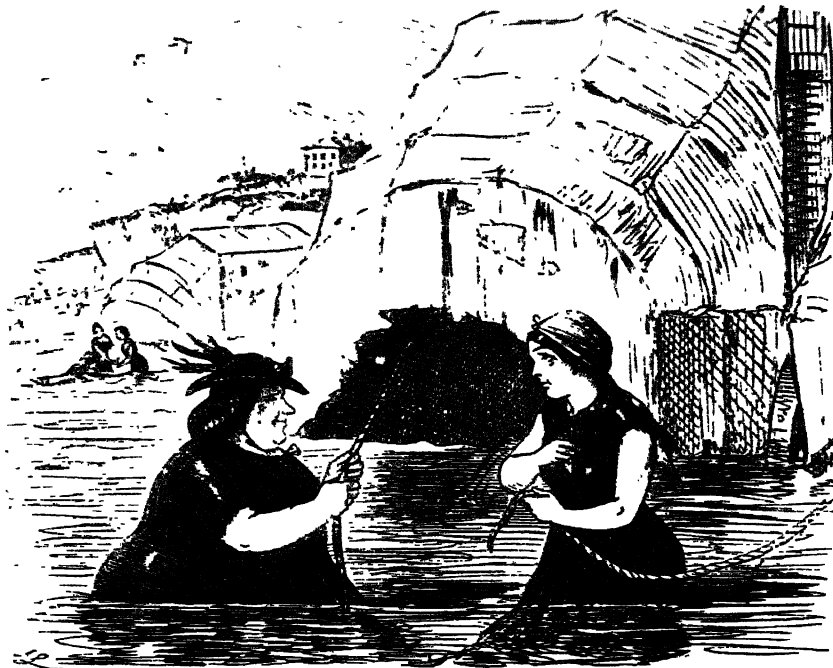
A POSER.

Darling. "OH, MAMMA, DEAR! WHAT SPLENDID FLOWERS!"
Mamma. "YES, DEAR, PUT IT DOWN. THAT IS MY WREATH. I'M GOING TO THE OPERA!"
Darling. "OH! AND WHEN I GROW A BIG LADY, MAY I WEAR A WREATH, AND GO TO THE OPERA?"
Mamma. "WELL, DEAR, I HOPE SO!"
Darling. "WHAT, AND TAKE MY BEAUTIFUL VELVET AND GOLD CHURCH SERVICE UNCLE CHARLES GAVE ME?"



WONDERFUL INTELLIGENT CHILD.

— "ROSE, WILL YOU HAVE SOME DINNER?"
Rose. "HAVE HAD MY DINNER."
 — "WHAT HAVE YOU HAD FOR DINNER?"
Rose. "SOMETHING THAT BEGINS WITH AN S!"
 — "AND WHAT BEGINS WITH AN S?"
Rose. "COLD BEEF!"



VERY ARTFUL CONTRIVANCE.

Clara. "WHY, DEAR ME! WHAT DO YOU WEAR YOUR HAT IN THE WATER FOR!"
Mrs. Walrus. "OH, I ALWAYS WEAR IT WHEN I BATHE; FOR THEN YOU SEE, DEAR, NO ONE CAN RECOGNISE ME FROM THE BEACH!"



SOME LIKE ONE THING, AND SOME ANOTHER—FOR EXAMPLE, JACK LIKES A BLOW ON THE NORTH CLIFF—



THE SWIMMERS.

Georgina. "NOW, CLARA, THAT'S NOT FAIR—YOU KNOW YOU HAVE ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND."



COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEASIDE.

Boy. "OH! LOOK HERE, MA! I'VE CAUGHT A FISH JUST LIKE THOSE THINGAMIES IN MY BED AT OUR LODGINGS!"



WHILE CHARLES PREFERS A QUIET CORNER OUT OF THE WIND.



Old Aunt. "WELL, MY LOVE—SO YOU'VE GOT A HAT LIKE MINE, I SEE."



ASTONISHING A YOUNG ONE.

Dick (to little brother). "HAR! THIS IS ONE OF THE DISAGREEABLES IN BEING GROWN UP. WHY, BLESS YOU, IF I DIDN'T SHAVE TWICE A DAY THIS WARM WEATHER, I SHOULD NOT BE FIT TO BE SEEN!"



THE LAST ALTERATION.

Small Boy. "OH, AIN'T IT A SHAME! THEY'RE AGOING TO TAKE OFF THEM POOR COVES' BOOTS AND COATS, AND PUT 'EM ON FROCKS AND TROWSERS!"



A NOTION OF PLEASURE.

Boy. "OH, COME HERE, TOMMY!—HERE'S SUCH A LOT O' GRAINS BIN SHOT DOWN HERE! LET'S TURN 'EM OVER 'EELS IN 'EM!"



AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

Young Sparrow. "OH, I'M SORRY TO TROUBLE YOU, UNCLE—BUT COULD YOU LEND ME A RAZOR? MY CONFOUNDED FELLOW HASN'T PACKED UP MY DRESSING CASE!"



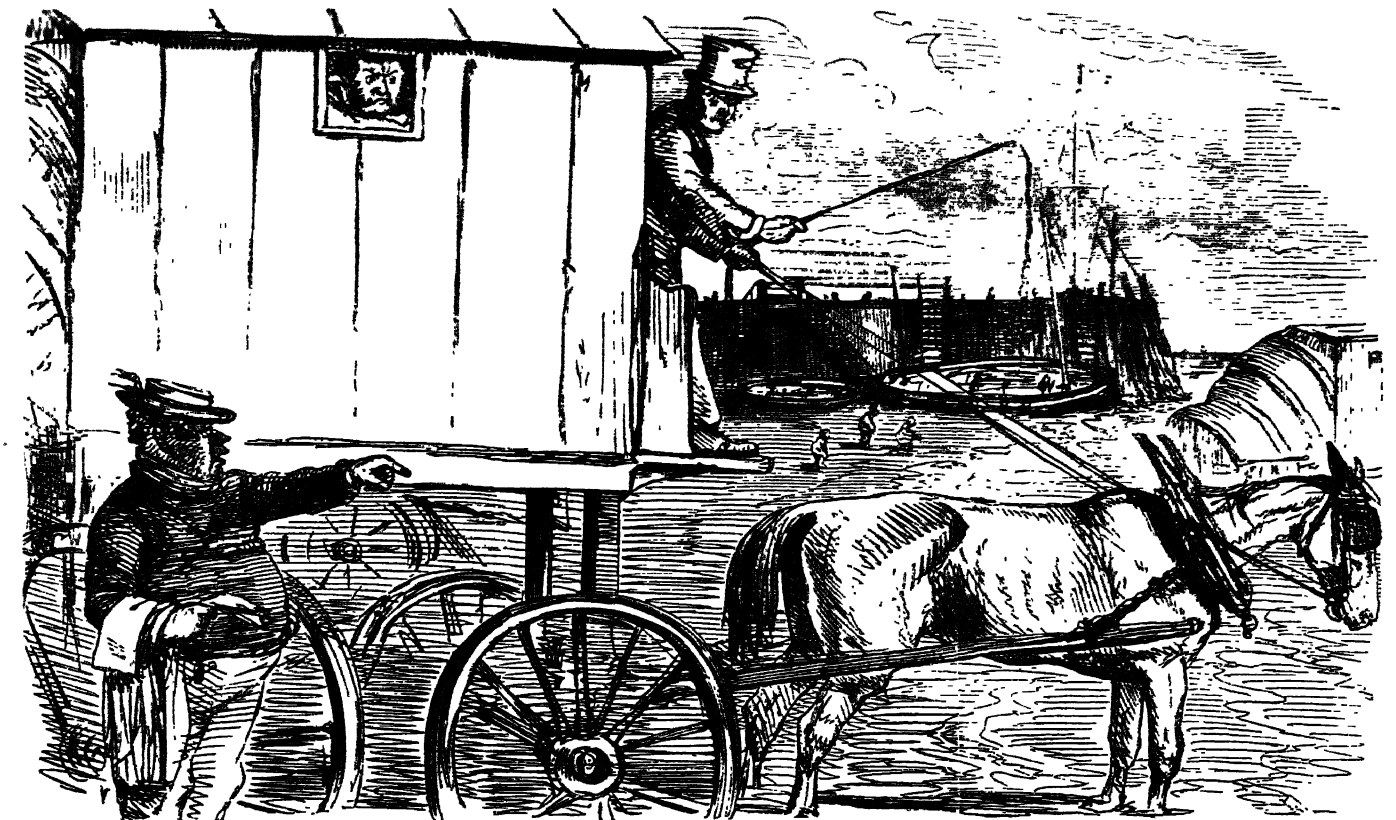
A BAD TIME FOR JOHN THOMAS.

Rude Boy. "I SAY, JACK, AIN'T HE A FINE UN?—D'YE THINK HE'S REAL, OR ONLY STUFFED?"



A JUDGE BY APPEARANCE.

Bathing Guide. "BLESS 'IS ART! I KNOW'D HE'D TAKE TO IT KINDLY—BY THE WERRY LOOKS ON 'IM!



A DELICIOUS DIP.

Bathing Attendant. "HERE, BILL! THE GENT WANTS TO BE TOOK OUT DEEP—TAKE 'IM INTO THE DRAIN!"



OLD DIPPS DECLARES THEY MANAGE SEA-BATHING BETTER IN FRANCE, AND THAT WHEN HE IS AT BO-LONG, HE DOES AS BO-LONG DOES—WELL! THAT'S A MATTER OF TASTE!



SIX OF ONE AND HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

Miss Matilda to Miss Priscilla. "WELL, I'M SURE!—THE CREATURE NEEDN'T SIT THERE IN THAT DISGUSTING MANNER!"



A FRENCH FRIEND PAYS HIS FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND, AND IS SHOWN THE GREAT METROPOLIS. HE IS PROFOUNDLY IMPRESSED BY OUR NOBLE REGENT STREET.



TERRIFIC ACCIDENT.
BURSTING OF OLD MRS. TWADDLE'S AQUA-VIVARIUM. THE OLD LADY MAY BE OBSERVED ENDEAVOURING TO PICK UP HER FAVOURITE EEL WITH THE TONGS, A WORK REQUIRING SOME ADDRESS.



THE FRIGHTFUL FIGURE THAT NEARLY TERRIFIED OLD FOGGY AND HIS WIFE OUT OF THEIR WITS—AND WHICH PROVED, AFTER ALL, TO BE ONLY AN ORDINARY MORTAL, CARRYING ROASTED CHESNUIS!



WET DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.
PARTY IN THE TABLEAU THINKS, THAT PERHAPS STROPPING HIS RAZORS MIGHT AMUSE HIM.



THE PICNIC.—OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.



First Party (who is hard hit, and sentimental). "THIS IS THE VERY SPOT WHERE I LAST SAW THE DARLING CREATURE. I ASSURE YOU, FRANK, SHE IS THE LOVELIEST, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, THE—THE—TH—IN FACT—"
Second Party (who has heard the same thing for the last two hours). "H'M! HA! DESSAY! YES. I SAY, OLD FELLAH, HAVE A WEED!"



HUSBAND-TAMING.



RESULT OF ALLOWING LADIES TO WITNESS RAREY'S HORSE-TAMING EXHIBITION.

Mrs. Blanch. "I ASSURE YOU, MY LOVE, HE IS COMPLETELY UNDER MY CONTROL. HE NEVER TALKS NOW OF SUCH A THING AS GOING TO HIS CLUB OR DINING AT GREENWICH WITH HIS BACHELOR FRIENDS, AND HE WILL READ TO ME WHILE I WORK, FOR THE HOUR TOGETHER."
Mrs. Catherine. "OH, I MUST CERTAINLY LEARN THE ART, FOR MY AUGUSTUS IS REALLY DREADFUL!"



THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

Frederick. "BUT I ASSURE YOU, DEAREST—"
Bessy. "OH, NONSENSE, FREDERICK!—DON'T TELL ME! I JUDGE BY DEEDS, NOT WORDS; AND I AM SURE YOU CANNOT REALLY LOVE ME, OR YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE GIVEN THAT HORRID MISS CLAFFERTON THE WING OF THE CHICKEN, AND ME THE LEG. BESIDES, YOU HANDED THE STRAWBERRIES FIRST TO FLORA GIGGLES, AND YOU KNOW HOW I HATE HER."



Lady Flora. "FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB, INDEED! FOR MY PART, I THINK YOUNG MEN OF FORTUNE MIGHT EMPLOY THEIR TIME MUCH BETTER THAN DRIVING HORSES TO GREENWICH! DON'T YOU, ALICE?"
Alice (with a tremendous sigh). "OH, YES! DEAR!"

PICTURES OF LIFE AND CHARACTER, BY JOHN LEECH.



Bathing Woman. "TEACH YER TO SWIM? LOR BLESS YER, MY LOVE, WHY OF COURSE I CAN!"



"THE WERRY FIRST THING AS EVER I DOES WHEN I GOES TO THE CHRISTIAL PALIS, IS GIT A CHEER!"
[*Observation of Old Lady, July 17th, 1856, as ever was.*]



MRS. POTILES SEES NO REASON WHY SHE SHOULDN'T GO OUT ON THE ROOF OF HER HOUSE TO SEE THE FIREWORKS



ACCEPTING A SITUATION.

MAMMA AND THAT URCHIN WILLIAM GET ROUND SAFELY, BUT AUGUSTUS AND EMILY ARE OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE. WELL! WELL! THEY ARE ABOVE HIGH-WATER MARK, SO PERHAPS THEY WON'T BE VERY MISERABLE FOR THE NEXT HOUR OR TWO.



Sensitive Young Lady. "POOR CREATURES! NOTHING BUT EATING AND SLEEPING! WHAT A DREADFUL EXISTENCE!"
Stout Youth. "DREADFUL EXISTENCE!—OH, AH! I DARE SAY. WHY, THAT IS JUST THE VERY THING OF ALL OTHERS I SHOULD LIKE THE BEST!"



PHEASANT SHOOTING. A WARM CORNER.

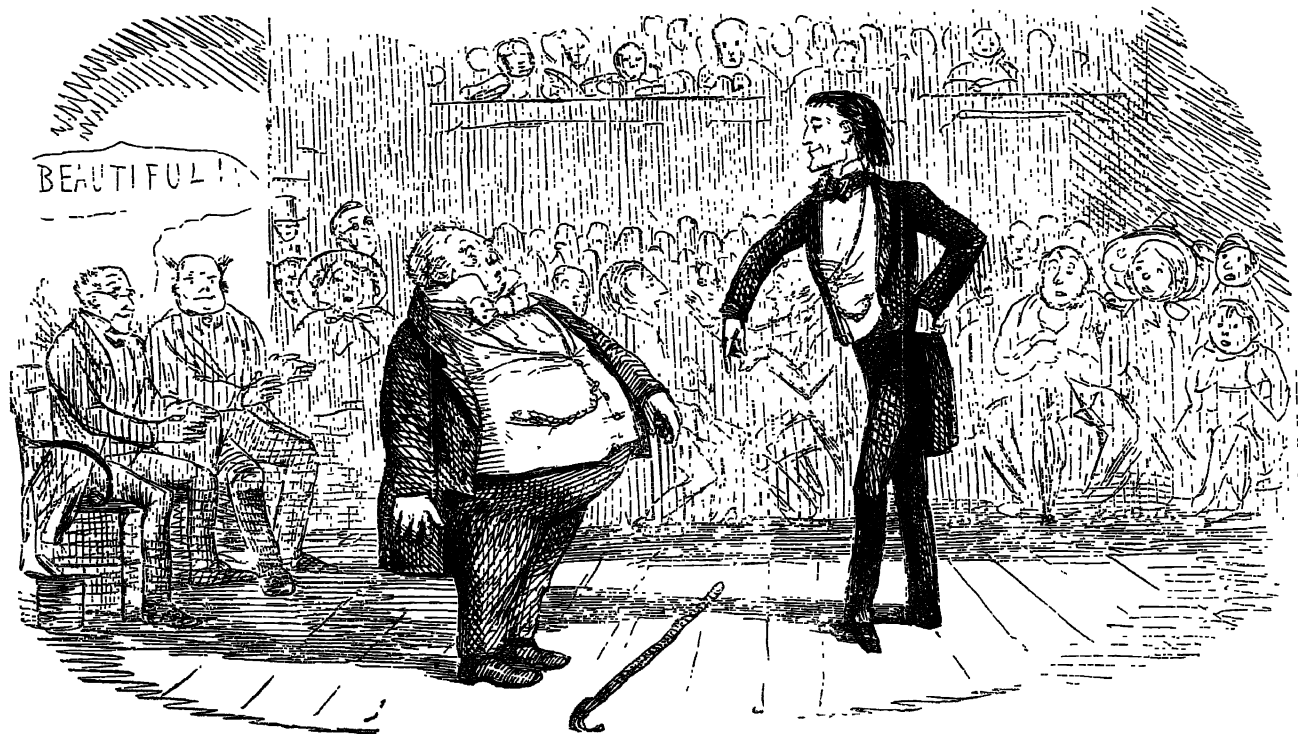


Delightful Boy. "OH! LOOK 'ERE, JIM! HERE'S A SWELL—LET'S FRIGHTEN 'IS 'ORSE!"



A FRESHENER ON THE DOWNS.





VERY ODD!

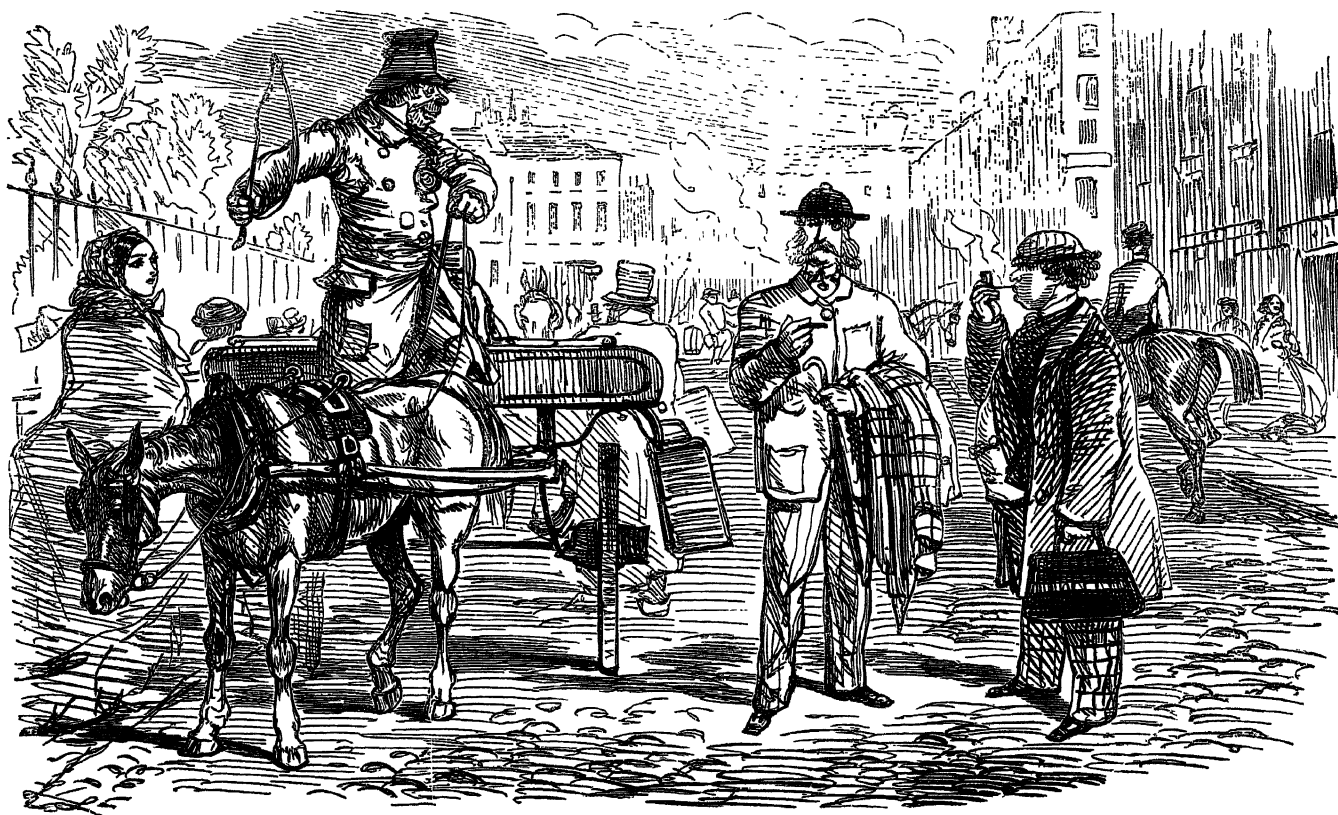
Lecturer on Electro-Biology. "NOW, SIR! YOU CAN'T JUMP OVER THAT STICK! AHEM!"

Subject. "JUMP? EH! UGH! LOR BLESS ME, JUMP? NO, I KNOW I CAN'T—NEVER COULD JUMP—UGH!"

[Thunders of Applause from the Gentlemen in the cane-bottom chairs—(i.e. believers).]

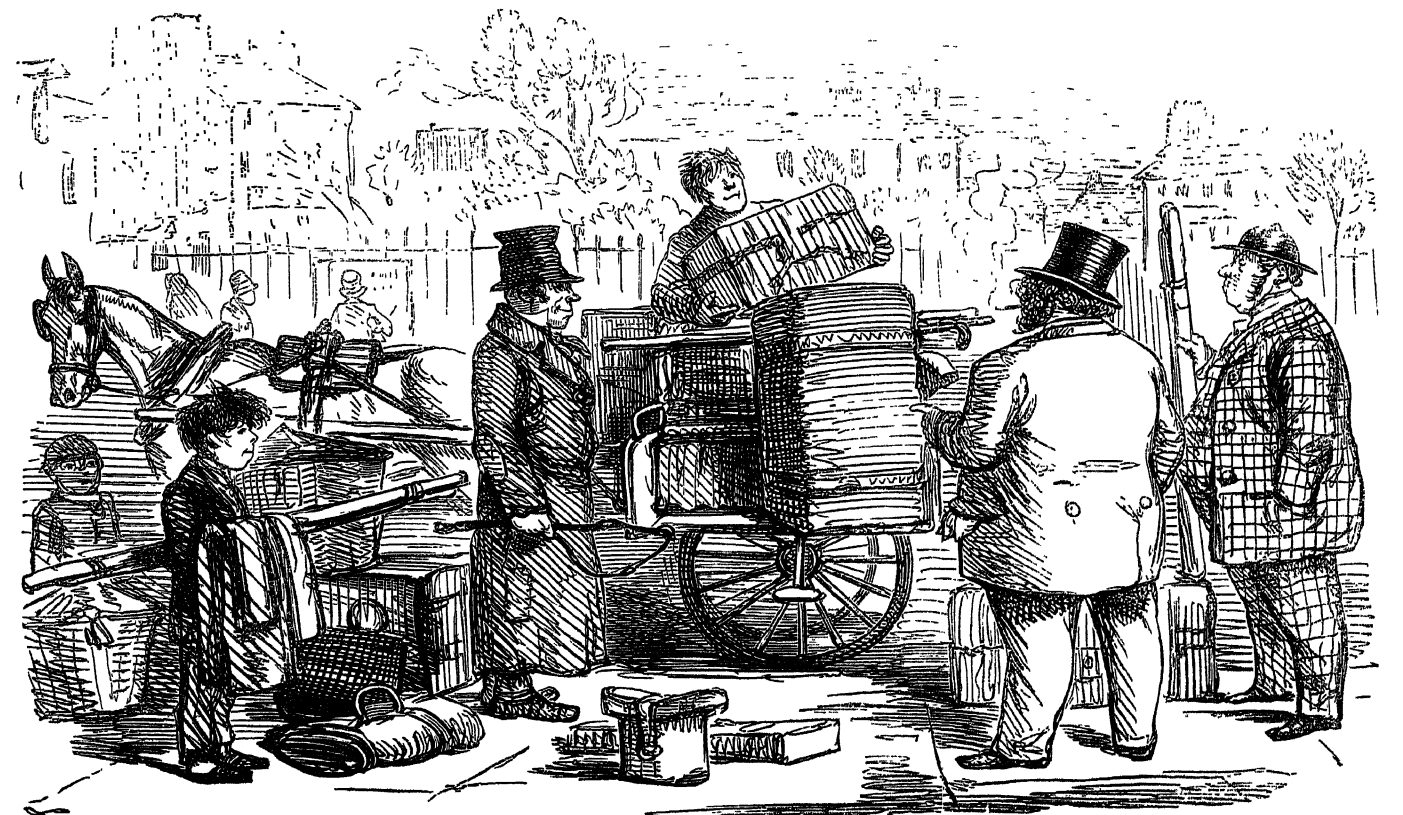


BOWKER, WHO IS FOND OF NICE THINGS FOR BREAKFAST, AND SOMETIMES MARKETS FOR HIMSELF, BECOMES AN OBJECT OF INTEREST, FROM HAVING LAID IN A FEW BLOATERS, AND HALF-A-POUND OF FRESH CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGES FROM BOND STREET—AND WHICH SAUSAGES AND BLOATERS ARE IN HIS COAT-POCKET!



A TENDER POINT.

Irish Jarvie (with much excitement). "NOT FAST ENOUGH! IS IT? OH THIN YER' ONOR, JIST JIMP UP, TILL I TIRRIFFY YE THE WAY I'LL ROWL ALONG!"



A STRONG-BACKED CAR. SCENE—IRELAND.

Tourist. "WELL, BUT MY GOOD FELLOW, YOU CAN'T CARRY US, AND ALL OUR LUGGAGE!"
Car Driver. "OGH, NIVER FEAR, YER 'ONOUR, SHURE I'D CARRY TWICED AS MUCH!"



WHOLESOME FEAST.

Jessie. "AND SO, WALTER, YOU HAVE LITTLE PARTIES AT YOUR SCHOOL, EH?"
Walter. "AH! DON'T WE, JUST!—LAST HALF THERE WAS CHARLEY BOGLE, AND GEORGE TWISTER, AND ME—WE JOINED, YOU KNOW—AND HAD TWO POUNDS OF SAUSAGES, COLD, AND A PLUM CAKE, AND A BARREL OF OYSTERS, AND TWO BOTTLES OF CURRANT WINE!—OH, MY EYE! WASN'T IT JOLLY, NEITHER!"



A PLEASANT HOLIDAY TASK.

Mr. Punch. "NOW, BOYS AND GIRLS! YOU MUST FIND OUT THE USE OF THESE GLOBES BEFORE YOU GO BACK TO SCHOOL!"



OF A VERY STUDIOUS TURN.

Mamma. "WHO IS THIS HAMPER FOR!—WHY FOR POOR JERRY, WHO IS A SCHOOL, YOU KNOW."
Darling (reflectively). "OH!—DON'T YOU THINK, MA, I HAD BETTER GO TO SCHOOL?"



A VERY GREEN-EYED MONSTER!

First Juvenile. "I WONDER WHAT CAN MAKE HELEN HOLDFAST FOLK WITH YOUNG ALBERT GRIG!"
Second Ditto. "DON'T YOU KNOW? WHY, TO MAKE ME JEALOUS! BUT SHE HAD BETTER NOT GO TOO FAR!"



THE DAY AFTER THE JUVENILE PARTY.—AWFUL APPEARANCE OF THE DOCTOR.



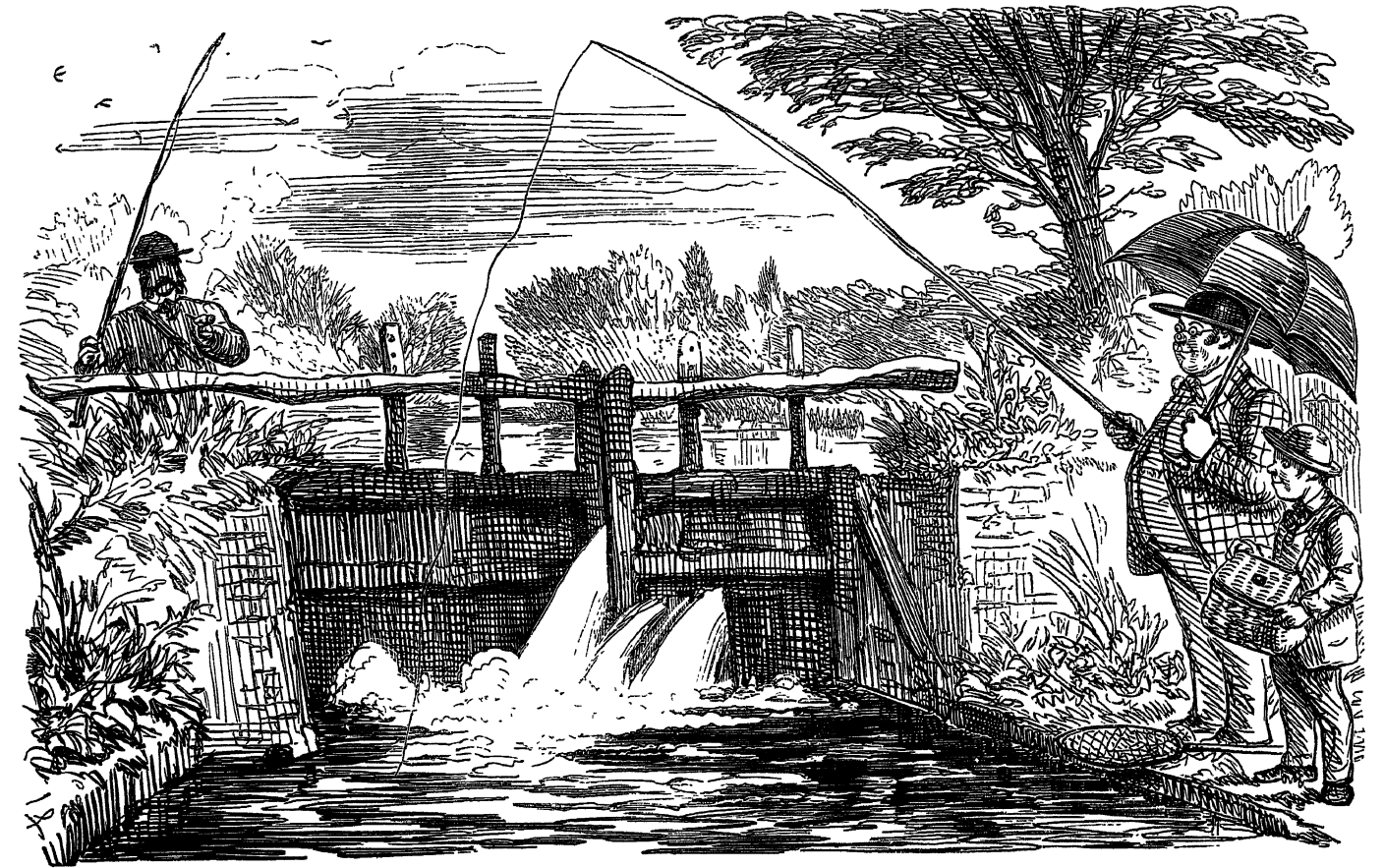
NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

Augustus. "NOW I'VE GOT YOU!"

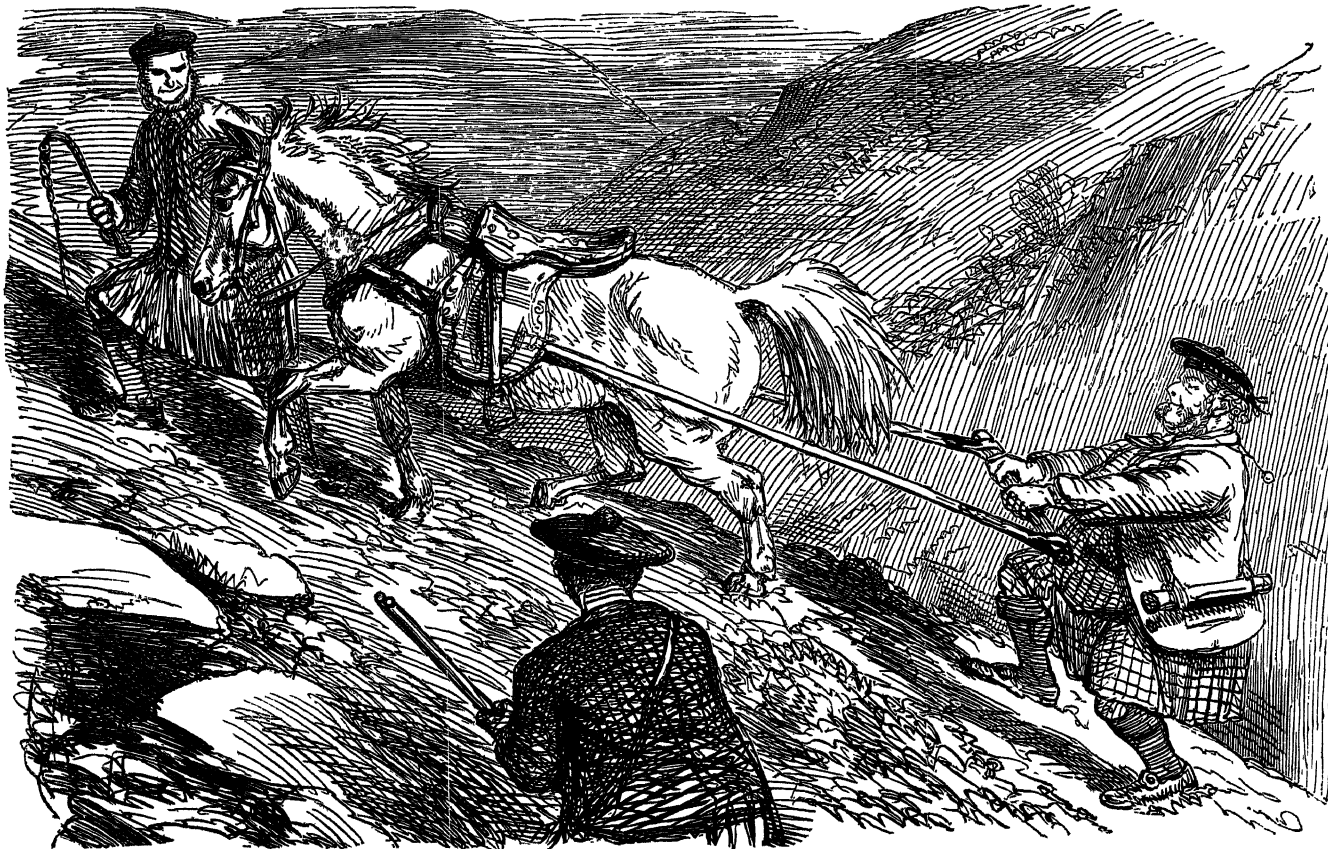


THE MOORS. GRATIFYING—VERY!!

ON ARRIVING AT THE BEST PART OF YOUR SHOOTING, YOU FIND THOSE AMIABLE TOURISTS, THE NOBBS'S, HAVE BEEN OVER THE GROUND A GOOD DEAL. AS THE BIRDS ARE WILD, YOUR SPORT IS NOT MUCH IMPROVED THEREBY. NOBBS, JUNIOR, MAY BE OBSERVED TAKING IN THE "OBJECTS OF INTEREST" WITH HIS TELESCOPE.



ON ARRIVING AT THE BEST PART OF YOUR FISHING, YOU ARE OF COURSE CHARMED TO FIND THAT OLD MUFFINS AND HIS LITTLE BOY HAVE BEEN WHIPPING THE STREAM ALL THE AFTERNOON.



DEERSTALKING MADE EASY. A HINT TO LUSTY SPORTSMEN.



Donald Punch (a Keeper). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MY LORD BISHOP, BUT MAY I JUST TROUBLE YE TO SHOW ME YOUR CERTIFICATE?"



MR. WOBBLES, WISHING TO ACCUSTOM HIS HORSE TO THE REPORT OF FIRE-ARMS, MAKES HIS LAD FIRE A GUN AT THE CORNER OF A LANE—AT FIRST THE EXPERIMENT IS NOT SATISFACTORY!



IN A HURRY.

Boy. 'NOW THEN, SIR!—THE MORE YOU LOOK THE LESS YOU'LL LOIKE IT!—GET OVER, OR ELSE LET US COME!'



THE PLEASURE OF LE SPORT.

Foreigner of distinction (about to charge an obstacle). "TAKE NOTICE, MES AMIS! HAT I LEAVE EVERY SING TO MY VIFE!"



Gent. on Horseback. "GET OUT OF THE WAY, BOY!—GET OUT OF THE WAY!—MY HORSE DON'T LIKE DONKEYS!"

Boy. "DOAN'T HE!—THEN, WHY DOAN'T HE KICK THERE ORF!"



Ruggles. "HOLD HARD, MASTER GEORGE. IT'S TOO WIDE, AND UNCOMMON DEEP !"
Master George. "ALL RIGHT, RUGGLES ! WE CAN BOTH SWIM !"

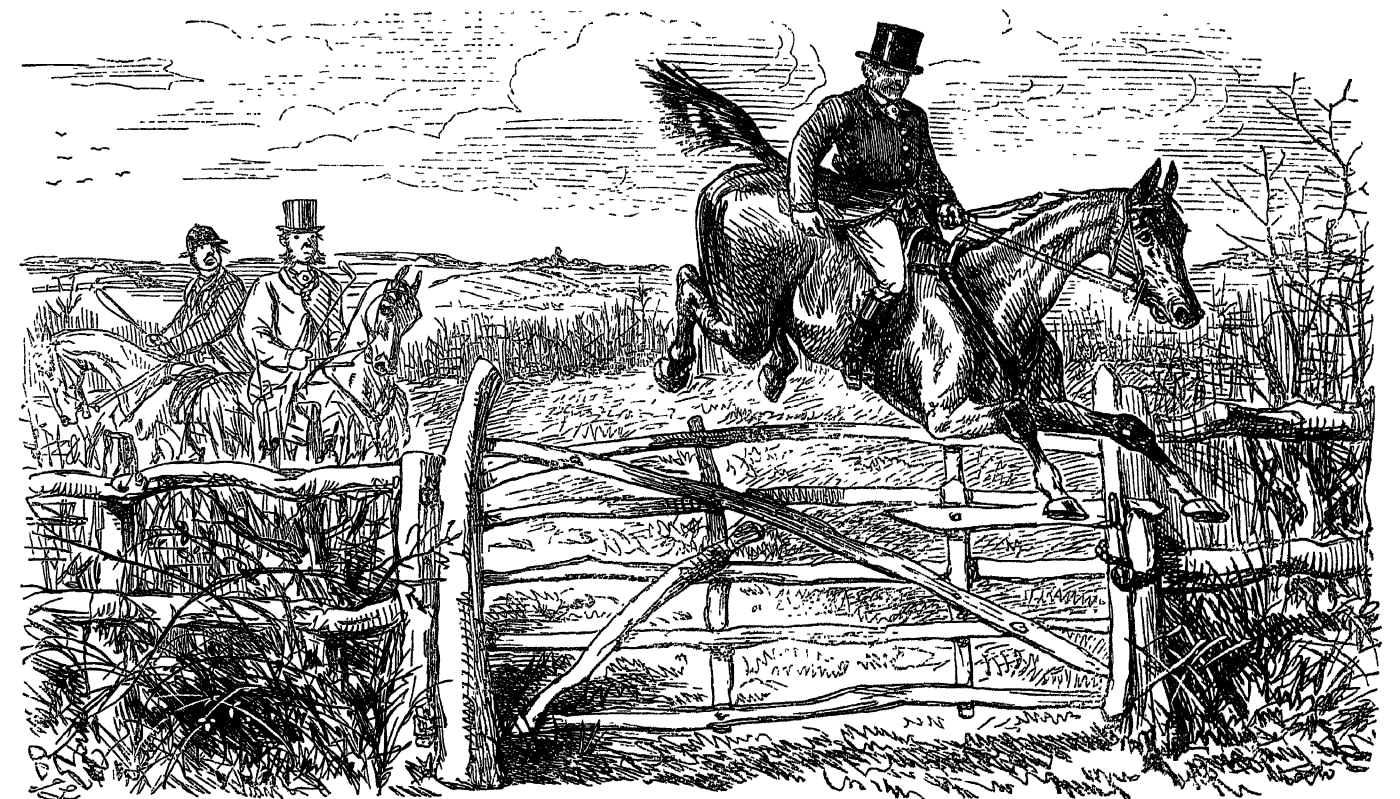


Boy from School. "GATE NAILED, OLD BOY ! NEVER MIND ! I'LL MAKE A GAP FOR YOU !"



VERY ATTENTIVE.

Hard-riding Cornet (to Old Party, who is rather bothered by a Brook). "DON'T MOVE, SIR ! PRAY DON'T MOVE ! AND I'LL TAKE YOU OVER WITH ME !"



THE NOBLE SCIENCE.

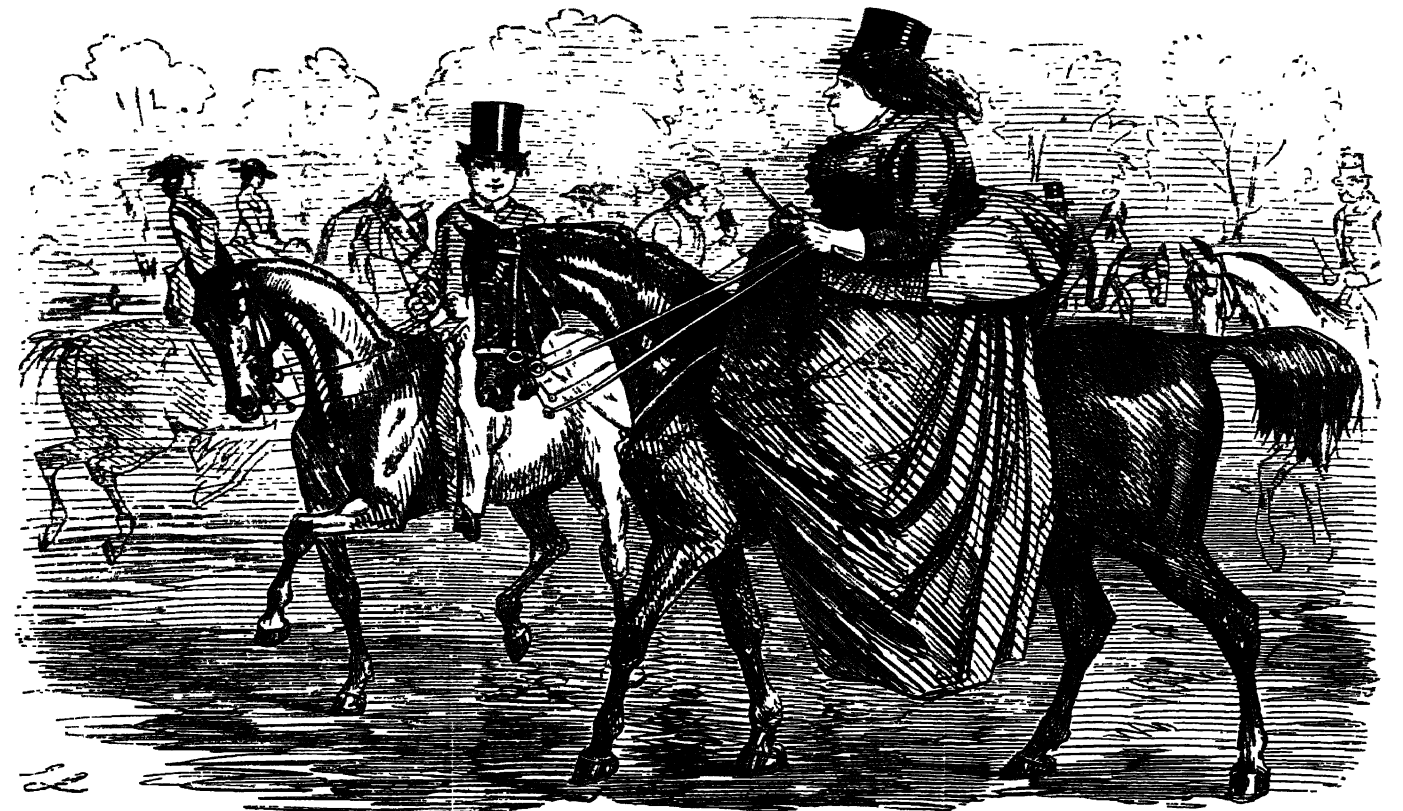
TOMKINS AND HIS FRIEND (WHO HAVE BEEN THROWN OUT) CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES ON FALLING IN WITH THE SQUIRE'S SECOND HORSEMAN, WHO IS SURE TO BRING THEM BY A LINE OF GATES TO THE HOUNDS AGAIN—AND SO HE DOES, ONLY—THE LAST OF THE GATES IS LOCKED, AND OVER WHICH HE "HOPS LIKE A BIRD !"



AN EQUESTRIAN DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Sprat. "DON'T YOU THINK, MY LOVE, THAT THE GROOM, WHO UNDERSTANDS THESE THINGS, HAD BETTER PUT YOU UP?"

Mrs. Sprat (with indignation). "THE GROOM, MR. S. ! THE GROOM PUT ME UP ! NO, SIR ! PUT ME UP YOURSELF, A PRETTY HUSBAND YOU ARE ! GROOM, INDEED !"



NOTHING LIKE HORSE EXERCISE.

"NOW, AUNT ! TOUCH HIM WITH YOUR LEFT HEEL, AND LET'S HAVE A TROT !"



SOLICITUDE.

Wife. "NOW, PROMISE ME ONE THING, ADOLPHUS. YOU WON'T GO FLYING OVER ANY HEDGES OR FIVE-BARRED GATES !"



SOMETHING LIKE A HORSE-TAMER.

Stout Party (who weighs about ten sacks of flour and a cartload of bricks). "REALLY NOW, AND SO YOU HAVE BEEN INITIATED, AND IT'S ALL RIGHT, EH ? WELL, I CERTAINLY MUST TAKE SOME LESSONS, AND BECOME A HORSE-TAMER MYSELF !"



MR. PUNCH'S FANCY BALL, 1847.



Stout Gent. "DEAR! DEAR! SO HE HAS FORMED AN ATTACHMENT THAT YOU DON'T APPROVE OF! AH! WELL, THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING. DEPEND UPON IT, MA'AM, THERE'S A SKELETON SOMEWHERE IN EVERY HOUSE!"



SO FOND OF ASTRONOMY, THAT THEY ARE ALWAYS ON THE BALCONY, LOOKING FOR THE COMET!



A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH.

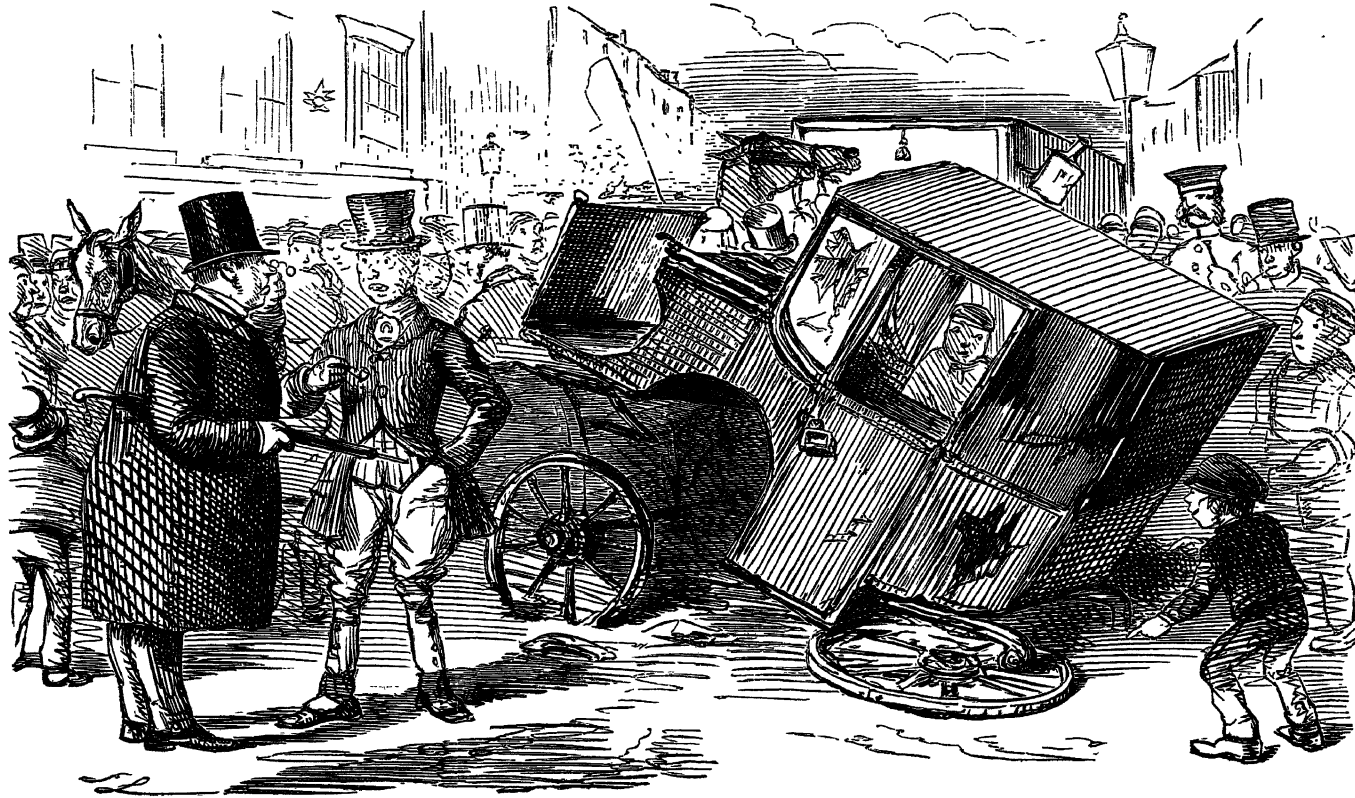
Fussyite Parson. "WHAT! WANT TO LEAVE YOUR SITUATION! WHY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE PERFECTLY SATISFIED!"
Cook. "WELL, SIR, THE FACT IS, I AIN'T EQUAL TO THEM FAST DAYS; FOR WHAT WITH A HEGG HERE, AND A HEGG THERE, AND LITTLE BITS O' FISH FOR BREAKFASTS, AND LITTLE BITS O' FISH FOR DINNERS, AND THE SWEET OMKLOKS, AND THE FRIED AND THE STEWED HOYSTERS, AND THE BASHAWED LOBSTERSES, AND ONE THINK AND THE ROTHER, THERE'S SO MUCH COOKING, THAT I AIN'T EVEN TIME TO MAKE UP A CAP!"



TOMKINS RETIRES TO A SECLUDED VILLAGE, THAT HE MAY GROW HIS MOUSTACHES, SO CUT OUT HIS ODISIOUS RIVAL, JONES. JONES, IT SO HAPPENS, HAS COME TO THE SAME PI WITH THE SAME OBJECT.—FRIGHTFUL MEETING.

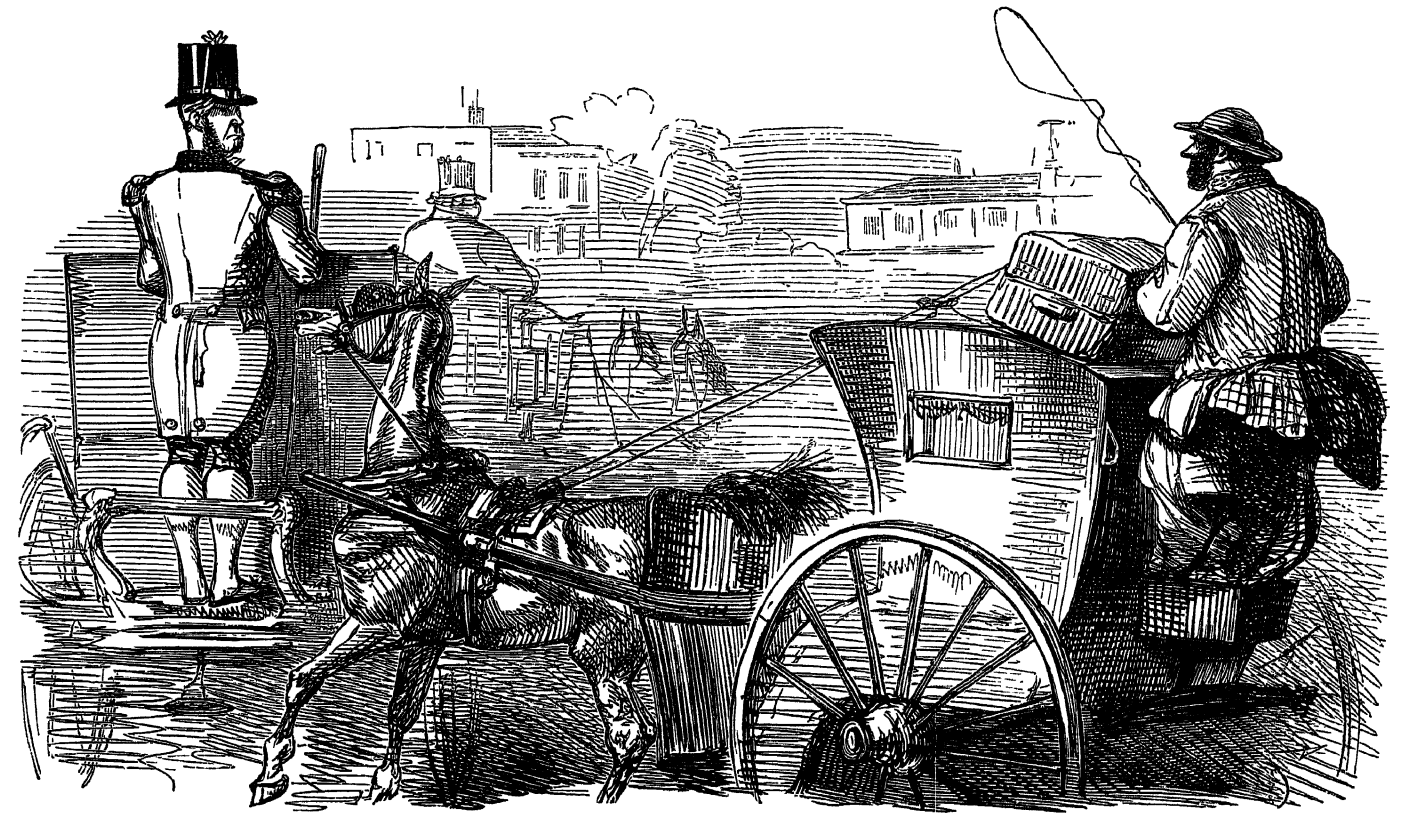


AN ELEGANT ROW ABOUT A MACHINE.

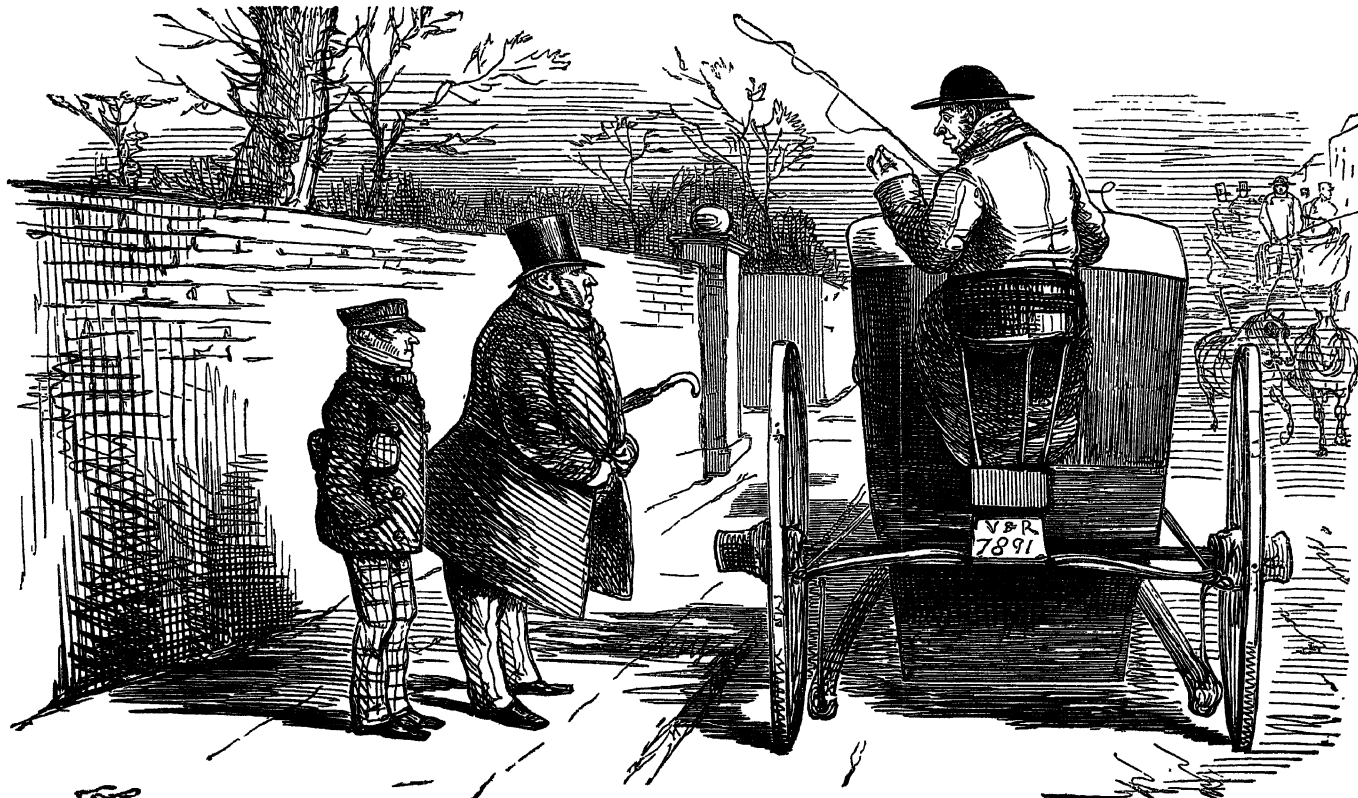


NOTHING TO SPEAK OF !

Old Gent. "PRAY, MY GOOD MAN, WHAT IS THE MATTER?"
Confused Individual. "MATTER, SIR! GENLMN'S OSS RUN AWAY WITH A BROOM, SIR! NIVER SEE ANYTHINK LIKE IT IN ALL MY BORN DAYS! DOWN HE COMES THE 'ILL WITH THE SHARVES A-DANGLING ALL ABOUT HIS LEGS—KNOCKS A BUTCHER'S CART INTO A LINENDRAPER'S SHOP—BANGS AGIN A CARRIDGE AND PAIR, AND SMASHES THE PANEL ALL TO BITS—UPSETS A FEATON, AND IF HE 'ADN'T A-RUN UP AGIN THIS HERE CAB AND DASHED IT RIGHT OVER, AND STOPPED HISSELF, BLOWED IF I DON'T THINK THERE'D A BIN SOME ACCIDENT!"



Cabby. "NOW, JOHN! WHEN YOU'VE DONE CLEANING THEM KNIVES BEHIND, JUST OLEAN THAT OLD SPOON ON THE BOX, AND LET'S COME BY!"



THE OLD GENTLEMAN HAS HAD A LONG MILE, AND TENDERS THE LEGAL FARE—SIXPENCE.

Cabby (with feigned surprise and delight). "WHAT, ALL—THIS—AT ONCE!"



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Amy (to Rose). "GOOD GRACIOUS, ROSE—I'M AFRAID, FROM THE WAY THE MAN TALKS, THAT HE IS INTOXICATED!"

Cabby (impressively). "BEG PARD'N, MISS!—N-N-NOT (HIC)—INTOSSI-TOSSI-CATED (HIC).—ITSH ONLY SHLIGHT 'PED-PED-PEDIMENT IN SPEESH, MISS!"



WHAT A TERRIBLE TURK!

"OH! HERE'S A JOLLY SNOW BALL. LET'S TAKE AND PUT IT AGAIN SOMEBODY'S DOOR!"



Small Snapper (to Crimean Hero). "NOW, CAPTAIN, GIVE US A COPPER, AND I'LL SEE YER SAFE OVER THE CROSSING!"



IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

Military Man. "WELL! WHAT ARE YER A STARIN' AT—AIN'T YER NEVER SEED A SODGER BEFORE!"



"TICKLED WITH A STRAW."

Advertising Medium. "COME NOW, YOU LEAVE OFF! OR I'LL CALL THE PEBLICE!"



STUMPED OUT.

Apothecary's Boy (to party rather proud of his Horsemanship). "I SAY, MISTER, MIND WHAT YOU'RE AT, OR YOU'LL BE OFF THE SHOPBOARD!"



HORRIBLE QUESTION AFTER A GREENWICH DINNER.

Foot-Boy. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, COOK TOLD ME TO ASK YOU WHAT FISH YOU'D LIKE TO-DAY!"



Miss Matilda. "GO ON, FIDO!—THERE'S ONE GREAT DRAWBACK TO THESE HATS—THEY MAKE ONE LOOK LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE." (Ahem!)



A HORRID BOY.

Frank. "OH, I SAY, EMILY! AIN'T THE SEA-SIDE JOLLY?"
 Emily (who is reading *The Corsair* to Kate). "I DO NOT KNOW, FRANK, WHAT YOU MEAN BY JOLLY.—IT IS VERY BEAUTIFUL!—IT IS VERY LOVELY!"
 Frank. "HAH! AND DON'T IT MAKE YOU ALWAYS READY FOR YOUR GRUB, NEITHER?" [Exit Young Ladies, very properly disgusted.]



A VERY NATURAL MISTAKE.

Young Lady (who is in Hat and Coat of the period). "CAN I HAVE A MACHINE NOW?"
 Bathing Woman. "NOT HERE, SIR!—GENTLEMEN'S BATHING A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN!"



THE COURSE OF TRUE, &c., NEVER DID, &c.

HERE'S POOR YOUNG WIGGLES ANXIOUS TO MEET THE BEING HE ADORES, BUT CANNOT DO SO, BECAUSE THE NEWLY-PITCHED BOAT UPON WHICH HE HAS BEEN SITTING, HAS CAUGHT HIM ALIVE O!



TOUCHING APPEAL.

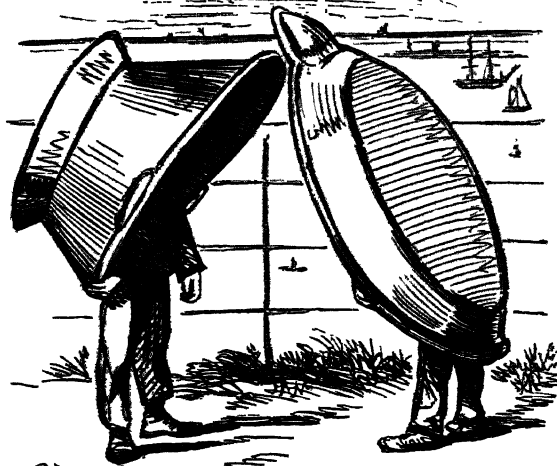
Testy Old Gent. (wearied by the importunities of the Brighton Boatmen). "CONFOUNDED IT, MAN! DO I LOOK AS IF I WANTED A BOAT!"



PATERFAMILIAS, WHOSE PET AVERSION IS STREET MUSIC, GOES TO THE SEA-SIDE, HOPING TO ESCAPE FROM THE NUISANCE. HE IS AT BREAKFAST,—BEAUTIFUL VIEW, NEW-LAID EGG, &C. &C.—WHEN—



THE RAREY ZEBRA PATTERN—A SWEET THING FOR THE SEASIDE.



A SEA-SIDE DIALOGUE.

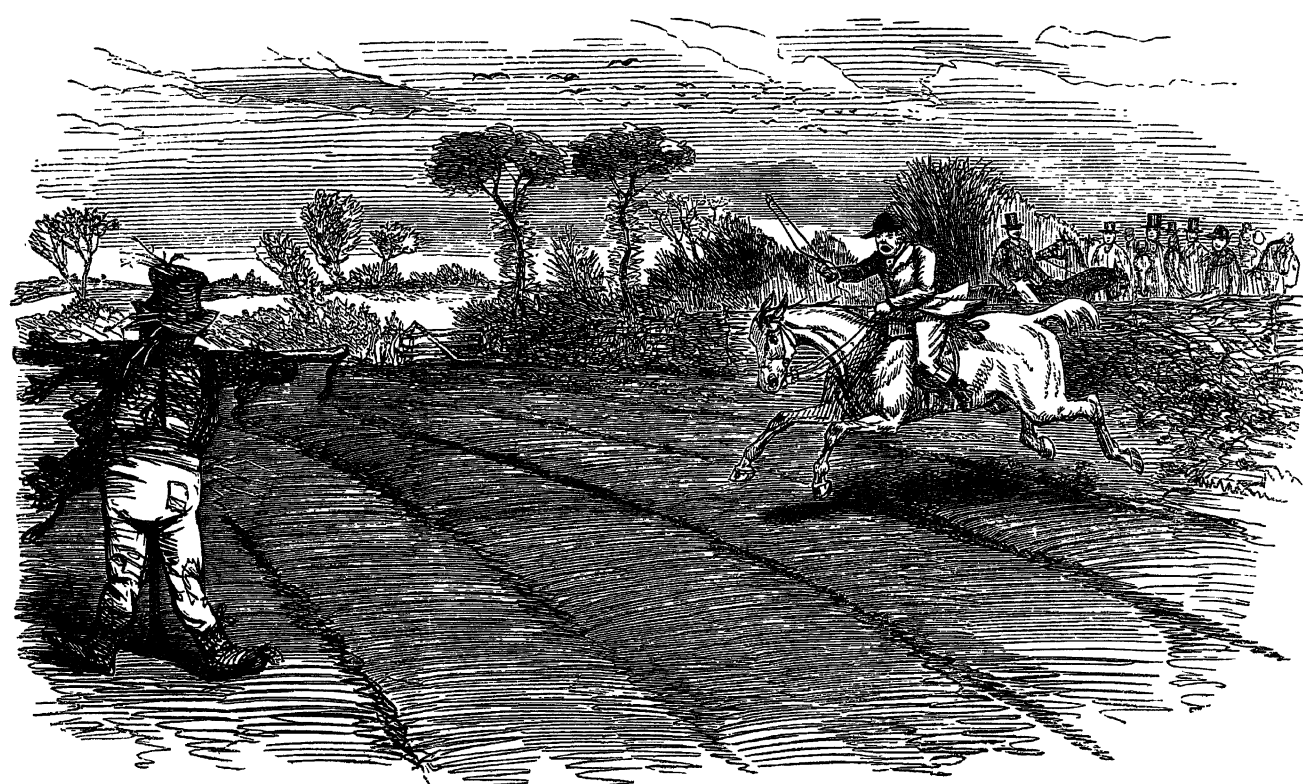
"HOLLO, JIMMY!—WHERE ARE YOU A-GOING WITH YOURN?"
 "HESPLANADE!—WHERE BE YOU?"
 "PROSPERO PLACE!" [Exit Companions of the Bath.]



OH, HORROR!



Youth. "HERE'S A NUISANCE, NOW! BLOWED IF I AIN'T LEFT MY CIGAR-CASE ON MY DRESSING-ROOM TABLE, AND THAT YOUNG BROTHER OF MINE WILL HAVE ALL MY BEST REGALIAS!"



BLIND WITH RAGE.

Huntsman (riding furiously over a fence to a Scarecrow). " * * * * * —YOU GREAT FOOL, WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU STAND POINTING THERE FOR?—WHY DON'T YOU HOLLER OUT WHICH WAY THE FOX BE GONE? BLOWED IF I DON'T OUT YOU INTO BITS!"



TRULY DELIGHTFUL!

GALLOPING DOWN THE SIDE OF A FIELD COVERED WITH MOLE-HILLS, ON A WEAK-NECKED HORSE, WITH A SNAFFLE BRIDLE, ONE FOOT OUT OF YOUR STIRRUP, AND A BIT OF MUD IN YOUR EYE!



A BYE-DAY AT EASTER.

Youth (quite at home for the holidays). "NOW, LOOK HERE, OLD BOY; IF THE FOX BREAKS AT THIS CORNER, DON'T YOU HOLLER_TILL HE GETS WELL AWAY!"—(N.B. The old Nimrod is the MASTER himself.)



FOXHUNTING IN A FOG.

Wild Huntsman (in the distance). "ALL RIGHT, JACK! COME ALONG! I CAN HEAR 'EM IN THE NEXT FIELD!"



School Boy (to Farmer, who has come out to protect his fields). "NOW THEN, OLD TURNIP-TOPS! WARE WHEAT!"



VIVE LE SPORT!

English Friend (to Foreigner of distinction). "THE FOX HAS BROKE, AND GONE AWAY!"
Foreigner of distinction (who has been galloping about the rides, to his immense satisfaction). "AHA! HE IS BROKEN, AND GONE AWAY! WHAT A PITY! ZEN I SUPPOSE IT IS ALL OVARE, AND WE MUST GO HOME!"



A CAREFUL RIDER.

"A STILE, EH? AREM! THAT'S A SORT OF THING THAT REQUIRES A GOOD DEAL OF JUDGMENT."



Small Boy (to prodigious Swell). "I SAY, MISTER, KETCH MY DONKEY, THAT'S A GOOD CHAP—I'LL DO THE SAME FOR YOU ANOTHER TIME!"



THE MAYORALTY.—THE COMING IN.



THE MAYORALTY.—THE GOING OUT.



Chair Proprietor. "WOULD YOU PLEASE TO PAY FOR THE CHEERS, MUM?"
Lady. "HOW MUCH?"
Chair Proprietor. "WELL, MUM—HOW MANY MIGHT YOU BE A SITTIN' ON?"



INVASION, INDEED! WHY, HERE IS A CORPS OF VOLUNTEERS, WHO HAVE NEVER EVEN BEEN THOUGHT OF*—WHAT WITH THE GLANCES AND THE ARROWS THEY WOULD SHOOT, AN ENEMY WOULD BE WORRIED TO DEATH IN NO TIME!
 * The Royal Knickerbocker Archers.



THE FAIR TOXOPHILITES.

Constance. "OH, MAMMA! I'M SO DELIGHTED. I HAVE JUST MADE THE BEST GOLD, AND WON THE BEAUTIFUL BRACELET GIVEN BY CAPTAIN RIFLER."
Lacy (disappointed). "WELL, CONSTANCE, I THINK YOU HAD BETTER NOT SAY MUCH ABOUT IT. YOU KNOW IT WAS A FLUKE! FOR YOU TOLD ME YOU ALWAYS SHOT WITH YOUR EYES SHUT, AS YOU FEEL SO VERY NERVOUS!"



AT ALDERSHOT—A RATHER DIFFICULT MANŒUVRE

CLARA AND HARRIET, AND THE TWO NICE GIRLS WHO ARE STAYING WITH THEM, LED BY MAMMA, GET INTO COUSIN HERBERT'S HUT, AND HAVE LUNCH.



Master Sparrow. "LOOK THERE, TOM! YOUNG FRED IS ASLEEP!"
Master Sprat. "YES! POOR LITTLE BEGGAR! WHAT A SHAME IT IS TO KEEP SUCH A MERE CHILD AS THAT UP SO LATE!"



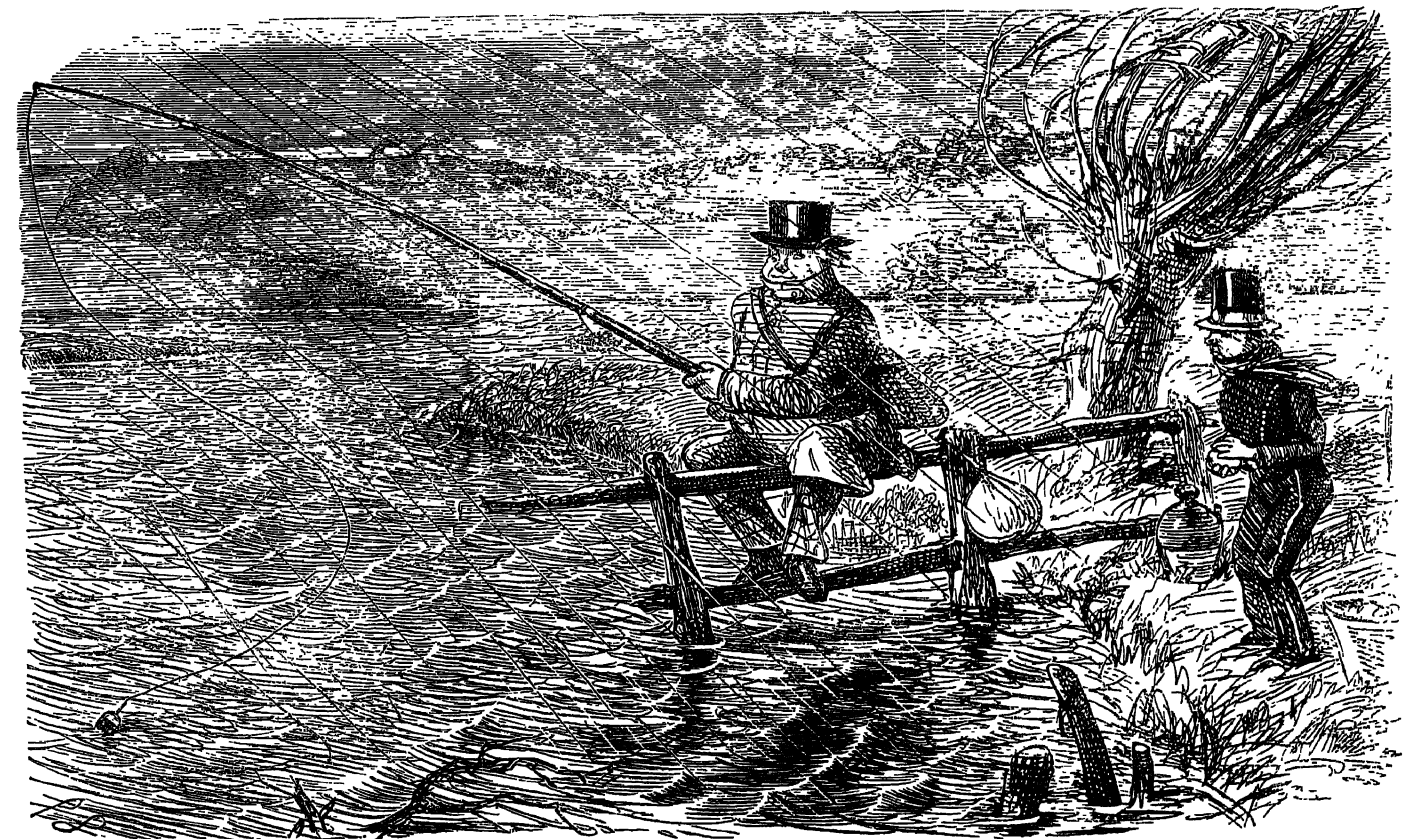
A DISTRESSED AGRICULTURIST.

Landlord. "WELL, MR. SPRINGWHEAT, ACCORDING TO THE PAPERS, THERE SEEMS TO BE A PROBABILITY OF A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES."
Tenant (who strongly approves of War prices). "GOODNESS GRACIOUS! WHY YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT THERE'S ANY DANGER OF PEACE!"



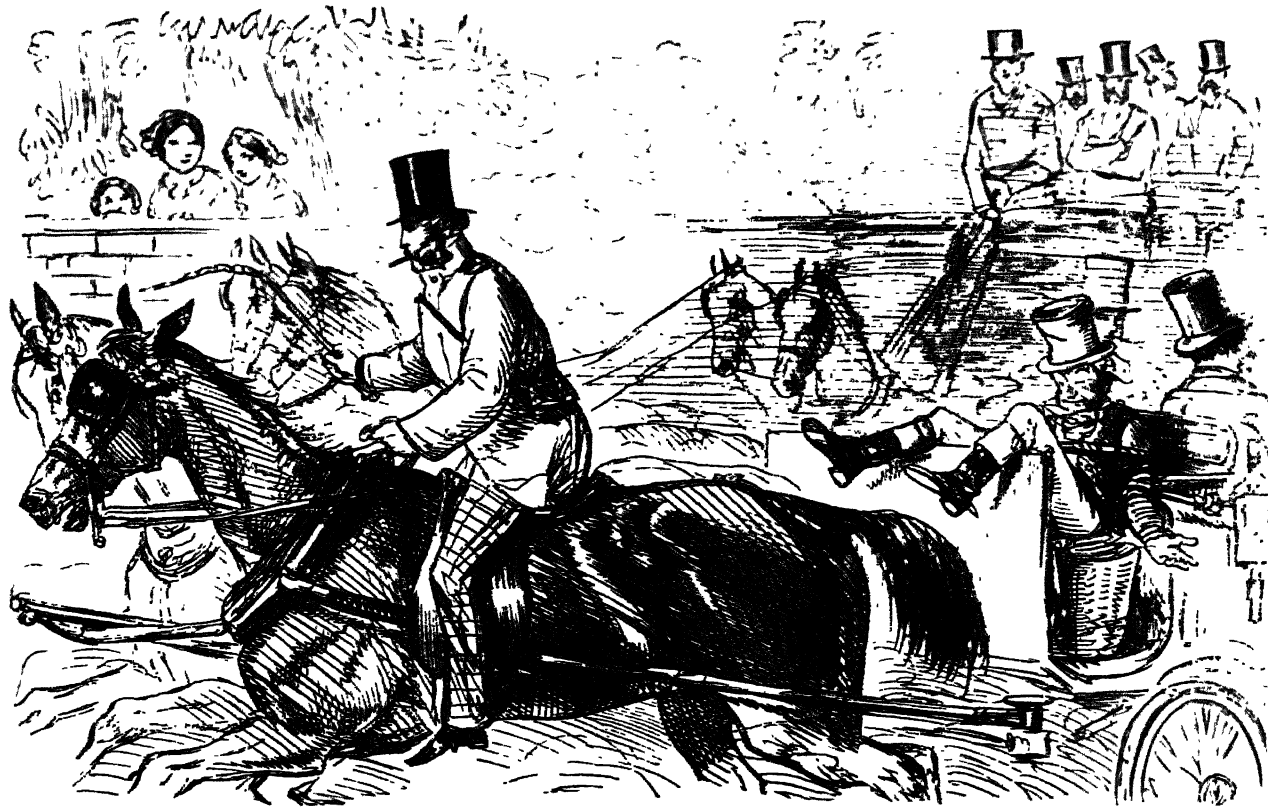
F. M. PUNCH SYMPATHISES WITH THE POOR (!) ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDER.

F. M. P. "THERE MY MAN, IT'S A PITY A GREAT HULKING FELLOW LIKE YOU SHOULD TURN A HANDLE TO MAKE SUCH A NASTY NOISE! HERE'S AN INSTRUMENT FOR YOU, GO AND PLAY UPON IT IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY!"



IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT PICKS UP THE WORM.

Piscator. "THERE, THOMAS! YOU NOW SEE THE ADVANTAGE OF EARLY RISING. I HAVE GOT THE VERY BEST PLACE ON THE WATER, AND I'LL BE BOUND TO SAY THE OTHER SUBSCRIBERS ARE NOT OUT OF BED YET!"



RETURNING FROM THE DERBY IN BLINK BONNY'S YEAR.

"AT LENGTH HE PRESENTED HIMSELF, BUT IN SUCH A STATE THAT WE WERE OBLIGED TO TIE HIM ON THE BOX, AND I HAD TO RIDE HOME."—*Extract from letter to particular friend.*



SCENE, GREENWICH: THE LAST TRAIN HAS GONE, AND THE SENIOR PARTY, UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE VEHICLE WAS A BROUGHAM, HAS ACCEPTED THE OFFER OF A LIFT TO TOWN.

Senior Party. "DOG CART! GOOD GRACIOUS! BUT YOU ARE NEVER GOING TO DRIVE!"

Junior Party. "NOT GOING—A—DWIVE? WHY NOT GOING A—DWIVE? JUS—AIN'T I, THO'!"



SERIOUS THING FOR BROWN,

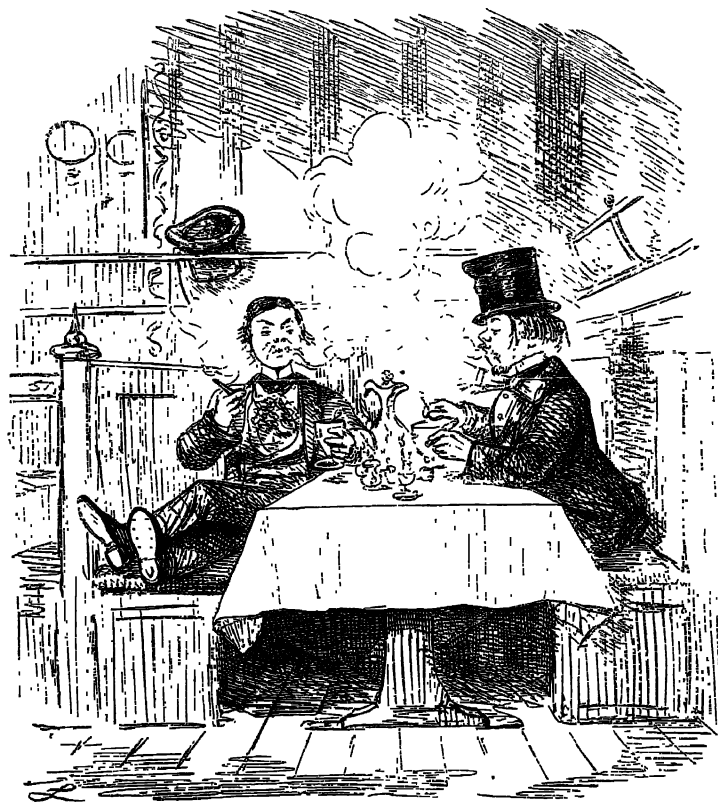
WHO RATHER PRIDES HIMSELF UPON THE ELEGANT MANNER WITH WHICH HE TAKES OFF HIS HAT. THIS TIME, HOWEVER, ALTHOUGH THE HAT IS REMOVED, THE LINING STICKS.



BEAUTY IN DISTRESS.

Gallant Swell (who, of course, comes to the rescue). "HAW! CAN I BE OF ANY SERVICE?"

Beauty. "OH, YEB! IF YOU WOULD SIT UPON THE HORSE'S HEAD, I SHOULD BE SO MUCH OBLIGED!"



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Alphonso. "YOU FIND YOUR MOOSTARCHERS A GREAT COMFORT, DON'T YOU, TOM?"
Tom. "WELL!—YES!—BUT I'M AFRAID I MUST CUT 'EM, FOR ONE'S OBLIGED TO DRESS SO DOOSD EXPENSIVE TO MAKE EVERYTHING ACCORD!"



CONSOLATION.

Young Snobley. "AH, JIM! NOBLE BIRTH MUST BE A GREAT ADVANTAGE TO A COVE!"
Jim (one of Nature's nobility). "H'M! P'RAFS!—BUT EGAD! PERSONAL BEAUTY AIN'T A BAD SUBSTITUTE!"



A HINT TO THE "ENGAGED ONES" OF ENGLAND.

Alice (to Rodolph, or rather we should say, Jones). "NOW MIND, SIR! YOU ARE A VOLUNTEER RIFLEMAN, AND IT ENTIRELY DEPENDS UPON YOUR ATTENTION TO DRILL, WHETHER I GIVE YOU THAT LOOK OF HAIR, OR NOT!"



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Young Snobley (a regular Lady-killer). "HOW THE GALS DO STARE AT ONE'S BEARD! I SUPPOSE THEY THINK I'M A HORFICER JUST COME FROM THE CRIMEAR!"

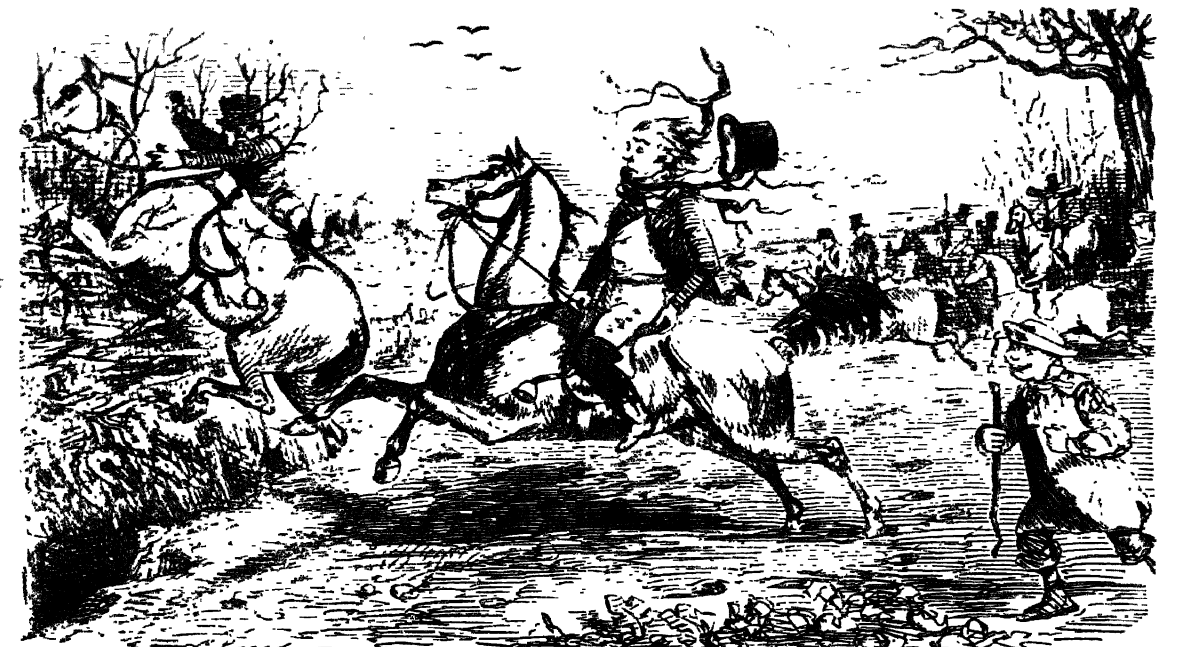


FORTUNATE FELLOWS.

Stalwart Briton. "I TELL YER WHAT, BILL! WE OUGHT TO BE VERY THANKFUL WE'RE ENGLISHMEN—FOR WHETHER IT'S THE CLIMATE, OR WHETHER IT'S THEIR HABITS, JUST SEE HOW THOSE AMERICANS ARE DEGENERATING!"



HINT TO GENTLEMEN RIDING HOME AFTER DINNER.
NEVER CARRY "PATENT VESUVIENNES," 2d. A BOX, IN YOUR COAT-TAIL POCKET.



THE NEXT BEST THING TO KEEPING YOUR OWN HUNTERS, IS, TO HIRE "MADE HORSES," THAT THOROUGHLY
KNOW THEIR BUSINESS.





HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Paterfamilias. "WELL, BOYS! I DARE SAY YOU'RE GLAD TO GET HOME: AND HOW DO YOU AND THE DOCTOR AGREE?"
Harry. "OH! WE LIKE HIM VERY MUCH."
Paterfamilias. "HAH! AND DO YOU THINK YOU ARE MAKING GOOD PROGRESS?"
Harry. "OH! PRETTY GOOD: I CAN LICK THREE FELLOWS; BUT FRED, HERE, CAN LICK SIX, COUNTING ME!"



OUR FAST MAN IN PARIS.—LE BAL MABILLE.

Fast Man. "THERE, CHARLEY, THAT'S THE SORT OF THING I WANT TO SEE INTRODUCED INTO ENGLAND. NOTHING METHODISTICAL ABOUT THAT; REAL STUNNING ENJOYMENT!"



A WAKE IN THE MINING DISTRICT

J'moimer Ann. "HAS THEE FOWGHTEN, BILL?"
Bill. "NOOAH!"
J'moimer Ann. "THEN GET THEE FOWGHTEN, AND COOM GOT HIS'N DONE BY FOWER O'CLOCK!"



GOING TO THE BALL—THE FINISHING



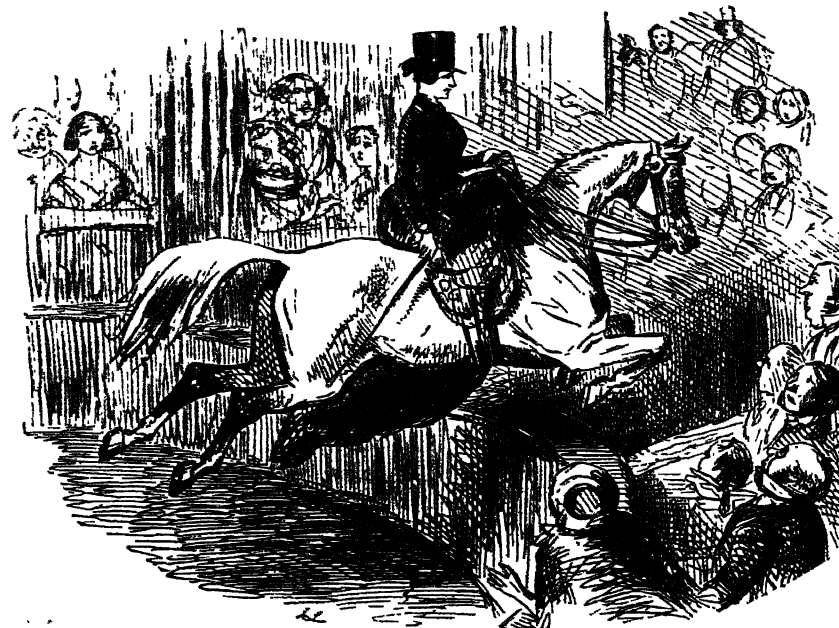
A DOMESTIC EXTRAVAGANZA.

Mamma. "WHY, GOOD GRACIOUS, NURSE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ADOLPHUS! HE LOOKS VERY ODD!"

Nurse. "AND WELL HE MAY, MUM! FOR HE THOUGHT THE COLOURED BALLS IN MISS CHARLOTTE'S NEW GAME OF SOLITAIRE WAS BULL'S EYES, AND HE'S SWALLOWED EVER SO MANY OF 'EM!"



A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!



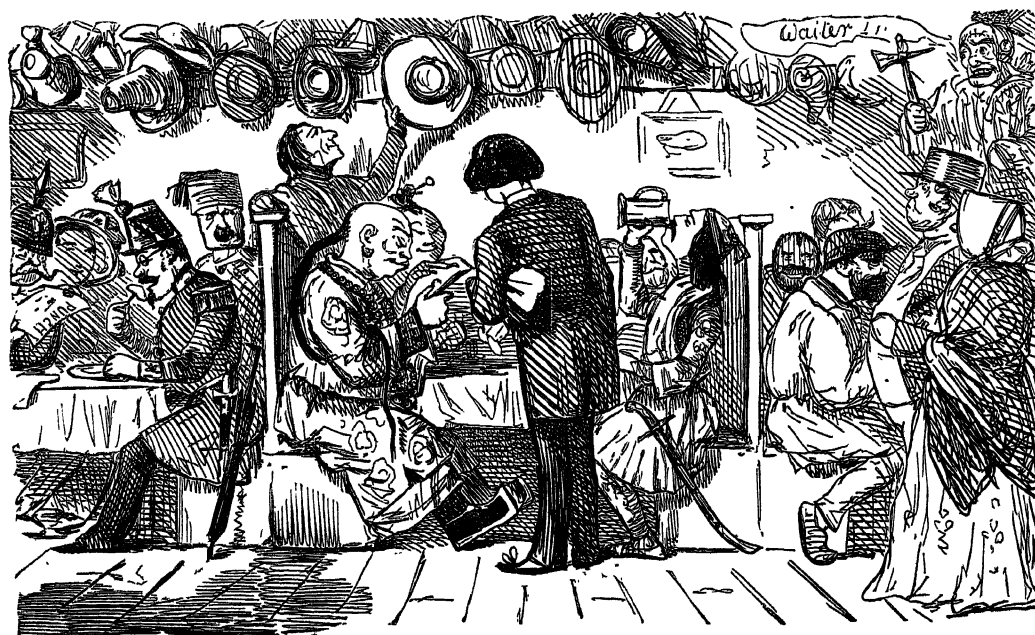
SISTERLY LOVE.

Papa. "THERE, THERE! MY LITTLE POPPET. DON'T CRY! DON'T CRY!—IF YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE THE MEASLES, YOU WILL SOON BE WELL AGAIN, I HOPE.—THERE, THERE!"

Blanche (sobbing violently). "I—I—I—I'M NOT CRYING, PAPA, BECAUSE I'M GOING TO HAVE THE MEASLES; BUT BECAUSE I—I—I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO RIDE MARY'S PONY ALL THE TIME SHE WAS ILL, AND NOW I SHAN'T!"



THE MERMAIDS' HAUNT.



LONDON DINING ROOMS, 1851.

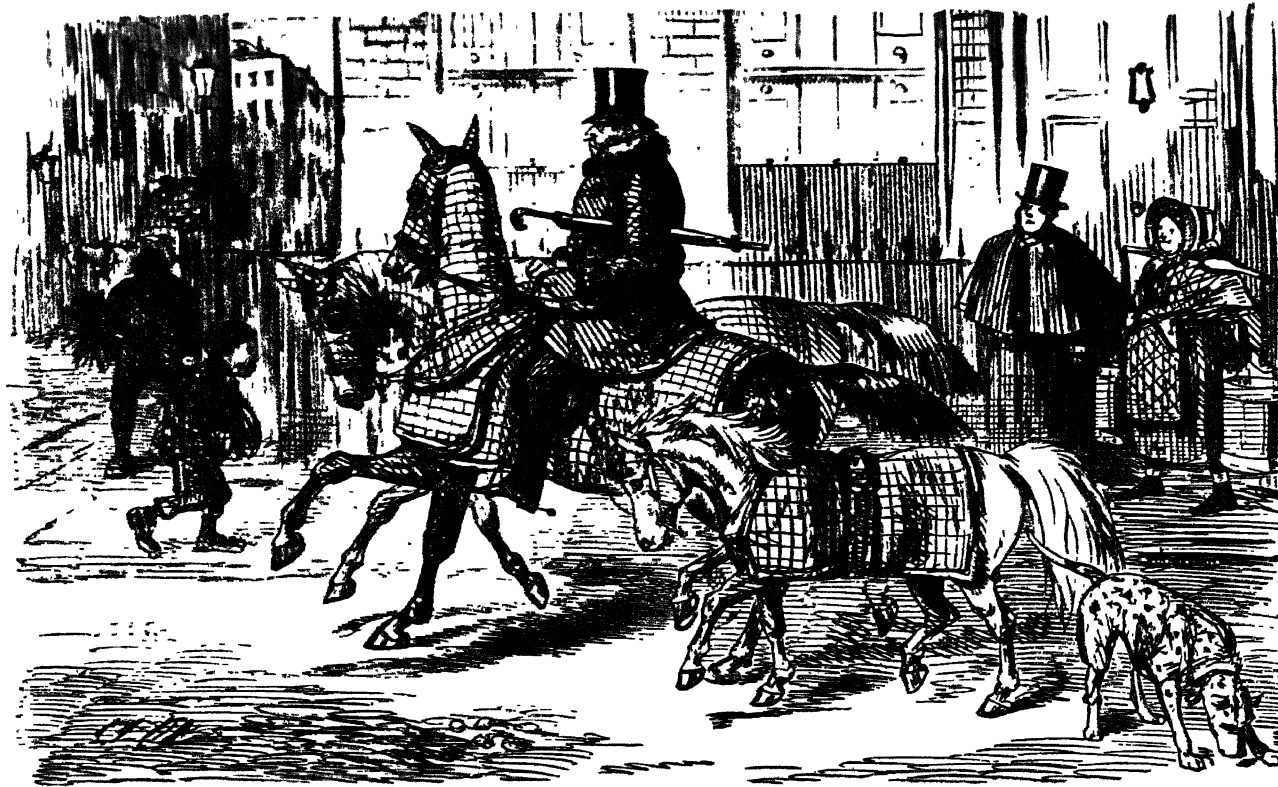
Waiter (to Chinaman), "VERY NICE BIRD'S-NEST SOUP, SIR!—YES, SIR!—RAT PIE, SIR, JUST UP—YES, SIR!—AND A NICE LITTLE DOG TO FOLLER—YES, SIR!"



BRITANNIA HAS THE INDUSTRY OF ALL-THE-WORLD AND HIS WIFE, TO SPEND A FEW MONTHS WITH HER.



Disgusting Boy. "I SAY, CLARA!—I'M SO JOLLY GLAD, I AM. DO YOU KNOW, ALL THE PIPES ARE FROZE, AND WE SHAN'T BE ABLE TO HAVE ANY OF THAT HORRID WASHING THESE COLD MORNINGS!—AIN'T IT PRIME!" [Sensation.]



MR. PUNCH'S ADVICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE, DO IT YOURSELF." FOR EXAMPLE:—BY GETTING UP AT DAY-BREAK, CLEANING OUT YOUR STABLE, AND TAKING THE HORSES OUT FOR EXERCISE, YOU WILL ACCOMPLISH YOUR OBJECT, AND—



A PEACE CONFERENCE.

Flora. "OH, I AM SO GLAD—DEAR HARRIET—THERE IS A CHANCE OF PEACE—I AM MAKING THESE SLIPPERS AGAINST DEAR ALFRED COMES BACK!"
Cousin Tom. "HAH, WELL!—I AIN'T QUITE SO ANXIOUS ABOUT PEACE—FOR YOU SEE, SINCE THOSE SOLDIER CHAPS HAVE BEEN ABROAD, WE CIVILIANS HAVE HAD IT PRETTY MUCH OUR OWN WAY WITH THE GURLES!"



WHEN RAILWAY COMPANIES FALL OUT THE PUBLIC DERIVE THE BENEFIT!

FOR EXAMPLE, DURING SOME OF THE WINTER MONTHS, WITH A NICE BRACING NORTH-EAST WIND BLOWING, YOU MAY GO TO MANCHESTER AND BACK FOR 5s.—AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE LOST—OH, DEAR NO!



ENABLE THE GROOMS TO GET THEIR BREAKFAST COMFORTABLY, AND SO KEEP THEM IN GOOD HUMOUR FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.



LITTLE DINNER AT GREENWICH.

Fish Swell. "HERE, WAITAW!—ARE THE WHITEMEN PRETTY GOOD?"

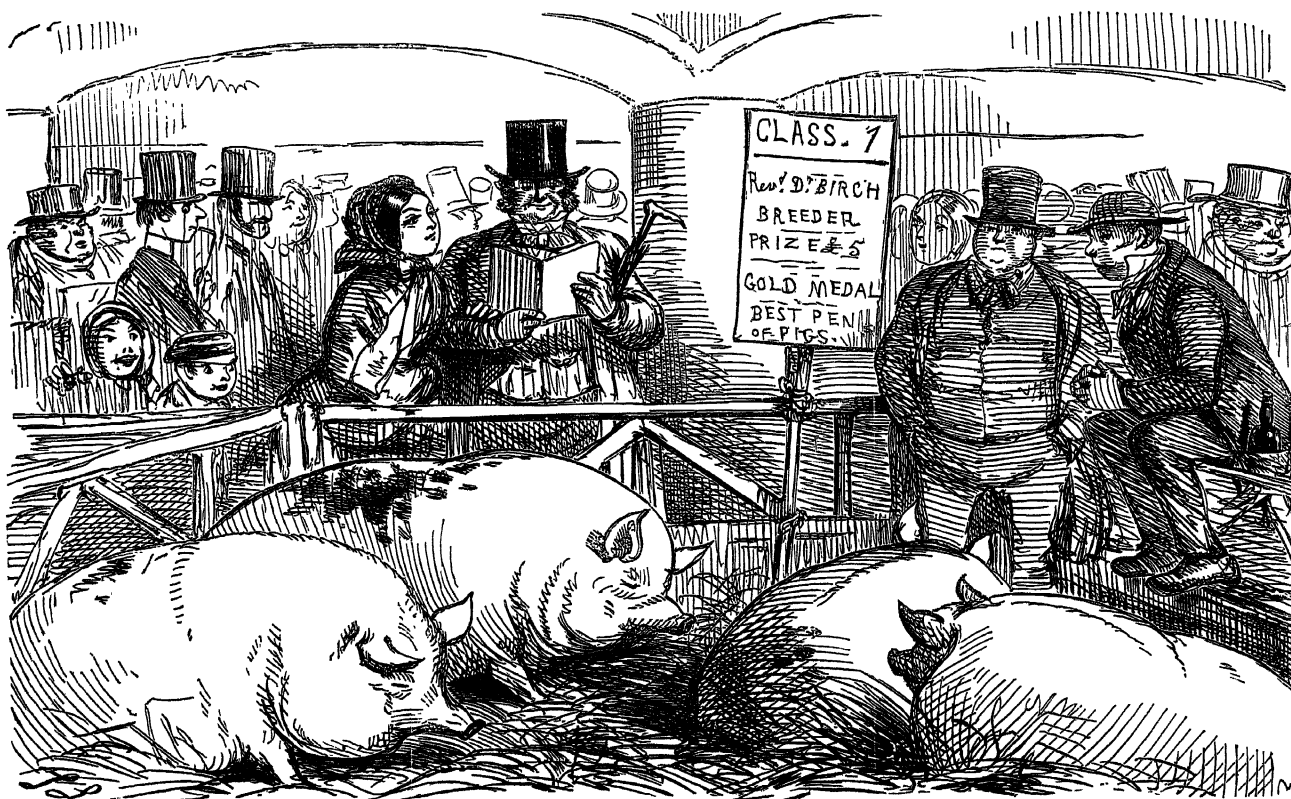


WHAT CAPITAL FUN IT IS SETTING TRIMMERS FOR JACK, AND ROWING AFTER THEM UNDER A BURNING SUN!—BUT WHY DOES NOT TOM HAUL UP THE ANCHOR?



THE THEATRE OF WAR.

A PRIVATE BOX FOR ENGLAND'S DEAR BOYS BEFORE SEBASTOPOL!



A PIG PEN AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

Harriet. "THEN, I SUPPOSE, PAPA DEAR, THAT THESE ARE LEARNED PIGS, AS THEY HAVE ALL GOT GOLD MEDALS!"



A PROBABILITY. "HOLD YOUR ZEBRA, SIR!"



Fascinating Gent (to precocious little Girl). "YOU ARE A VERY NICE LITTLE GIRL; YOU SHALL BE MY WIFE WHEN YOU GROW UP!"—
Little Girl. "NO, THANK YOU; I DON'T WANT TO HAVE A HUSBAND; BUT AUNT BESSY DOES; I HEARD HER SAY SO!"
[Sensation on the part of Aunt Bessy.]



THE BRITISH JURYMAN PREPARING FOR THE WORST.

Wife of his Buzzum. "THERE, MY LOVE, I THINK WITH WHAT YOU HAVE HAD, AND THIS BOX OF CONCENTRATED LUNCHEON, YOU MAY HOLD OUT AGAINST ANY OF 'EM!"



OF ALL FOOLISH THINGS, THE MERE FUN IS PERHAPS THE MOST FOOLISH.—NOW, HERE'S A FELLOW (PROBABLY A MEMBER OF THE ST—OK EXCH—NGE) WHO, IN SPITE OF HIS REALLY PERILOUS CONDITION, SAYS, "THAT HE CAME OUT FOR A (W)HOLE HOLIDAY—AND HAS GOT IT!"



DABBLE—DABBLE!



THE CIVIL CABMAN.

Cabby (to Old Party, who has been to the Crystal Palace). "WANT A CAB, SIR?—SORRY I'M ENGAGED, SIR!—WERRY 'APPY TO TAKE YOU NEXT WEEK!"



FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A STEAM BATH, AND THIS CAN BE HAD IN YOUR OWN BEDROOM WITH THE GREATEST EASE—YOU HAVE ONLY TO—



TAKE CARE THAT YOU MANAGE THE APPARATUS PROPERLY



THANK GOODNESS! FLY-FISHING HAS BEGUN!

Miller. "DON'T THEY, REALLY! PERHAPS THEY'LL RISE BETTER TOWARDS THE COOL OF THE EVENING, THEY MOSTLY DO!"



ROOTI-TOOIT—I'VE GOT CHER!



A TRYING THING FOR TOOTLES,
WHO SEES THE OBJECT OF HIS ADMIRATION FLY OVER A HOG-BACKED STILL. HE HAVING THE GREATEST AVERSION TO TIMBER.



MASTER GEORGE AND THE DRAGON FLIES. AS THEY APPEARED TO HIS EXCITED IMAGINATION, WHEN HE WAS OUT FISHING
THE OTHER DAY.



TOUCHING.

Groom (to Old Coachman). "WHY, GUV'NE, WHAT HEVER'S THE MATTER!"
Old Coachman (sobbing). "AH, WILLIAM! MOST AFFECTIN' SIGHT! I'VE
JUST SEEN THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB GOING DOWN TO GREENWICH! TEN ON
'EM! BHAUTIFUL TEAMS! AND DRIVEN BY REG'LAR TIP-TOP SWELLS! IT'S BIN
A'MOST TOO MUCH FOR ME!"
[Is relieved by tears.]



SELF-EXAMINATION.

Party (slightly influenced). "QUESTION ISH! AM I FIT TO GO INTO DRAW-ING ROOM? LETSH SEE!—I CAN SHAY GLORIOUS CONSHYSHCSN!—HAVE SEEN BRISH INSHYCHUSION—ALL THAT SORTOTHING—THATLEDO—HERE GOSH!"



THE CURRENCY QUESTION; OR, THE STOCK EXCHANGE OUT FOR THE DAY.

Jones. "I SAY, BROWN, THINGS ARE DEUCED BAD IN THE CITY."

Brown. "THEN I'M DEUCED GLAD I'M AT EPSOM!"



DELICATE TEST.

Elevated Party. "A NEVER THINK A FLEA'S HAD T'MUSH WINE S' LONG AS A WINDSUP-ISH WASH!" [Proceeds to perform that operation with corkscrew.]



THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

Old Mr. What's-his-name. "EGAD, I DON'T WONDER AT MOUSTACHES COMING INTO FASHION, FOR—EH! WHAT! BY JOVE, IT DOES IMPROVE ONE'S APPEAR-ANCE!"



CONCLUSIVE TABLE-TURNING EXPERIMENT MADE AT GREENWICH.

"THERE, OLD FELLA! HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED IT GOES ROUND NOW."

"OH YESH! THERE'S NO MISTAKE!"

[These subjects are submitted, very respectfully, to the Reverend (!) Gentlemen who hold so much conversation with Furniture.]



FRENCH AS IT IS SPOKEN.—SCENE. PARIS, A TABLE D'HÔTE.

(Old Lady at Breakfast. The Garçon has been ordered to bring some fruit to Old Lady.)

Garçon. "VOILÀ, MADAME!"—Old Lady (who, in her daughter's absence, will let off her French). "OH! TRES BYANG, TRES BYANG, GARÇON! BONG! MARECET, MARECET—MAIS. THESE ARE CURRANTS—BYANG NAMPORT! CET EGAL—ONLY—JE N'AIME PAS SO WELL AS GOOSEBERRIES YOU KNOW!" (Instructive rather!)



GREAT CHESS MATCH (UPON THE MORPHY SYSTEM) BETWEEN MR. AND MRS. CASTLETOP AGAINST THEIR DAUGHTER BLANCHE, AND HER INTENDED, YOUNG CHARLEY ROOKTON.



THE FARM YARD.

Country Friend (to London Friend, who is dressed within an inch of his life). "THERE, MY BOY—COME AND SEE THIS LOVELY FIG, AND THEN WE'LL GO AND LOOK AT THE REST OF THE STOCK."



A SUBURBAN DELIGHT.

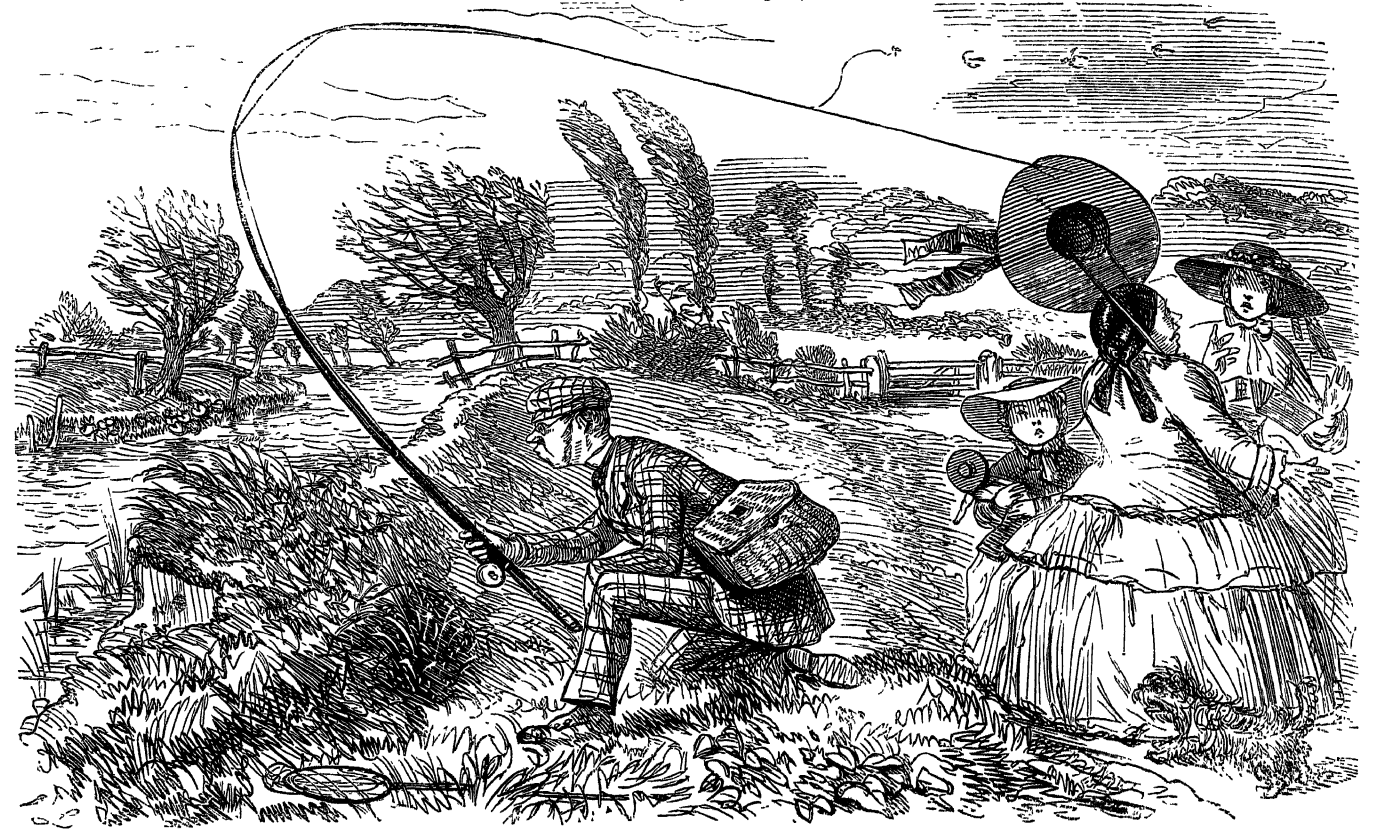
Dark Party (with a ticket-of-leave, of course). "AX YER PARDON, SIR!—BUT IF YOU WAS A-GOING DOWN THIS DARK LANE, F'RAES YOU'D ALLOW ME AND THIS HERE YOUNG MAN TO GO ALONG WITH YER—'COS YER SEE THERE 'AINT NO PERLICE ABOUT—AND WE'RE SO PRECIOUS FEARED O 'BEIN' GAROTTED!"



TOO BAD, BY JOVE!

Heavy Swell. "DEUCED STUPID—THESE NEWSPAPERS!"

Lady (with keen perception of the ludicrous). "YES, CHARLES!—ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY SAY THAT A DISMOUNTED DRAGOON IS ABOUT AS EFFECTIVE AS A SWAN ON A TURNPIKE ROAD!"



FLY-FISHING. A NICE RIPPLE ON THE WATER.—"NOW FOR A BIG ONE!"



GRAND CHARGE OF PERAMBULATORS, AND DEFEAT OF THE SWELLS.



FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

MR. BRIGGS GOES OUT SHOOTING WITH A BRACE OF DOGS HE HAS BROKEN IN HIMSELF.



A NICE BRACING DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.



JUVENILE ETYMOLOGY.

Master Jack. "MAMMA DEAR! NOW ISN'T THIS CALLED KISSMAS TIME, BECAUSE
 ANYBODY KISSES EVERYBODY UNDER THE MISTLETOE? ADA SAYS, IT ISN'T."



"PRETTY SIGHT, AIN'T IT, CHARLEY, TO SEE THE YOUNGSTERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES!"



A HAPPY NOTION.

Delightful Boy. "OH! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL GO AND
 MY DRUM AT UNCLE FOZZLE'S DOOR!"



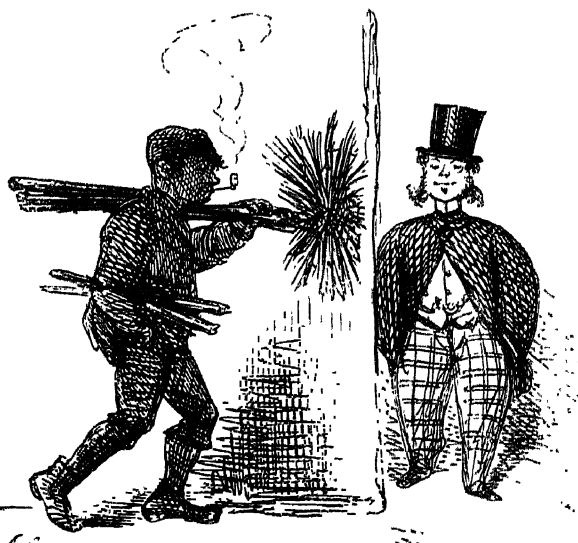
PORTRAIT OF THE OLD PARTY WHO RATHER LIKES ORGAN-GRINDING.



THINGS ARE SO BAD IN THE CITY, THAT MR. SNAFFLE AND MR. FLUKER GO TO BOULOGNE FOR CHANGE AND AIR.



ARRIVAL OF THOSE DISTINGUISHED "LIONS," THE HIPPOPOTAMUS. AND THE GREAT TORTOISE.



THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL.



AN INJURED INDIVIDUAL.

SIMKINS (*who has missed his bird, but peppered Wilkins*). "THERE, NOW, I'VE A DOOCED GOOD MIND TO SAY THAT I'LL NEVER COME OUT SHOOTING WITH YOU AGAIN—YOU'RE ALWAYS GETTING IN THE WAY!"



REMARKABLE CASE OF TABLE TALKING.

Table (loquitor). "DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, MUM—I'M NOT MAHOGANY, BUT I'M VENEERED AND SECOND-HAND."
[*Table dances about on its legs for a considerable time and vanishes in a blue flame.*]



Blanche. "OH, IS THERE NOT, DEAR EMILY, SOMETHING DELICIOUS ABOUT SPRING?—WE SHALL SOON HAVE ALL THE DEAR LITTLE BIRDS SINGING, AND THE BANKS AND THE GREEN FIELDS COVERED WITH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS!"
Emily. "OH, YES!—AND WITH IT WILL COME ALL THE NEW BONNET SHAPES FROM PARIS, AND THE LOVELY NEW PATTERNS FOR MORNING DRESSES!"



TOUCHING.

Friend. "—AND WHAT BECAME OF HER?"
Bus Driver (with emotion). "WELL!—SHE WAS TOOK AWAY FROM ME—AND GOT INTO BAD HANDS, YER SEE—AND SOON WENT ALL TO PIECES.—DEAR! DEAR!—SHE WAS WERRY BEAUTIFUL!—SUCH A SHAPE! AND SUCH A LOVELY COLOUR! (*Sighing.*) HAH! I SHALL NEVER, NEVER, SEE—SUCH—ANOTHER—BUS AGIN!"



THE VERY THING.

Dealer. "I THINK I KNOW EXACTLY THE OSS YOU WANT, SIR—ABOUT FIFTEEN-TWO—GOOD SHOULDER, LIGHT HEAD AND NECK—WELL RIBBED UP—TAIL WELL SET ON, GOOD FLAT LEGS—PLENTY OF BONE—"
Gent. (delighted). "YAS—"
Dealer. "NO SHY ABOUT HIM. A GOOD GOER, 'HIGH COURAGED, BUT TEMPERATE—TO CARRY HIS OWN HEAD, NICE MOUTH, AND SWEET TEMPER—FOR ABOUT FIVE-AND-TWENTY PUND!"
Gent. (in ecstasy). "THE VERY THING."
Dealer. "HAH! THEN DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?" (*Gent sulcides.*)



OMNIBUSIANA (FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW).

Irritable Old Gentleman (giving Conductor a tremendous poke in the ribs). "HOLLO THERE! STOP! WHAT THE D * * * * CONFOUND YOU, DIDN'T TELL YOU TO STOP AT ACACIA VILLA?"
Extremely Civil Conductor. "DEAR ME, SO YOU DID, SIR,— BEG YOUR PARDON, I'M SURE, SIR, BUT I REALLY QUITE FORGOT IT."
Irritable Old Gentleman. "D-D-DON'T BEG MY PARDON, YOU IMPUDENT SCOUNDREL!—IF YOU GIVE ME ANY OF YOUR BAD LANGUAGE, I'LL HAVE YOU UP AS SURE AS YOU'RE BORN."



THE COMET.

Master Tom. "I SAY, GRAN'MA, THIS IS A BAD JOB ABOUT THE COMET!"

Gran'ma. "GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Master Tom. "WHY HERE'S A LETTER IN THE PAPER SAYS 'The particles of the tail, if thrown out from the head, having only, as before, the same rate of orbital motion as the head, and having larger and larger orbits to describe, the further they are removed from the head, will necessarily fall further and further behind as they recede from the comet, and thus form a curve independently of a resisting medium;' AND THAT 'the panic-allaying doctrine of the tenuity of cometic nuclei cannot be maintained from the mere fact of their translucency.'"



MR. BRIGGS, HAVING BECOME AN ADEPT IN THE ART OF HORSE-TAMING, OPERATES UPON A COLT HE HAS BRED HIMSELF, AND



PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Grandmama. "WELL, CHARLEY, AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN LEARNING, TO-DAY?"

Charley. "PNEUMATICS, GRAN'MA!—AND I CAN TELL YOU SUCH A DODGE!—IF I WAS TO PUT YOU UNDER A GLASS RECEIVER, AND EXHAUST THE AIR, ALL YOUR WRINKLES WOULD COME OUT AS SMOOTH AS GRANDPAPA'S HEAD!"



Mamma. "WHY, TOM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT NASY DUST-PAN AND BROOM?"

Tom. "BROTHER FRED TOLD ME TO BRING IT IN AND SWEEP UP ALL THE H'S MRS. MODIS



WITH COMPLETE SUCCESS.



OH! WHAT A HUMBUG!

Amelia. "MAMMA, DEAR! HERE'S A NOTE FROM DEAR WILLIAM, WITH A BOX THE OPERA, I SHOULDN'T WONDER." (reads):—"My darling Amelia, Circumst over which I have no control will take me as far as Constantinople. I leave you to

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PICTURES
of
LIFE & CHARACTER



By

JOHN LEECH

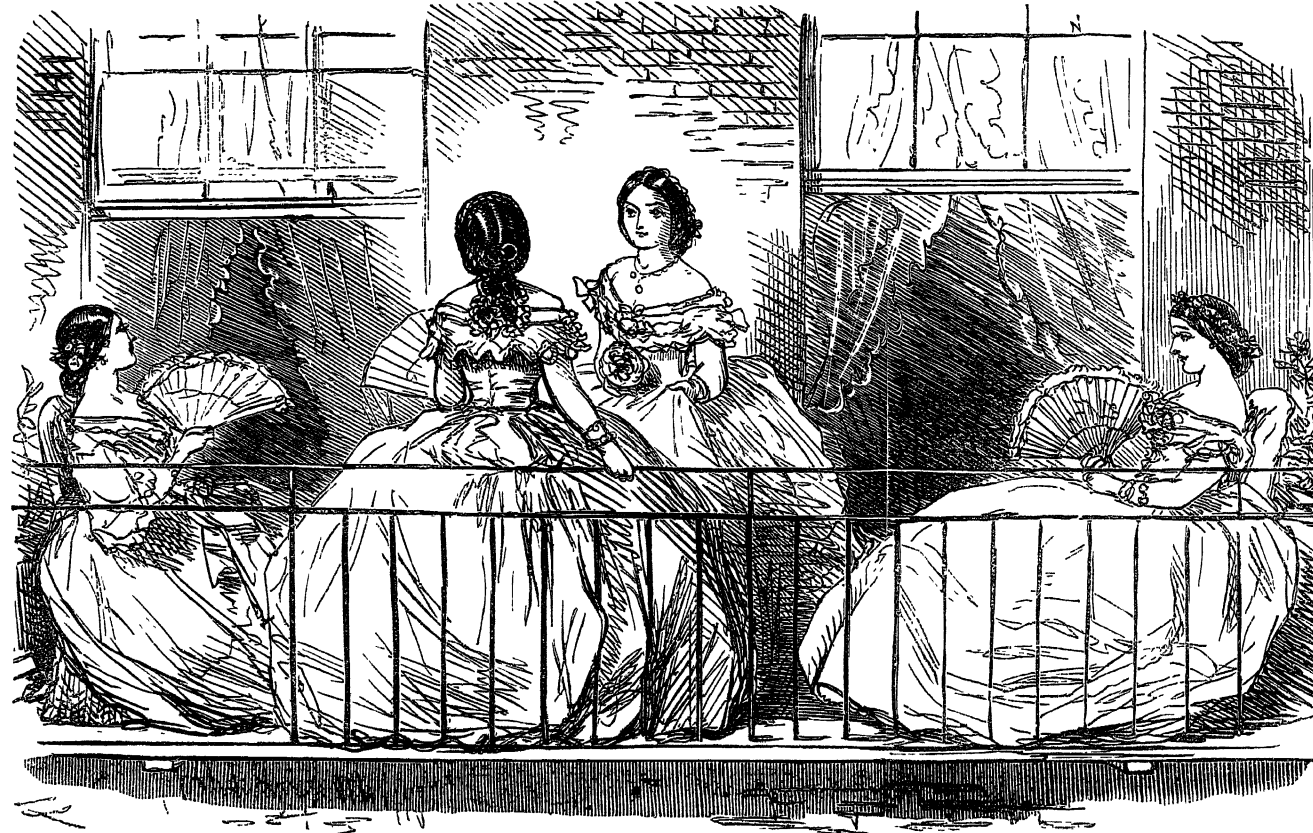
FROM THE COLLECTION OF W^o PUNCH.

FOURTH SERIES.

LONDON:

BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET.

1865.



"OH, THAT I WERE IN THAT BALCONY!"

WISH EXPRESSED BY LITTLE TOM TIT, AS HE WALKED IN THE TIGHTEST OF BOOTS, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET.



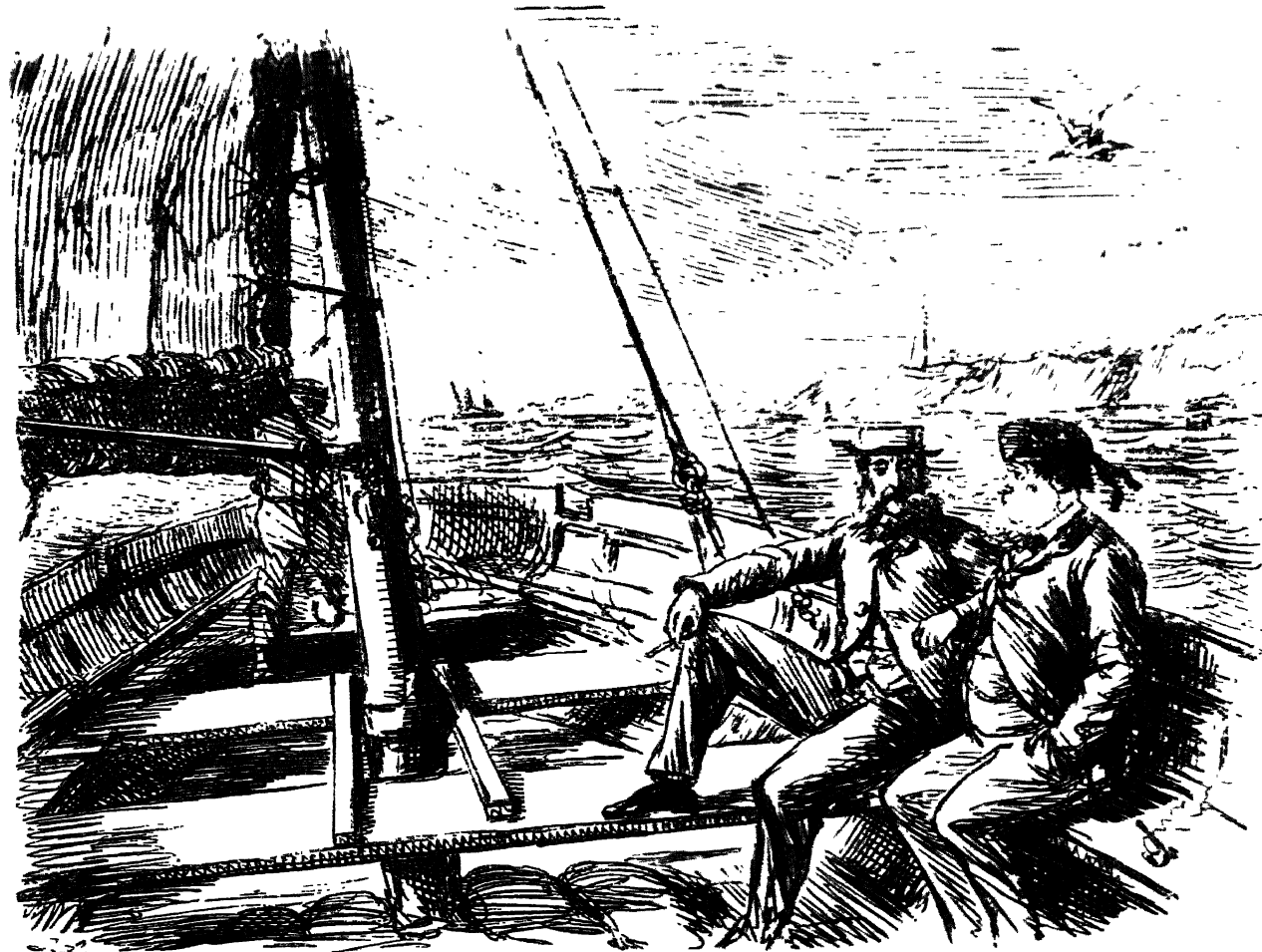
A SHOCKING YOUNG LADY INDEED!

Emily (betrothed to Charles). "OH, CHARLES, ISN'T IT FUN? I'VE BEATEN ARTHUR AND JULIA, AND I'VE BROKE AUNT SALLY'S NOSE SEVEN TIMES!"



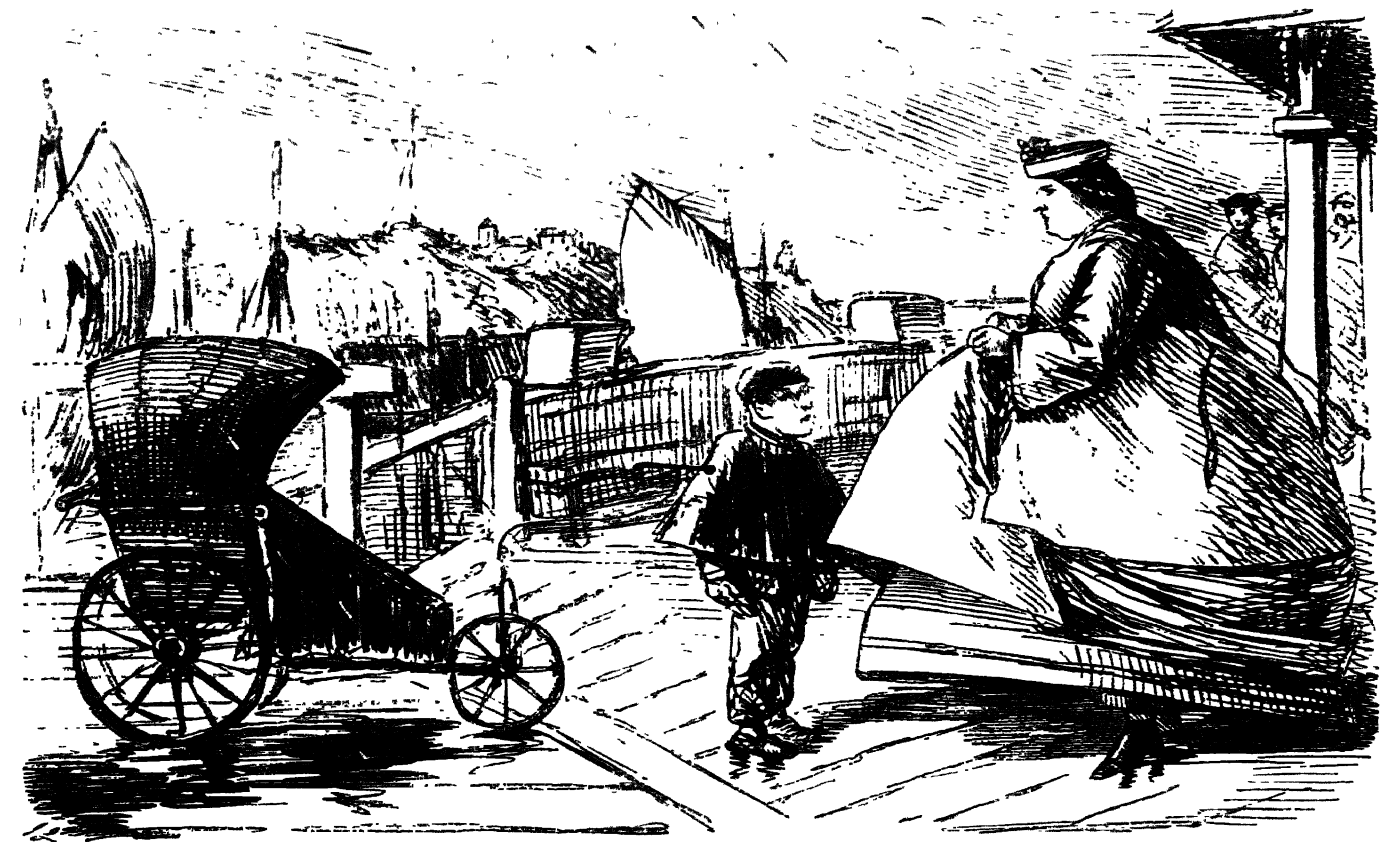
A NICE GAME FOR TWO OR MORE.

"— FIXING HER EYES ON HIS, AND PLACING HER PRETTY LITTLE FOOT ON THE BALL, SHE SAID, 'NOW, THEN, I AM GOING CROQUET YOU!' AND CROQUET'D HE WAS COMPLETELY." (*From Rose to Emily.*)



A GROUND SWELL.

Party (who doesn't suffer). "BRACING! AIN'T IT, JACK? I ALWAYS THINK THAT THE BEAUTY OF SAILING IS, YOU GET AIR AND MOTION WITHOUT FATIGUE. DON'T YOU THINK SO, EH?"
[Circumstances over which he has no control prevent Jack from speaking his mind.]



POLITE ATTENTION.

Lady. "OH, NONSENSE, CHILD.—THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!"
Boy. "NO, 'M. PLEASE, 'M. TWO YOUNG GENTS SAID IT LOOKED LIKE RAIN, AND I WAS TO FETCH YOU HOME IN THIS 'ERE CHEER!"



HOW TO MAKE A WATERING-PLACE PLEASANT TO VISITORS, PARTICULARLY INVALIDS.

TIME, 6-30 A.M. (A Hint to the Powers that be at Sandbath.)



THE LAST DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.—PACKING UP.

Maid to (Paterfamilias). "PLEASE, SIR, MISSUS SAY YOU'RE TO COME IN, AND SIT ON THE BOXES; BECAUSE WE CAN'T GET 'EM TO, AND THEY WANTS TO BE CORDED."



A DIP IN FRENCH WATERS.

Jones (to Old Woman). "COM, SAR!—WHAT DO YOU MEAN?—AM I TO BE LED DOWN LIKE THAT FOR A QUARTER OF A MILE?"



SKETCH ON THE SEA-COAST DURING THE GALE.

Lord D-andre-ry (to his Bwother). "A-A-A, I THAT, THAM! WATHER A DITHPLAY OF FIGGER—EH?"



IN THE BAY OF BISCAI, O!"

THE LAST SWEET THINGS IN HATS AND WALKING-STICKS AT BIARRITZ.



A SEA-SIDE SUBJECT.—JOLLY FOR THE PARTY IN SEARCH OF REPOSE.

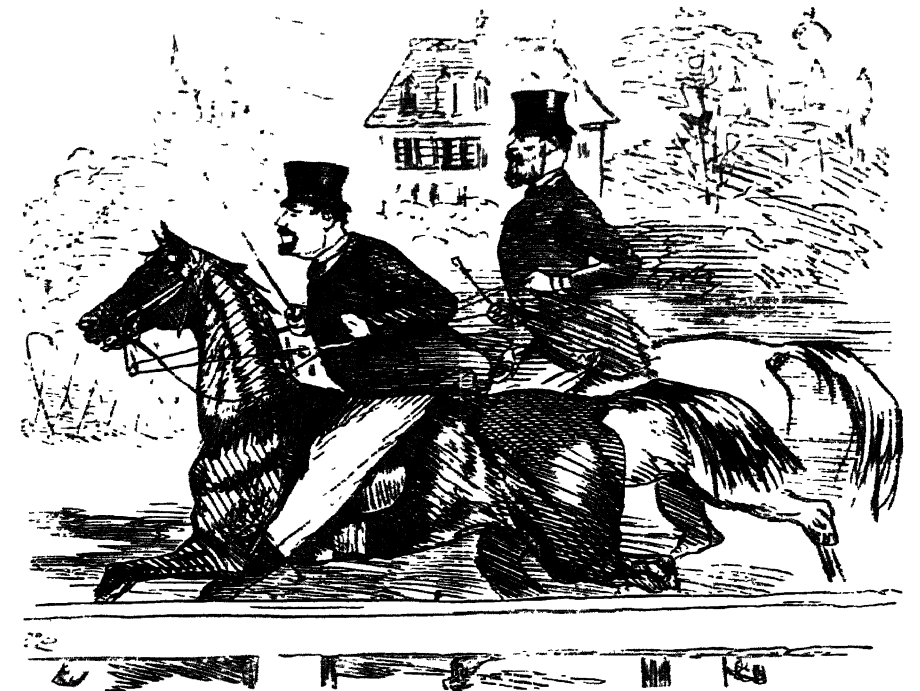
N.B. The Old Lady with the Parrot encourages Organ-Grinders, and when the Moon shines bright and clear, doesn't the Black Dog come out!



THE HAYMARKET AND THEREABOUT.



LATEST FROM ABROAD—POWDER AND ALL THE REST OF IT.
Old Miss Fribble. "HEM! CUT THESE OLD-FASHIONED MINXES OUT—FLATTER MYSELF!"



OIS DE BOULOGNE—FOR CAVALIERS ONLY.



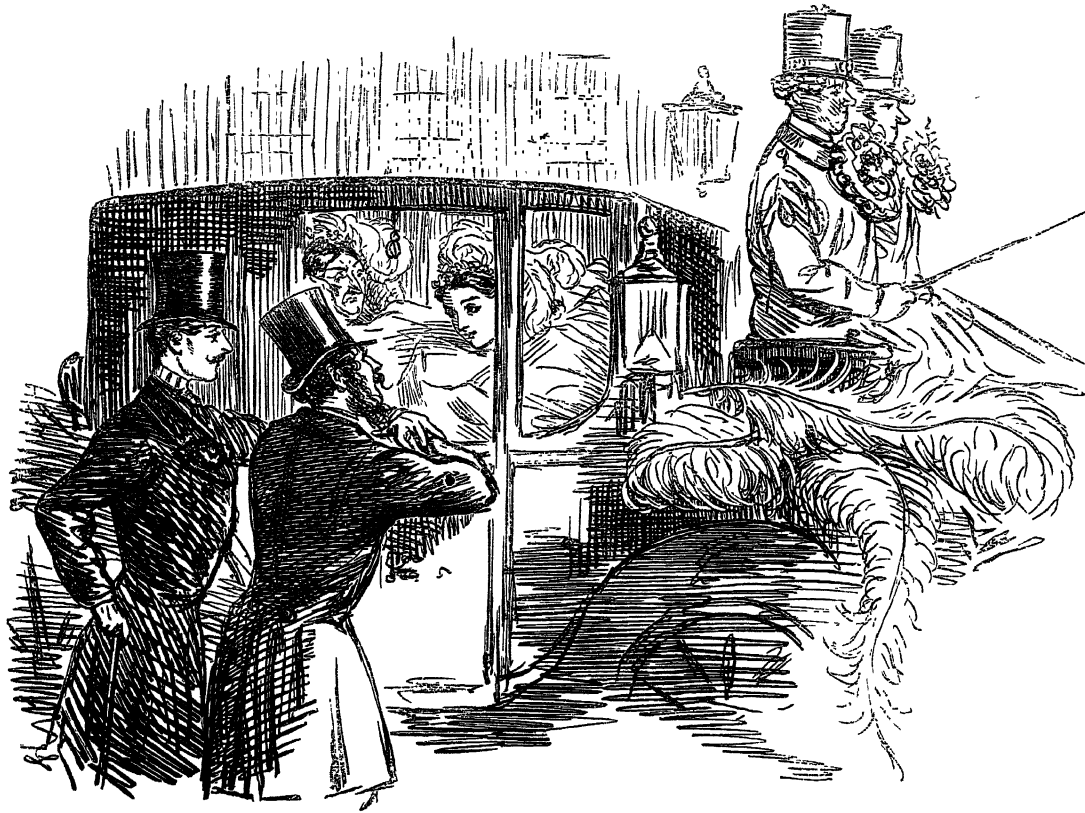
WHATEVER MAY BE A FRENCHMAN'S DEFECTS, HE AT LEAST KNOWS HOW TO DRESS—AND ISN'T THE HAT HE NOW WEARS A SWEET THING!



ENGLISH DARLINGS REFLECTED IN A FRENCH MIRROR!
(DEDICATED TO THOSE POLITE AND PROFOUND OBSERVERS OF BRITISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—THE PARISIAN ARTISTS!)



THE NEW THING IN HAIR.
Lady Swell. "OH, YES, YOU KNOW! QUITE NEW! THE OLD NETS AND BEAVERS' TAILS GETTING AWFULLY COMMON, YOU KNOW!"



THAT EXEMPLARY YOUNG MAN, JOSIAH SMUG, OF CLAPHAM, WOULDN'T GO TO SUCH A PLACE AS EPSOM FOR THE WORLD—BUT HE HAS NO OBJECTION TO RIDE ONE OF HIS FATHER'S HORSES BY WAY OF EXERCISE.

A SKETCH ON THE DOWNS.

Jolly Post Boy of the Period. "I SAY, BILL, DON'T YER WISH IT WAS DAREY DAY ALL THE YEAR ROUN?"



THE PARTY "WHO HAS A CERTAINTY" FOR THE EMPEROR'S PLATE.
N.B. SEND 18 POSTAGE STAMPS.



WE ARE SORRY TO SAY THAT THIS IS THE SAME EXEMPLARY YOUNG PARTY AS HE APPEARED RETURNING FROM THE DERBY!



THE RESPECTABLE CAPITALIST WHO WILL BET A THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST EVERYTHING, AND PAY IF HE LOSES—OF COURSE!



THE PIOUS PUBLIC-HOUSE.

(WHERE YOU MAY GET ADULTERATED BEER AND GIN.)

A PLACE IN WHICH THE GREAT BREWERS DON'T SEE ANY PARTICULAR HARM.



THE PROFLIGATE PASTRY-COOK'S.

(WHERE THEY SERVE THE DEMORALISING VEAL PIE AND GLASS OF SHERRY, OR FRENCH LIGHT WINE.)

TOO SHOCKING TO THINK OF!



A HUNTING APPOINTMENT.—VIVE LE SPORT AGAIN!

Distinguished Foreigner (who does not comprehend why a frost should stop Hounds). "AHA! NO HONT ZIS MORNING—MON DIEU!—ZEN ZARE IS NO DOG'S MEET TO-DAY!"



A MERE TRIFLE.

Gertrude. "BUT, MY DEAR ARTHUR, HOW CAME YOU TO GET SUCH A 'CROPPER,' AS YOU CALL IT?"
Arthur. "WELL! IT WAS JUST THE LITTLE BIT OF A PLACE WHERE A FELLOW DOES GET SPILT SOMETIMES—THERE WAS A DITCH ABOUT A COUPLE OF YARDS WIDE, AND THEN A HIGHISH BANK, YOU KNOW, WITH A STIFFISH QUICKSET ON THE TOP—AND A NASTYISH POST AND RAILS JUST BEYOND—AND THEN ANOTHER WIDISH SORT OF A DITCH AND INTO A FIELD WHERE THEY HAD BEEN DRAINING—AND SO, YOU SEE, SOMEHOW OR OTHER WE CAME TO GRIEF!"



A HOT CHESTNUT IS A VERY GOOD THING AFTER DINNER, BUT IT IS NOT SO PLEASANT JUST AS THE FOX BREAKS.

Rough Rider. "BY YER LEAVE, SIR! MY YOUNG HORSE RUSHES SO IF HE'S KEPT WAITING!"



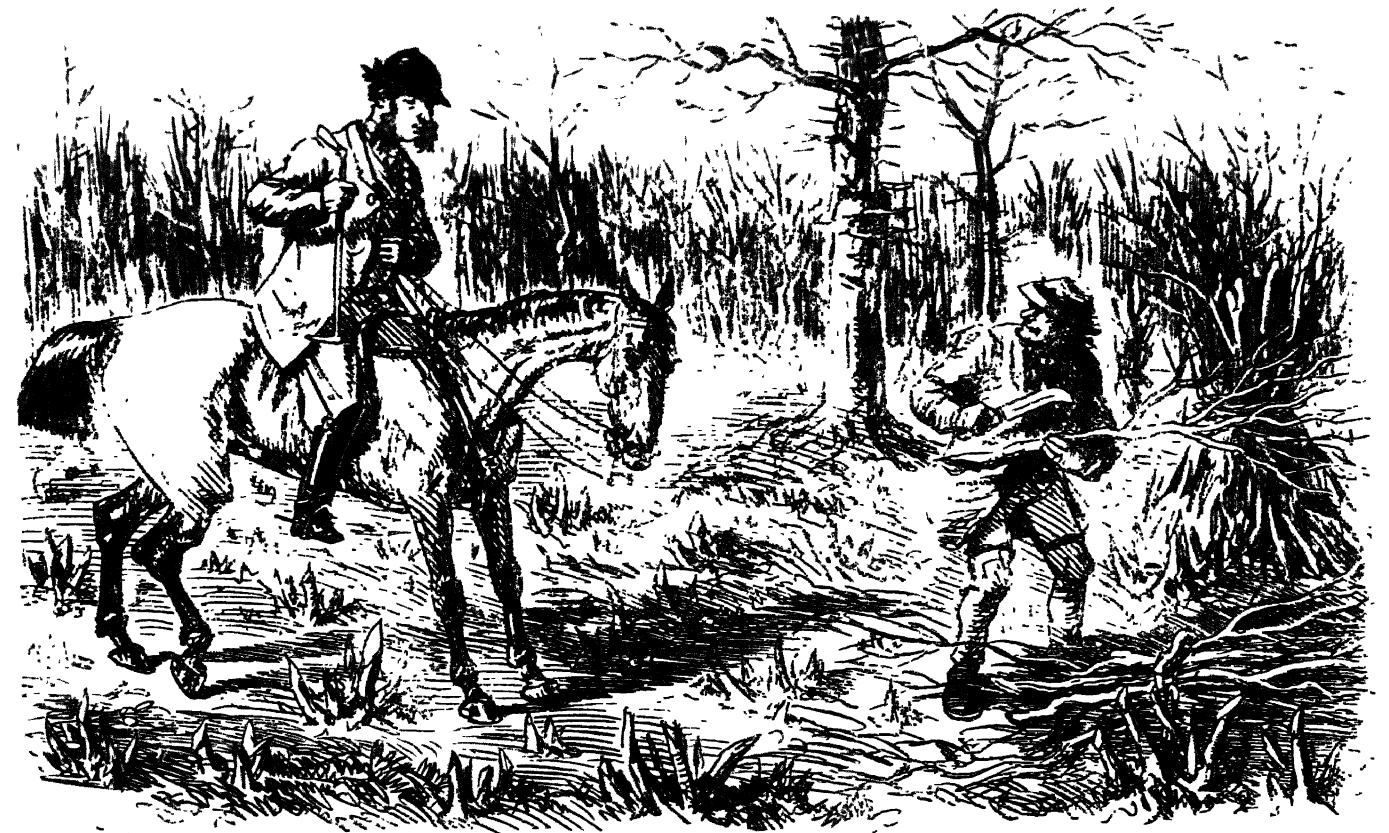
HUNTING FROM TOWN.—IT IS SAFER TO GO WITH YOUR ANIMAL.

Railway Porter (reflectively). "EARLY TRAIN! LET'S SEE! LITTLE BAY 'OSS, AND A BROWN 'OSS WITH A BIG KNEE? HAH! THEN YOU MAY DEPEND THEY'RE THE 'OSSSES AS WENT ON TO YORK!"



GONE AWAY.

Old Coachman. "NOW, MISS ELLEN! MISS ELLEN! YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR PA SAID! YOU WAS TO TAKE THE GREATEST CARE OF JOEY!"
Miss Ellen. "SO I WILL, ROBERT! AND THAT'S WHY I AM TAKING HIM OFF THE NASTY HARD ROAD, POOR THING!"



A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE WOOD.

Sporting Gent. "HOUNDS BEEN THROUGH HERE, OLD MAN?"
Old Man. "YAS!"
Sporting Gent. "OW LONG?"
Old Man. "FIVE-AND-TWENTY MINNITS ABOUT!"



FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON.

Aunt Sally (who is very particular). "WELL, DEAR, DID YOU HAVE A NICE RIDE?"
Diana (who is particular too, but jolly). "OH! DELICIOUS, AUNT; AND DO YOU KNOW, WE FELL IN WITH THE HOUNDS—FOUND A FOX AT MERRY'S GORSE, RUN HIM WITHOUT A CHECK FOR TWENTY MINUTES UP TO FRIAR'S PLANTATION—BOTHERED US A LITTLE THERE, BUT WE HIT HIM OFF AGAIN, AND AWAY WE WENT AS HARD AS WE COULD SPLIT, OVER SIMMONS' ENCLOSURES—INTO BROADFIELD PARK—RIGHT THROUGH OLD LADY GOLLOP'S GARDEN—YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A SIGHT—DIDN'T STOP THERE, BUT STEAMED AWAY DOWN FRESHWATER VALE, AND KILLED HIM IN THE OPEN, CLOSE TO DOLLMAN'S BEATH—AN HOUR AND TEN MINUTES BY MY LITTLE WATCH, AND CHARLEY BANGCROFT SAYS I WENT LIKE A BIRD, AND I'VE ASKED HIM IN TO LUNCH, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BECOME OF POLES AND THE COACH HORSE!"



CONSOLING FOR CONSOLS.

Young Hardman. "GOING TO DINGLEY CROSS ROADS?"
Consols. "YES!"
Y. H. "AH, THEN, I SUPPOSE YOU'VE SENT YOUR HORSE ON!"
 [CONSOLS never rides upon less than 250 guineas, and thinks himself as near perfection as possible.]



AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Railway Guard (as it is getting dark). "WOULD YOU LIKE A LIGHT IN THIS CARRIAGE, SIR?"
Swell (showing a Regalia in full blaze). "NO, THANKS; I HAVE ONE!"
[Exit Guard overpowered.]



Elderly Passenger. "GOING OUT FISHING, I PRESUME, YOUNG GENTLEMAN!"
Young do. "NO! IT AIN'T FISHING RODS—IT'S SKY ROCKETS I'M TAKING DOWN FOR MY COUSIN'S BIRTHDAY. HAVE A WEED!"



Juvenile. "DO YOU OBJECT TO MY SMOKING A CIGAR, SIR?"
Elderly Party. "OH NO, CERTAINLY NOT, IF IT DOESN'T MAKE YOU SICK!"



CANINE.

Patron. "WELL, BUT YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT SUCH A DAWG AS THAT COULD DRAW A BADGER?"
Fancier. "NOT DRAW A BADGER! WHY, BLESS YER 'ART, IT WOULD BE A LITTLE 'OLIDAY TO HIM!"



NOW WE DARE SAY YOU WONDER WHAT THE DEUCE THIS MEANS. THE FACT IS, THAT SMITH AND TOMKINS HAVE GOT A PLACE IN SCOTLAND THIS YEAR, AND THEY ARE DOING ALL THEY POSSIBLY CAN TO ACCUSTOM THEMSELVES TO DIZZY MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS, AND TO GET THEIR FACES AND LEGS THE PROPER TONE FOR THE NORTH.



MOST OFFENSIVE.

Railway Porter. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, WAS THIS YOUR'N!"



SERVANTGALISM.

Lady. "THEN I SUPPOSE YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF PERFECTLY COMPETENT TO HEAR THE CHILDREN THEIR LESSONS, SHOULD THEY STAY AWAY FROM SCHOOL ANY DAY?"
Candidate for Situation. "HOB, YES, MEM! THE FAMILY I WERE WITH, SAID I HADN'T OUGHTER BE ANYTHINK BUT A NURSERY GUVNESS."



FLUNKELANA—AMBITION.

Lady. "BUT I THOUGHT THAT YOU AND THE OTHER SERVANTS WERE PERFECTLY SATISFIED!"
Flunkey. "WELL, MEM, I AIN'T IN NO WAYS DISCONTENTED WITH MY WAGES, NOR WITH THE VITTELS, NOR NOTHINK OF THAT—BUT THE FACT IS, MY FRIENDS SAY THAT A YOUNG MAN OF MY APPEARANCE OUGHT TO BETTER HIMSELF, AND GET INTO A SITUATION WHERE THERE'S TWO MEN BEHIND THE CARRIDGE!" (Poor fellow!)



MASTER AND MAN.—A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS.

Master (to Swell Groom). "OH, SNAFFLES, I WISH TO SHOW THE NEW HORSE TO THIS GENTLEMAN—AND WE SHALL RIDE IN THE AFTERNOON."
Swell Groom. "VERY BORRY, SIR, BUT THE OSSES ARE LOCKED UP FOR THE PRESENT, SIR! AND WHAT OSSES WAS YOU GOING TO RIDE THIS AFTERNOON? I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO AVE MINE OUT IN THE DAMP!"



A PROPER PRECAUTION.

Mistress. "THERE, SIR! THERE'S A BOTTLE OF EAU DE COLOGNE FOR YOU, AND DON'T LET ME HAVE OCCASION TO COMPLAIN AGAIN!"
Stirrups (the Party who looks after the Horse and Chaise). "YES, MUM! BUT BE OI TO DRINK IT!"
Mistress. "NO, SIR; YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT AT TABLE TO-NIGHT, AND YOU ARE TO SPRINKLE IT OVER YOUR BEST LIVERY, THAT YOU MAY NOT BRING INTO THE HOUSE THAT DREADFUL EFFLUVIUM FROM THE STABLE THAT YOU HAVE HITHERTO DONE!"



Mamma. "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR!—WHAT A PITY IT IS YOU CAN'T AGREE!"
Small Boy. "WELL, MAMMA, WE SHOULD AGREE, ONLY SHE'S SO UNKIND!—SHE WON'T BE A PIG, AND LET ME DRIVE HER ABOUT BY THE LEG!"



EMPHATIC!

Boy (to Nurse). "WHAT DID YOU SAY 'MADE HER ILL'?"
Nurse. "ARK AT YOU, HALFRED! I DIDN'T SAY, 'MADE 'ER HILL'; I SAID, 'SHE LIVED AT MAIDA 'ILL'!"



Small Cousin. "DO YOU KNOW, ALICE, IT JUST OCCURS TO ME, THAT THE GUARD THINKS WE ARE A RUNAWAY COUPLE!"



HISTORY.—THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

Emily (reads). "IN THE SUMMER THEY WERE NAKED, AND INSTEAD OF CLOTHES THEY PUT PAINT UPON THEIR BODIES. THEY WERE FOND OF A FINE BLUE COLOUR, WHICH THEY MADE OF A PLANT CALLED WOAD, WHICH THEY FOUND IN THEIR WOODS. THEY SQUEEZED OUT THE JUICE OF THE WOAD, AND THEN STAINED THEMSELVES ALL OVER WITH IT, SO THAT IN SUMMER THEY LOOKED AS IF THEY WERE DRESSED IN TIGHT BLUE CLOTHES."

Arthur. "AND DID THEY WALK IN THE PARK AND GO TO CHURCH SO!"



THE RISING GENERATION.

Small Boy. "GOING TO THE PANTOMIME, CLARA, THIS AFTERNOON?"
Clara. "A—NO—I'M AT HOME—AND HAVE A KITTLEDUM AT THREE O'CLOCK!"



THE MORNING AFTER THE JUVENILE PARTY.

Papa. "WHY, TOM, I'M AFRAID YOU MUST HAVE EATEN TOO MUCH CAKE LAST NIGHT. YOU LOOK QUITE SEEDY THIS MORNING!"

Little Sister. "OH, NO, PAPA, DEAR, IT CAN'T BE THAT. HE EAT THE THINGS OUT OF THE CRACKERS, BUT HE DIDN'T TOUCH THE SEED CAKE!"



THE BAITUE.

Small Keeper (to party assembled). "NOW, I WANTS A COUPLE O' LORDS FORRAD—A COUPLE O' LORDS ON THE RIGHT, AND A COUPLE O' LORDS ON THE LEFT! (Turning to humble Commoner in Knickerbockers and Zouave gaiters.) YOU TRY THE HIGH STUFF WITH THE BEATERS, AND TAKE YOUR CHANCE OF A HARE BACK."



NOT SO BAD AS HE SEEMS.

Country Friend (apropos of Cockney Ditto). "UPON MY WORD, THOMAS, IF I HAD THOUGHT HE HAD BE'N SO DANGEROUS, I WOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT HIM OUT."
Keeper. "WELL, HE DU SHOOT A LEEITL WILD, SIR—BUT IT AIN'T O' MUCH CONSEQUENCE—I LOAD FOR UN—AND I DON'T PUT NO SHOT IN!"



SOMETHING IN THAT!

"NOW, TOM," SAID YOUNG JOE WAGLEY, "ONE OF US OUGHT TO GO ON THIS SIDE OF THE HEDGE, AND ONE ON THE OTHER; SO I'LL TAKE THIS, IF YOU WILL GET OVER THE STILE"—"OH, YES," REPLIED TOM; "BUT HOW ABOUT THE BULL?"



SPORT (!) IN 1859.—FOWL SHOOTING.

THE FEROCIOUS PHEASANTS THINK THEY ARE GOING TO BE FED, AND SURROUND THE HONOURABLE MR. BATTUE ACCORDINGLY.

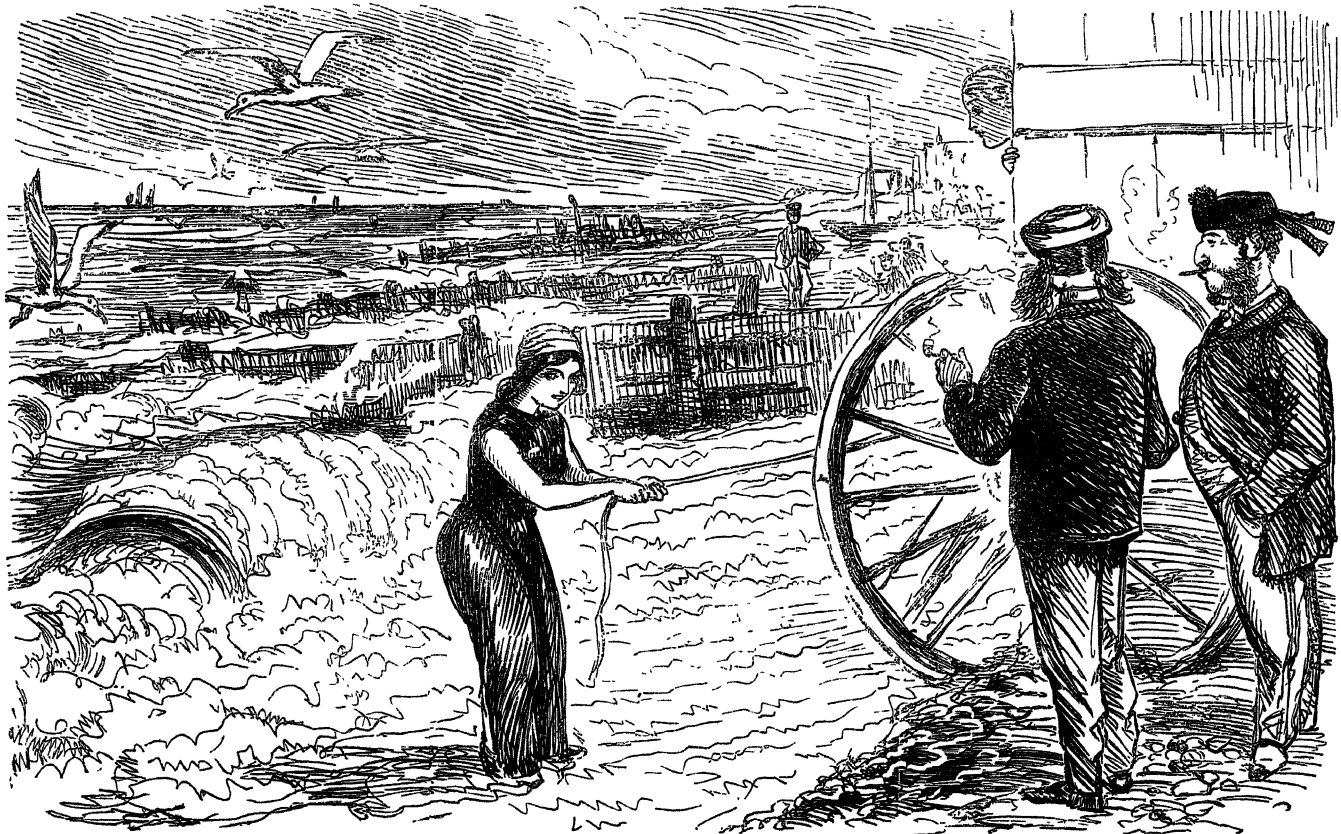


SEA-SIDE STUDIES!

*In pertinent Cousin (reads), "The rocks along our Coast may be seen studded with these beautiful zoophytes. * * * The skin is soft, and the tentacles are of the finest violet, mingled often with pink, mauve, green, and yellow; indeed the colours vary so much in different individuals, all alike beautiful, that it is impossible to describe them rigidly. * * * During the ebb of the tide, these creatures may be contemplated on a fine day to great advantage, and few spectacles are calculated to afford more pleasure to a lover of Nature."—"H'M!—HERE ARE TWO LOVELY SPECIMENS, FRED! YOU TAKE ONE, AND I'LL TAKE THE OTHER!"*



THE READER IS REQUESTED TO OBSERVE, THAT THE LOWER EXTREMITIES REPRESENTED ABOVE DO NOT BELONG TO THE FAIR DAMSEL ON THE PLANK, BUT TO THE BOATMAN BEYOND, UPON WHOSE SHOULDER SHE IS LEANING.—WE, HOWEVER, RECOMMEND FLORA TO BE MORE CAREFUL HOW SHE COMPOSES HERSELF THE NEXT TIME SHE GETS OUT OF A BOAT.



"WELL! THE BOLDNESS OF SOME PEOPLE!"—A SKETCH ON THE BRIGHTON COAST.



WIND, S.W. FRESH.

TOMKINS, WHO IS NOT GRAND IN THE LEG DEPARTMENT, SAYS, "IT'S A VERY DISAGREEABLE DAY." THE YOUNG LADIES, HOWEVER, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS, ENJOY IT AMAZINGLY.



THE DISTRICT TELEGRAPH.

INVALUABLE TO THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

First Partner (to Second ditto). "WHAT AN AGE WE LIVE IN! TALK OF THE INTRODUCTION OF STEAM OR OF GAS! JUST LOOK AT THE FACILITIES AFFORDED US BY ELECTRICITY. IT IS NOW SIX O'CLOCK, AND WE ARE IN FLEET STREET, AND THIS MESSAGE WAS ONLY SENT FROM OXFORD STREET YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AT THREE!"



PITIALE OBJECTS.

Mr. Done (to Mr. Dreary). "NO! I DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS—BUT I AIN'T THE THING SOMEHOW! NO EMBASSMENTS OR ANYTHING O' THAT SORT. CAN'T MAKE IT OUT. S'POSE IT'S OVERWORK."



"A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."

Mrs. Colley Wobbles. "H'M, SO THEY ARE GOING TO TAX PEOPLE WHO MAKE THEIR OWN BEER, ARE THEY? THEN I DON'T BREW ANY MORE!"



Mrs. Tonge. "LOE, ADOLPHUS! HOW BEAUTIFUL THOSE BRANS SMELL!"
Adolphus (probably in the hair-cutting line). "THEY DO INDEED, MY LOVE! THEY REMIND ONE OF THE MOST DELICIOUS 'AIR OIL!"



SCENE IN A MODERN STUDIO.

JACK ARMSTRONG HAS PAINTED A MODERN SUBJECT, FROM REAL LIFE, AND PAINTED IT UNCOMMONLY WELL.—STRANGE TO SAY, HE HAS SOLD HIS PICTURE.
MESSRS. FREEBLE AND POTTER (very high-art men, who can't get on without mediæval costume, and all the rest of it) THINK IT A MISTAKE—CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, THEIR PICTURES ARE UN-OLD.



THE JOLLY GAME OF SNOWBALLING, AS PLAYED IN OUR SQUARE.



THE WEATHER AND THE STREETS.—1860.

Boy of the Period. "GO IT, TOMMY! THERE'S NO PERLICE, AND THE OLD GENT'S AFRAID TO COME OUT!"



THE WEATHER AND THE PARKS.—GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE BOYS.

Billy Wilkins. "HI! LOOK HERE! COME! SUCH A LARK! HERE'S A PERLICEMAN FELL ON A SLIDE!"



CHRISTMAS EVE.

Ellen (who is so simple). "NOW, PRAY TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, FRANK! WHAT IS IT THESE DREADFUL GAROTTERS CALL 'GIVING ONE THE HUG'?" [FRANK shows her presently.]



GRAND NURSERY STEEPLE-CHACE.

Steward, Clerk of the Course, &c., &c., MASTER TOM.



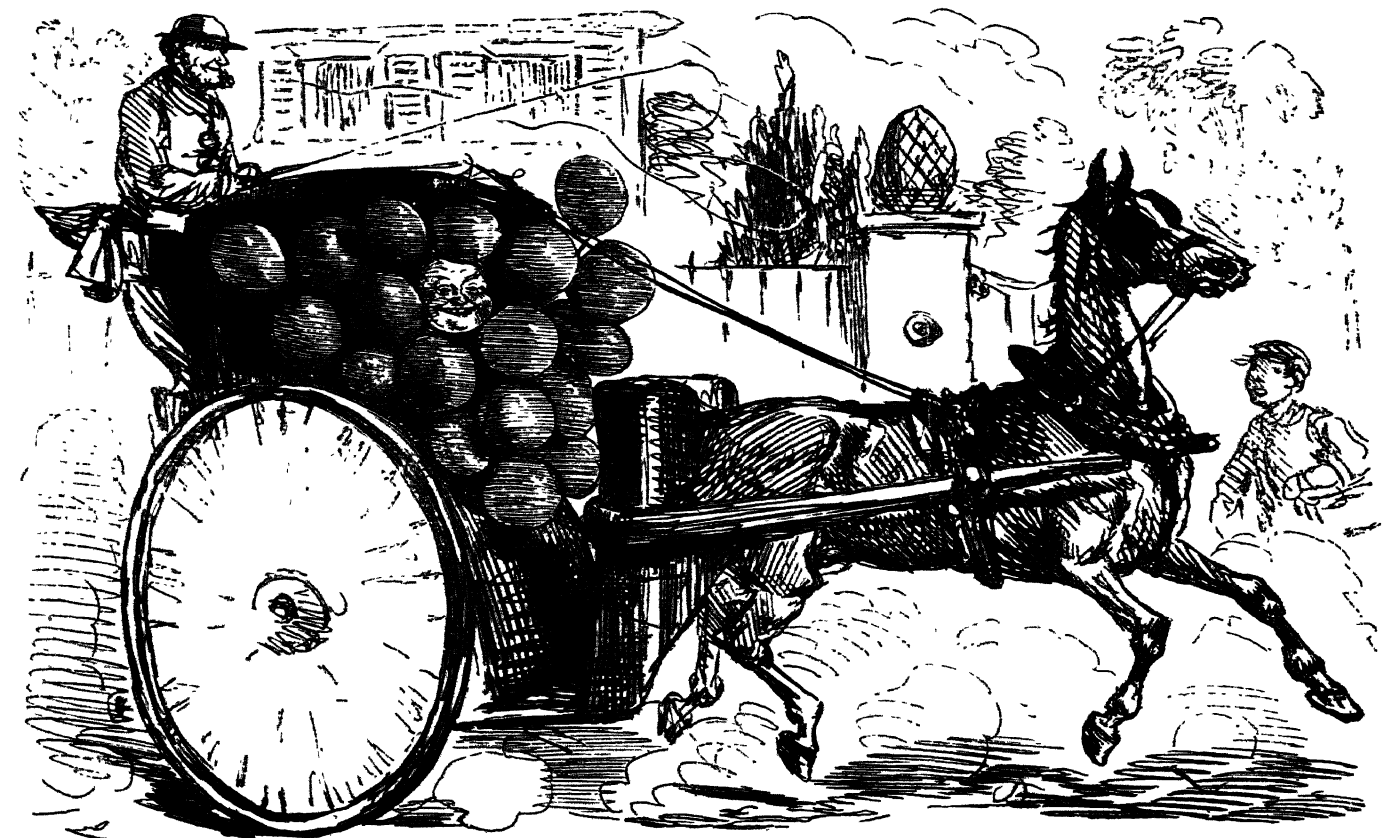
WE SHOULD THINK IT DID.

Clara. "MAMMA, DEAR! I WISH YOU WOULD SPEAK TO GEORGE: HE WILL KEEP SPINNING FREDDY'S NASTY GREAT HUMMING-TOP IN MY AQUARIUM, AND IT DOES SO FRIGHTEN THE MINNOWS!"



CONSOLATION.

Emily (to rejected Sub). "IT'S VERY DISAGREEABLE, CERTAINLY, TO BE UNSUCCESSFUL IN YOUR EXAMINATIONS, AND SO MANY TIMES, TOO! BUT I SHOULD WORK HARD, AND TRY AGAIN."
Younger and much too sharp Brother. "NEVER YOU MIND, 'CHAELEY! IT PROVES THAT THERE'S NO WANT OF PLUCK ABOUT YOU!"



RECOLLECTION OF A JOLLY OLD PATERFAMILIAS WE SAW THE OTHER DAY, WITH SOME AIR-BALLOONS FOR THE CHICKS.

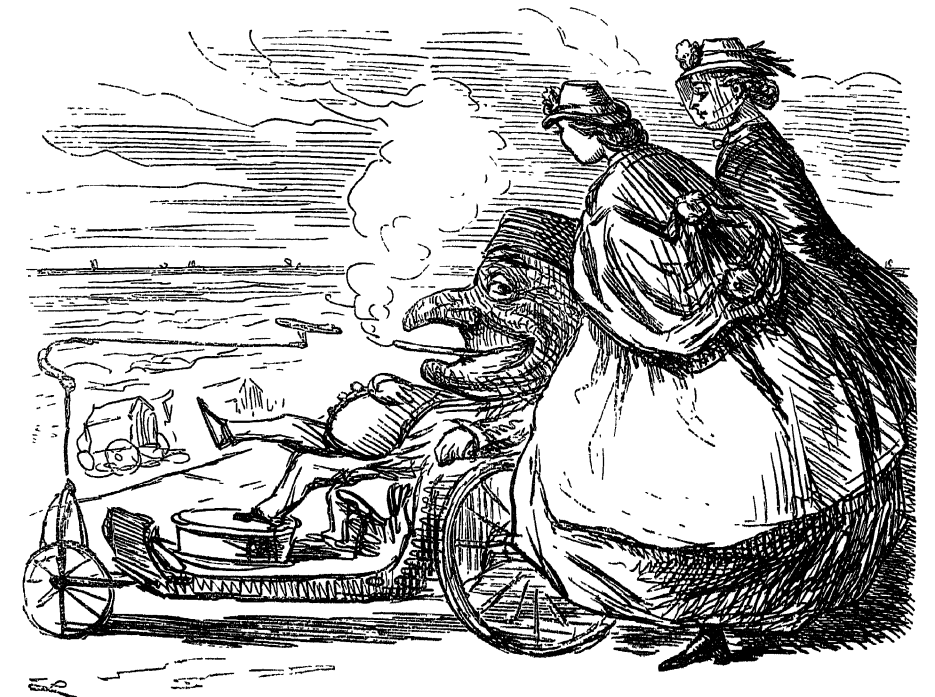


CROQUET.



THE CRACKER BON-BON.

Two little Stoopids (with one voice). "I KNOW I SHALL SCREAM—I'M SURE I SHALL!"



ILL! OH, DEAR NO! ONLY INDISPOSED—TO WALK.



VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

THAT DISTINGUISHED RIFLE-SHOT, MR. PUNCH, HAVING DONE HIS DUTY LIKE A MAN, THROWS HIMSELF UNDER THE MISLETOE, AND RECEIVES HIS JUST REWARD.



WHAT'S TO BE DONE IN JULY?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE IN JULY? WHY, RIDE DOWN TO RICHMOND WITH MAMMA AND THE GIRLS, AND GIVE 'EM A LITTLE DINNER, TO BE SURE!



CRUEL JOKE AT A FÊTE.

Horrid Boy (to his Cousin). "I SAY, ROSE! WASN'T THAT MAJOR DE VERE WHO JUST LEFT YOU?"
Rose. "YES!"
Horrid Boy. "AH, THEN, I THINK HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE TOLD YOU WHAT A TREMENDOUS BLACK SMUDGE YOU'VE GOT ON YOUR NOSE!"
[N.B.—Of course there is no smudge; but there's no looking-glass within miles for poor Rose to satisfy herself.]



FLY FISHING.

Piscator. "NOW THEN! I THINK I SHALL GET A RISE HERE!"



A TIT-BIT

Omnibus Driver (in the distance). "HOLLOA JOE, NOW YOU'VE GOT YOUR DUCK, I'LL SEND YOU THE PEAS!"



THE CARTE DE VISITE.

Gent (in Photographic Studio). "A—LOOK 'ERE, YOU KNOW, MISTER, I DON'T WANT MY CART PUBLISHED, YOU KNOW, BUT IF ANY NICE GAL OR LADY OF RANK SHOULD WANT A COPY, WHY, YOU CAN SELL IT HER, YOU KNOW!"



DABBLING.

Master Jack (to very refined Governess, who has suddenly appeared). "OH, MISS FINNIKIN, DO COME IN; IT'S SO AWFULLY JOLLY!"



PORTRAIT OF A CERTAIN STUDENT WHO IS READING SO HARD AT THE SEA-SIDE.



FALSE ALARM, SURELY!

Miss Priscilla (with the Dog). "YES, IT'S THE WORST OF THESE WATERING-PLACES. THERE ARE SO MANY ADVENTURERS ON THE LOOK OUT FOR WIVES, THAT ONE IS ALWAYS IN FEAR OF BEING PROPOSED TO!"



THE BORES OF THE BEACH.

SO! AS IT'S A FINE DAY, YOU'LL SIT ON THE BEACH AND READ THE PAPER COMFORTABLY, WILL YOU? VERY GOOD! THEN WE RECOMMEND YOU TO GET WHAT GUINEA-PIGS, BRANDY-BALLS, BOATS, AND CHILDREN'S SOCKS, TO SAY NOTHING OF SHELL-WORK BOXES, LACE COLLARS, AND THE LIKE, YOU MAY WANT, BEFORE YOU SETTLE DOWN.



THE GREAT WHISKER-CUTTING MOVEMENT.

Unhappy Sub. "BY JOVE, YOU KNOW, AS IF ALDERSHOT WASN'T EAD ENOUGH OF
HIMSELF, WITHOUT DEPRIVING US OF THE ONLY AMUSEMENT WE HAD!"



A LITTLE ROWLANDS' MACASSAR WANTED SOMEWHERE.

A Hint to the Horse Guards.



CAPTAIN DE SMITH REMONSTRATES WITH MR. HOLMES, THE VET OF HIS
REGIMENT, FOR MAL-PRONUNCIATION OF THE WORD HORSE. TO HIM THE VET:
"WELL, IF A HAITCH, AND A HO, AND A HAR, AND A HESS, AND A HE, DON'T
SPELL 'ORSE, MY NAME AIN'T 'ENERY 'OMES!"



MAJOR ALDERSHOT, RETURNING FROM PARADE, FLATTERS HIMSELF THAT HIS RAT-TAILED CHARGER IS MUCH ADMIRER SINCE THE SADDLER,
HAS SUPPLIED HIM WITH A NEW TAIL!



A FACT.

Short-sighted Officer. "SERGEANT! GET THAT MAN'S HAIR CUT IMMEDIATELY!"



BROWN RECEIVES ORDERS TO PARADE AT HEAD-QUARTERS FOR THE PURPOSE OF "MARCHING OUT!"

Brown (log). "CALL THIS PLAYING AT SOLDIERS, INDEED! I'D MUCH RATHER BE BEFORE 'A HOT FIRE,' I KNOW!"
[Nevertheless, Brown sticks to his duty like a man.]



THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Small Effctive. "—AND THEN, JUST LOOK AT THE IMMENSE IMPROVEMENT IN THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF OUR FELLOWS!"



THE LEVEE.—A SKETCH IN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

Odious Juvenile. "OH, LOOK YE 'ERE, BILLY, 'ERE'S A VOLUNTEER CORPSE FOR YER!"



WHAT OUR VOLUNTEERS OUGHT NOT TO DO.

THEY OUGHT NOT, FOR ONE THING, TO STAGGER THROUGH QUIET STREETS, DRUMMING AND TRUMPETING LIKE SAVAGES, AT MIDNIGHT. THIS, TO THE PARTICULAR CORPS IT CONCERNS, AND WHICH MADE NIGHT SO VERY HIDEOUS ON WEDNESDAY, THE 27TH ULT.



SNOOKS HAS JOINED A MOUNTED CORPS.

Snooks. "SPLENDID CREECHUR—AIN'T HE? BLESS YOU, HE'S A PERFECT BROKE CHARGER. WAS IN THE HORSE GUARDS ONCE. YOU SHOULD SEE HIM IN HIS ACCOUTREMENTS. GOES IN HARNESS TOO, I BELIEVE!"



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

Policeman (who, we are bound to say, is extremely civil). "WHITE TICKET, MA'AM? LETTER H?—YES, MA'AM. QUITE RIGHT. OVER THE HURDLES, IF YOU PLEASE!"



ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.

Grandmamma. "WHAT CAN YOU WANT, ARTHUR, TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL SO PARTICULARLY ON MONDAY FOR? I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO STAY WITH US TILL THE END OF THE WEEK!"
Arthur. "WHY, YOU SEE, GRAN'MA—WE ARE GOING TO ELECT OFFICERS FOR OUR RIFLE CORPS ON MONDAY, AND I DON'T LIKE TO BE OUT OF IT!"



THE DARLINGS COME OUT TO SEE THE 38TH OTHERSEX VOLUNTEERS DRILLED.

Sergeant (appealingly). "NOW THEN, GENTLEMEN, ONCE MORE. EYES FRONT!—AND PRAY, GENTLEMEN—PRAY DON'T STARE ABOUT YOU AS IF YOU WERE IN CHURCH!"



THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Foreign Party. "MAIS, MOSIEU BOOL, I AVE ALL WAYS THOUGHT YOU VASS GREAT SHOPKEEPARE!"
Mr. Bool. "SO I AM, MOOSSOO—AND THESE ARE SOME OF THE BOYS WHO MIND THE SHOP!—COMPRENNY!"



THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Mary. "WHY, TUMMAS, IT'S THE VERY MORAL OF YER!"
Tummas. "PRETTY THING, AIN'T IT? PITY THE YALLER OF THE UNIFORM
COMES SO BLACK!"



CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Domestic. "BOTHER MISSUS, SHE WEARS IT HERSELF, AND I DON'T SEE WHY
I SHOULDN'T."



Jones (living in the plebeian locality of St. John's Wood). "I AM ALSO EXTREMELY
PARTICULAR ABOUT MY WINDOWS—IF YOU ENTER MY SERVICE, I SHALL EXPECT
YOU TO CLEAN THEM VERY CAREFULLY."
John Thomas (from Belgravia). "OH, OF COURSE, SIR! YOU CAN HAVE YOUR
WINDOWS CLEANED IF YOU LIKE—BUT IN BELGRAVIA—WE PREFERS THEM DIRTY
—IT'S CONSIDERED MORE ARISTOCRATIC!"



SERVANTGALISM.

Lady. "THEN, WHY DID YOU LEAVE?"
Domestic. "WELL, MA'AM, IF YOU ARST ME, I B'IEVE THE REEL REASON WERE, THAT MISSUS THOUGHT I WERE TOO GOOD LOOKING!"



CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Missus. "MARY! GO AND TAKE OFF THAT THING DIRECTLY! PRAY, ARE YOU AWARE WHAT A RIDICULOUS OBJECT YOU ARE?"



THE CENSUS.

Head of the Family (filling up the paper). "WELL, MISS PRIMROSE, AS A VISITOR, I MUST PUT YOUR AGE IN! WHAT SHALL WE SAY!"
Miss P. "OH, IT'S BEST TO BE STRAIGHTFORWARD. THE SAME AS DEAR FLORA—TWENTY LAST BIRTHDAY!"



BY THE FAST TRAIN.

Railway Porter. "ANY LUGGAGE MISS?"
Young Lady (who is also a teetle fast). "YES! PORTMANTEAU, A LITTLE BAY HORSE AND A BLACK RETRIEVER!—AND LOOK HERE, GET ME A HANSOM!"



THE RIDING-HAT QUESTION.

Lucy. "NOW TELL ME, MARY, WHICH IS THE BEST?"
Mary (who is rather horsey). "WELL, DEAR, FOR TEA IN THE ARBOUR, AND THAT SORT OF THING, PERHAPS THE LITTLE ROUND ONE; BUT IF YOU WANT TO LOOK LIKE GOING ACROSS COUNTRY, THE CHIMNEY-POT ALL TO NOTHING!"



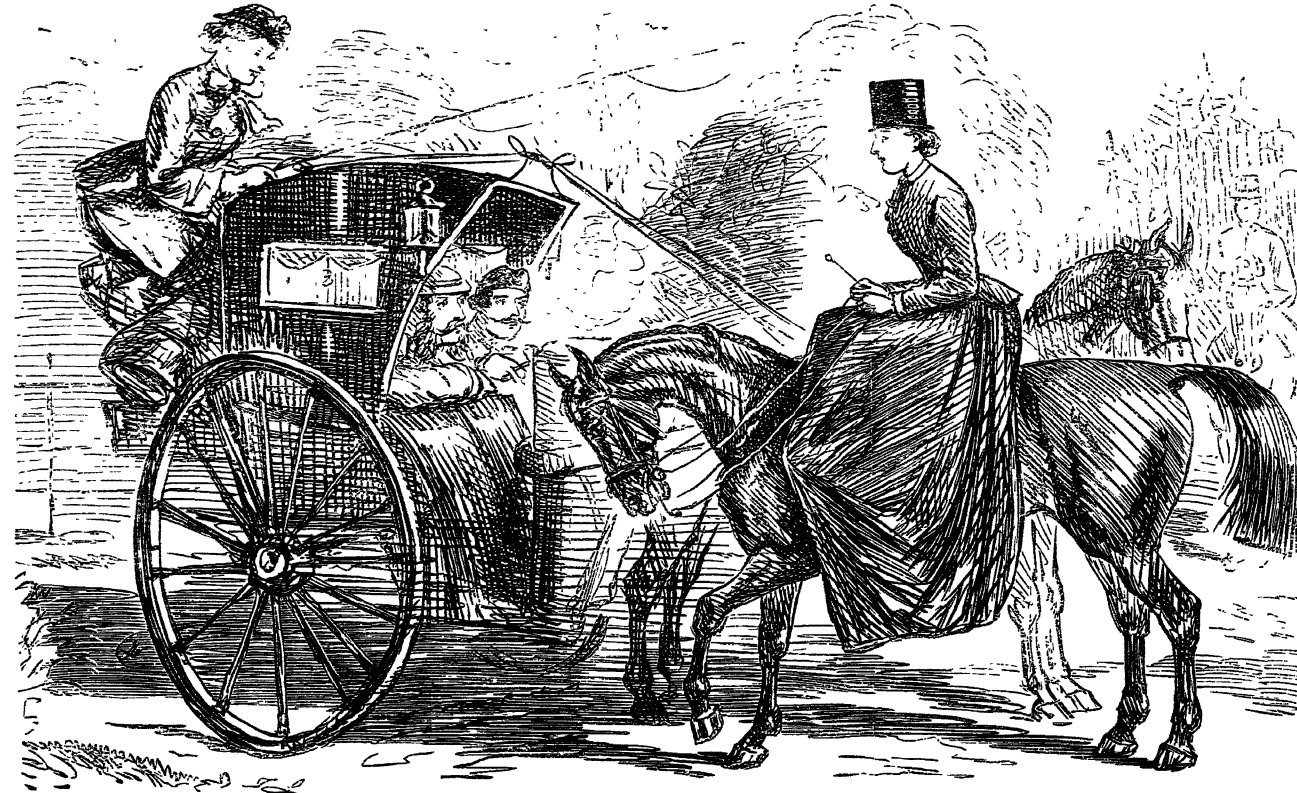
DECIDEDLY.

Small Swell. "MOST BSURD ROW THEY'RE KICKING UP ABOUT EQUESTRIANS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS! WHY THEY OUGHT TO BE DEUCED GLAD OF ANYTHING THAT ADDS TO THE BEAUTY OF THE PLACE—MY 'PINION."



BEWARE, DARLINGS, OF ARTILLERY WHISKERS!

THIS IS THE CRITICAL POSITION OF LOUISA AND CAPTAIN CHARLEY BANG—HIS WHISKER CAUGHT IN HER HARRIN', AND PAPA KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!



THE LATEST FAST THING.

Constance. "OH, ISN'T IT AWFULLY JOLLY! GEORGE HAS BOUGHT THIS PRIVATE HANSON, AND I'M GOING TO DRIVE HIM OVER TO SEE GRANDPAPA!"



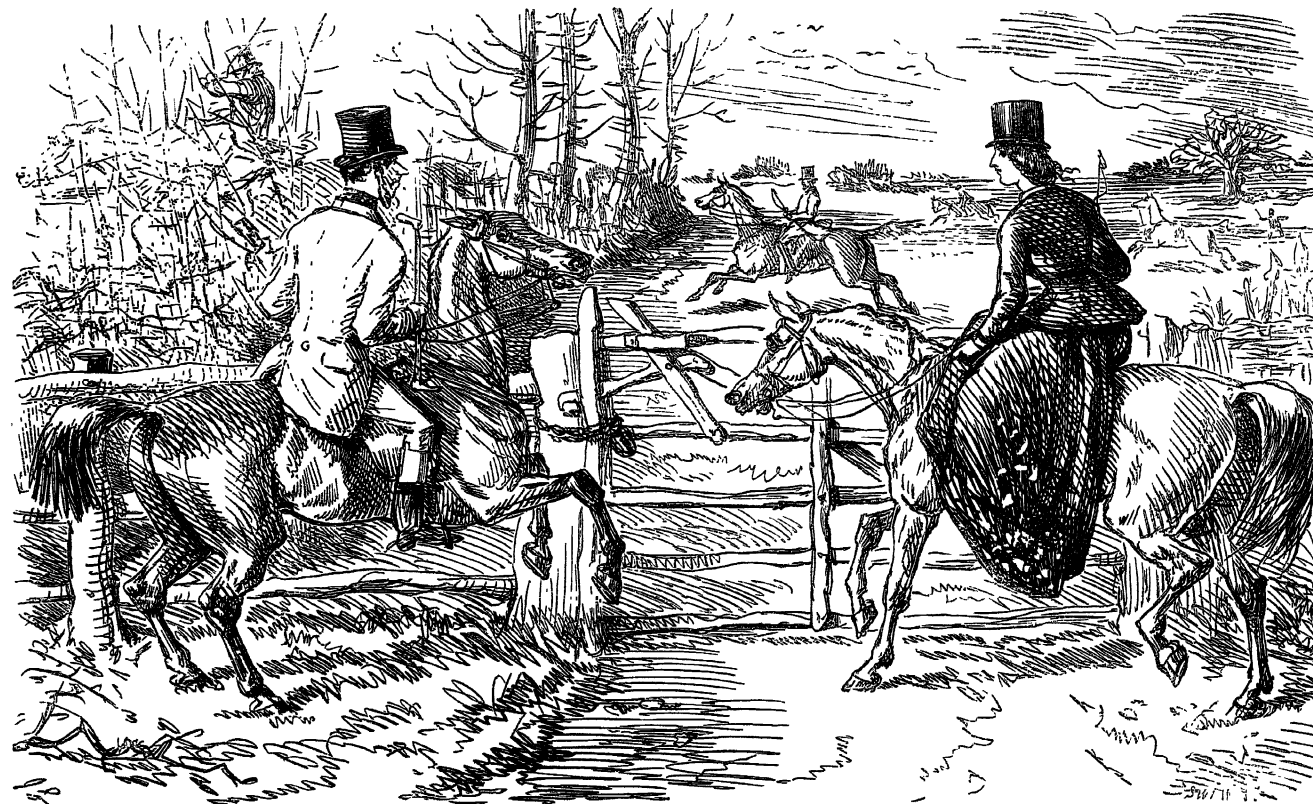
SCENE—THE HILL.

Irritated Swell (walking away). "I TELL YOU I DON'T WANT TO BE BRUSHED!"
Public Coat-Brusher. "OH, JUST TO MAKE YOU A LITTLE TIDY, MY LORD!"
Swell. "I SHAN'T PAY YOU!"
Coat-Brusher (still brushing). "THAT AIN'T O' NO CONSEQUENCE, MY LORD; BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU LOOK RESPECTABLE!"



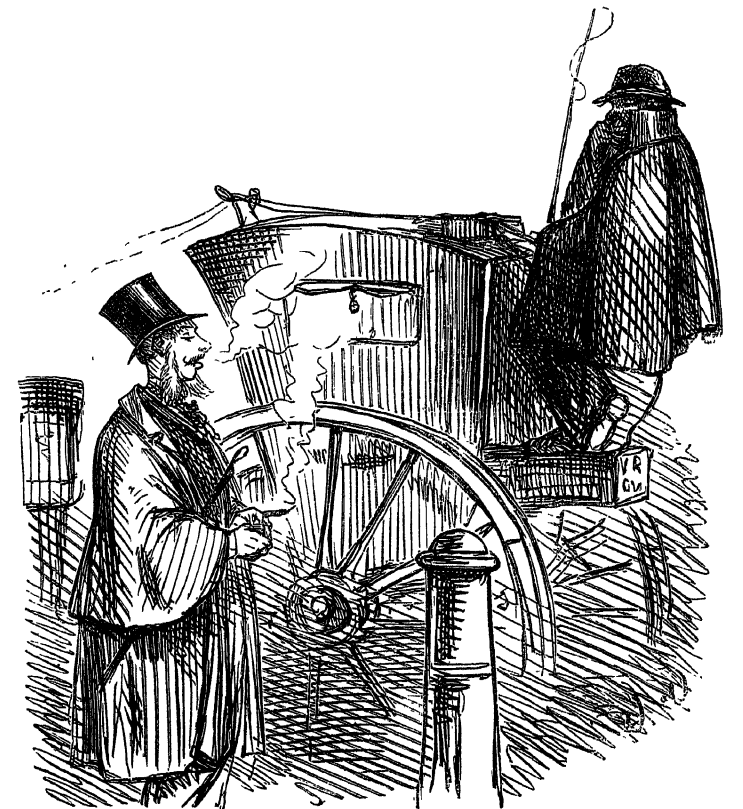
A LITTLE FARCE AT A RAILWAY-STATION.

Lady. "I WANT ONE TICKET—FIRST!"
Clerk. "SINGLE?"
Lady. "SINGLE! WHAT DOES IT MATTER TO YOU, SIR, WHETHER I'M SINGLE OR NOT? IMPERTINENCE!"
[Clerk explains that he meant Single or Return, not t'other thing.]



A GORDIAN KNOT FOR ROBINSON.

Miss Selina Hardman. "WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD, SIR, AS TO GIVE ME A LEAD OVER?"



TOO BAD, BY JOVE! YOU KNOW.

Swell. "OH, NAWN-SENSE; HALF-A-CROWN'S TOO MUCH. HERE'S EIGHTEENPENCE. I AIN'T SUCH A FOOL AS I LOOK!"
Cabby. "AIN'T YER, SIR? THEN I ONLY WISH YER WOS!"



A DAY AT BIARRITZ.



CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES WHO RIDE IN CRINOLINE ON DONKEYS.



THE EXHAUSTED STUDENT.

Fond Parent. "BLESS HIS HEART—ALWAYS STUDYING! READ HIMSELF ASLEEP—GEOGRAPHY NOW, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, I'LL BE BOUND!"
[No! It's the Cookery Book.]



We have been favoured with the following communication from our Indolent Young Man, and as it strikes us as being by much the coolest thing we have met with this hot weather, we print it:—

"DEAR P.,
"Gar and Starter, Richmond.
"July 8.—Thermometer ever so much in the shade.
"In reply to your heartless letter, on affairs of a business character, I beg to inform you that I am HERE, and with no intention of injuring my precious health by any exertion bodily or mental. Make what use you please of this information, and accept the assurance of my most distinguished regard and esteem.
"Signed,
" " " " "



BLOOD WILL CARRY ANYTHING—AT LEAST SO MISS FEATHERWEIGHT THINKS!



REAL ENJOYMENT.

Charley (who is wet through for the ninth time). "OH, MA! WE'VE BEEN SO JOLLY! WE'VE BEEN FILLING ONE ANOTHER'S HAIR WITH SAND, AND MAKING BOATS OF OUR FEET, AND HAVING SUCH FUN!"



PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ON HIS WAY TO THAT TURNIP-FIELD, OUR DEAR OLD BRIGGS PASSES THROUGH THE PARK IN WHICH HIS FRIEND'S FAVOURITE BISONS ARE KEPT. HE SAYS TO GEORDIE THE KEEPER: "I TRUST, MY GOOD FELLOW, THIS IS NOT THE SEASON YOU SPOKE OF IN WHICH THESE CREATURES—YOU KNOW—EH—WHAT—A—A—ARE DANGEROUS!"



MR. BRIGGS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

MR. BRIGGS, PREVIOUS TO GOING THROUGH HIS COURSE OF DEER-STALKING, ASSISTS THE FORESTER IN GETTING A HART OR TWO FOR THE HOUSE. DONALD IS REQUESTING OUR FRIEND TO HOLD THE ANIMAL DOWN BY THE HORNS. [N.B. THE SAID ANIMAL IS AS STRONG AS A BULL, AND USES HIS LEGS LIKE A RACE-HORSE.]



IRISH LAKE-FISHING.

Mr. Briggs. "BUT THE BOAT SEEMS VERY LEARY, AND TO WANT MENDING A GOOD DEAL."
Boatman. WANT MENDIN' IS IT? OOH, NIVER FEAR! SHURE THE BOAT'S WELL ENOUGH. IF YE SIT STILL, AND DON'T COFF OR SNAZE, SHE'LL CARRY YE PRETTY WELL!



A LITTLE SHOOTING IN IRELAND.

"NO HIT AGAIN, I'M AFRAID, TIM!"
"O, NIVER MIND, YER 'ONOR! SURE, YE DO IT VERY NIST. THERE'S SOME JINTLEMEN NOW COMES, AND THEY BLAZE AWAY, AND THEY WOUNDES THE POOR BIRDS IN THE LIGS AND THE WINGS, AND SUCH LIKE; BUT YER 'ONOR! O, YE FIRES, AND FIRES, AND ALWAYS MISSES EM CLANE AND CLEVER!"



RETURN FROM A SUBURBAN PARTY.

Flyman. "WERRY SORRY, MUM, I'M SURE, MUM—BUT THE OSS AIN'T ROUGHED, AND HE CAN'T GO A STEP FURDER!"



SEVERE.

Old Lady. "AH THIN, BAD LUCK TO YE, GRIGORY! WHERE'S YER MANNERS? ONE WOULD THINK YE WAS IN A GINTELMAN'S HOUSE, STANDIN' BEFORE THE FIRE WITH YER COAT-TAILS UP, AND LADIES PRESENT, TOO!"



DINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.



IRRESISTIBLE.

Lady. "WHAT! TWO SHILLINGS! AND EIGHTEENPENCE FOR WAITING THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR?—NONSENSE, MAN! IT WAS ONLY TEN MINUTES BY MY WATCH!"
Cabman (insinuatingly). "WASN'T IT, MISS? WELL, THEN, I S'POSE IT WAS A MISSIN' O' YOUR PRETTY FACE AS MADE IT SEEM THREE KERVARTERS OF AN HOUR!"
[Fare pays, and thinks the Cabman an extremely nice person.]



A SERIOUS DRAWBACK.

Hideous Old Lady of Fashion (with Plain Daughter). "CHARMING BALL AT SIR CHARLES'S LAST NIGHT! EVERYBODY THERE—GOOD ROOMS, NOT OVERCROWDED—CAPITAL SUPPER! DEAREST BARBARA ENJOYED HERSELF PRODIGIOUSLY! I DON'T SEE, HOWEVER, HOW I CAN WELL AVOID ASKING HIS SISTER AND NIECE TO MY BALL, NEXT WEEK, HE IS SO FOND OF THEM; AND YET YOU KNOW THAT THEY ARE PEOPLE WHO DO NOT GO OUT NEARLY AS MUCH AS WE DO, AND ARE NOT AT ALL IN OUR POSITION IN SOCIETY!"



ONE NIGHT FROM HOME.

Wife (to Unreasonable Monster). "IT'S OF NO USE, GEORGE, YOUR SAYING, 'HANG IT, MARIA'; I MUST HAVE SOME PLACE TO PUT MY THINGS!"



Sarcastic Peeler. "GOING TO 'AVE A NEW 'ORSE, THEN, CABBY?"
Cabby. "NEW 'OSS! 'OW D'YE MEAN?"
Sarcastic Peeler. "WHY, YOU'VE GOT THE FRAMEWORK TOGETHER ALREADY!"



CRUEL!

Young Swell (log). "I SAY, THOMPSON, DO YOU THINK I SHALL EVER HAVE ANY WHISKERS?"
Thompson (after careful examination). "WELL, SIR, I REALLY DON'T THINK AS YOU EVER WILL—LEASTWAYS NOT TO SPEAK OF!"
Young Swell. "THAT'S RATHER HARD, FOR MY PAP—I MEAN GOVERNOR—HAS PLENTY!"
Thompson (facetiously). "YES, SIR,—BUT P'R'APS YOU TAKE AFTER YOUR MA!"

[Total collapse of Y. S.]



THE VULPECIDE.—BASE INDEED!

Fox Hunter. "THERE, DO YOU SEE THAT FELLOW?—WELL! TO MY CERTAIN KNOWLEDGE, HE HAS DESTROYED TWO FOXES—AND YET HE WALKS ABOUT WITH A HYMN-BOOK UNDER HIS ARM!"



A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

Grandpapa. "BLESS HIS HEART—JUST LIKE ME!—SPARE THE NIMROD—SPOIL THE CHILD, I SAY."



GOING TO COVER.

Brown (who has given Tomkins, from Town, a Mount). "YOU NEEDN'T BE THE LEAST AFRAID. IT'S ONLY HIS PLAY. HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT AFTER HE HAS BEEN OVER A FEW FENCES!"



A MOUNT IN THE MIDLANDS, APRIL, 1862. DELICIOUS!



Paterfamilias (who is stout, and a Volunteer also.) "OHO! MY NEW UNIFORM—COME HOME, I SEE!"
Family. "YES, PA DEAR! AND WE'VE TRIED IT ON THE WATER-BUTT. AND IT LOOKS SO NICE!"



THOSE HORRID BOYS AGAIN!

Boy (to distinguished Volunteer). "NOW, CAPTAIN! CLEAN YER BOOTS, AND LET YER 'AVE A SHOT AT ME FOR A PENNY!"



FLATTERING PROPOSAL.

Volunteer. "I SAY, LUCY, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE VIVANDIERRES IN OUR CORPS. NOW, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL APPOINT YOU TO ATTEND UPON ME!"



SPREAD OF THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.—SCENE, THE SCHOOLROOM.

Young Larkins. "OH, HERE'S MAMMA! NOW, MA, IF YOU'LL FALL IN BY G'INA, I'LL PUT YOU THROUGH YOUR FACINGS. 'TENTION!"



POOR LITTLE FELLOW!

Emily. "WANT SOMETHING TO AMUSE YOU! WHY, I HAVE GIVEN YOU BOOK AFTER BOOK, AND LENT YOU MY PAINT-BOX, AND I'VE OFFERED TO TEACH YOU YOUR NOTES! WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?"
Augustus. "OH, AH! I DON'T CALL THAT AMUSEMENT. I WANT SOME FIGS! OR SOME GINGERBREAD NUTS! OR A GOOD LOT OF TOFFEE!! THAT'S WHAT I CALL AMUSEMENT!"



COMPLIMENTARY TO PATERFAMILIAS.

Sister Amy. "MY DEAR ROSE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?—MAMMA WILL BE VERY ANGRY!"
Rose. "WHY, WALTER WANTS TO BE LIKE PAPA, SO I'M JUST THINNING HIS HAIR AT THE TOP!"

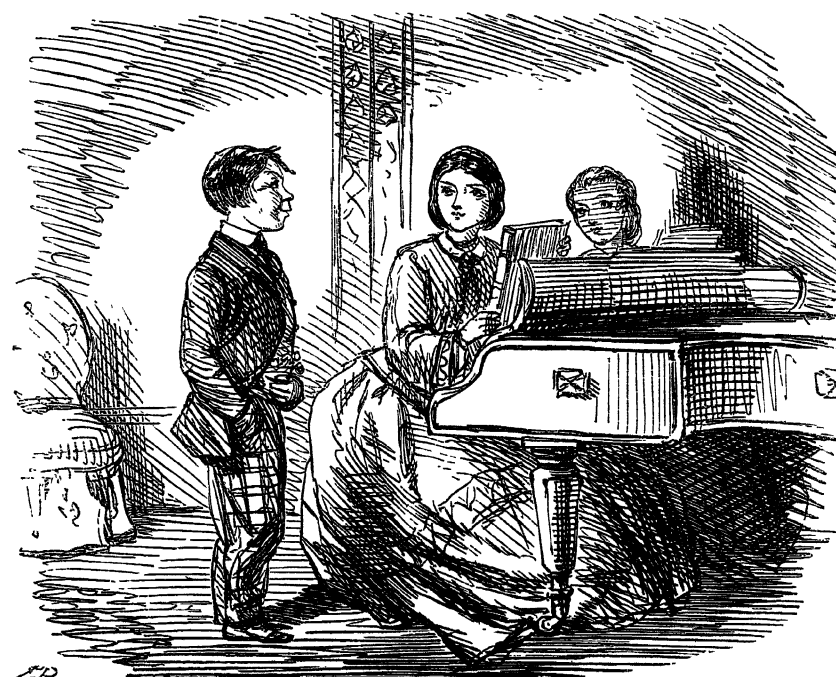


Clara. "WHAT DOES TOMMY THINK? WHY, TOMMY HAS JUST GOT A NEW LITTLE BROTHER!"
Tommy. "HAVE I, THOUGH? HOW JOLLY!—THERE'LL BE SOMEBODY NOW TO WEAR MY OLD CLOTHES!"



HEALTHY AND AMUSING GAME.

Flora. "GOOD GRACIOUS! REGINALD, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN ABOUT?"
Reginald. "OH, NOTHING! WE'VE ONLY BEEN PLAYING AT BEING TOM SAYERS AND THE BENICIA BOY!"



Georgina. "WELL, GUS! AND HOW DID YOU LIKE YOUR PARTY LAST NIGHT?"
Gus. "OH, JOLLY!—I GOT ELEVEN ICES, AND NO END OF NEGUS, AND WENT DOWN FOUR TIMES TO SUPPER!!"



A WORD TO THE WISE.

Discerning Child (who has heard some remarks made by Papa). "ARE YOU OUR NEW NURSE?"
Nurse. "YES, DEAR!"
Child. "WELL, THEN, I'M ONE OF THOSE BOYS WHO CAN ONLY BE MANAGED WITH KINDNESS—SO YOU HAD BETTER GET SOME SPONGE-CAKES AND ORANGES AT ONCE!"



DELIGHT OF THE HON. TOM RASPER (WHO HAS PROMISED HIMSELF A DAY WITH THE PYCHLEY), ON FINDING THAT THE BOX WITH HIS HUNTER HAS BEEN LEFT AT GOWLEIGH STATION, WHILE A FINE YOUNG BULL, INTENDED FOR THAT PLACE, HAS BEEN BROUGHT ON TO—HARBOROUGH, SHALL WE SAY?



SCENE ON A BRIDGE IN PARIS.

NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE MATTER HERE? WHY, ALPHONSE, IN A BOAT ON THE RIVER, HAS JUST CAUGHT A GOUJON ABOUT THE SIZE OF HIS LITTLE FINGER!



CROQUET.

Chorus of Offended Maidens. "WELL! IF CLARA AND CAPTAIN DE HOLSTER ARE GOING ON IN THAT RIDICULOUS MANNER, WE MAY AS WELL LEAVE OFF PLAYING."



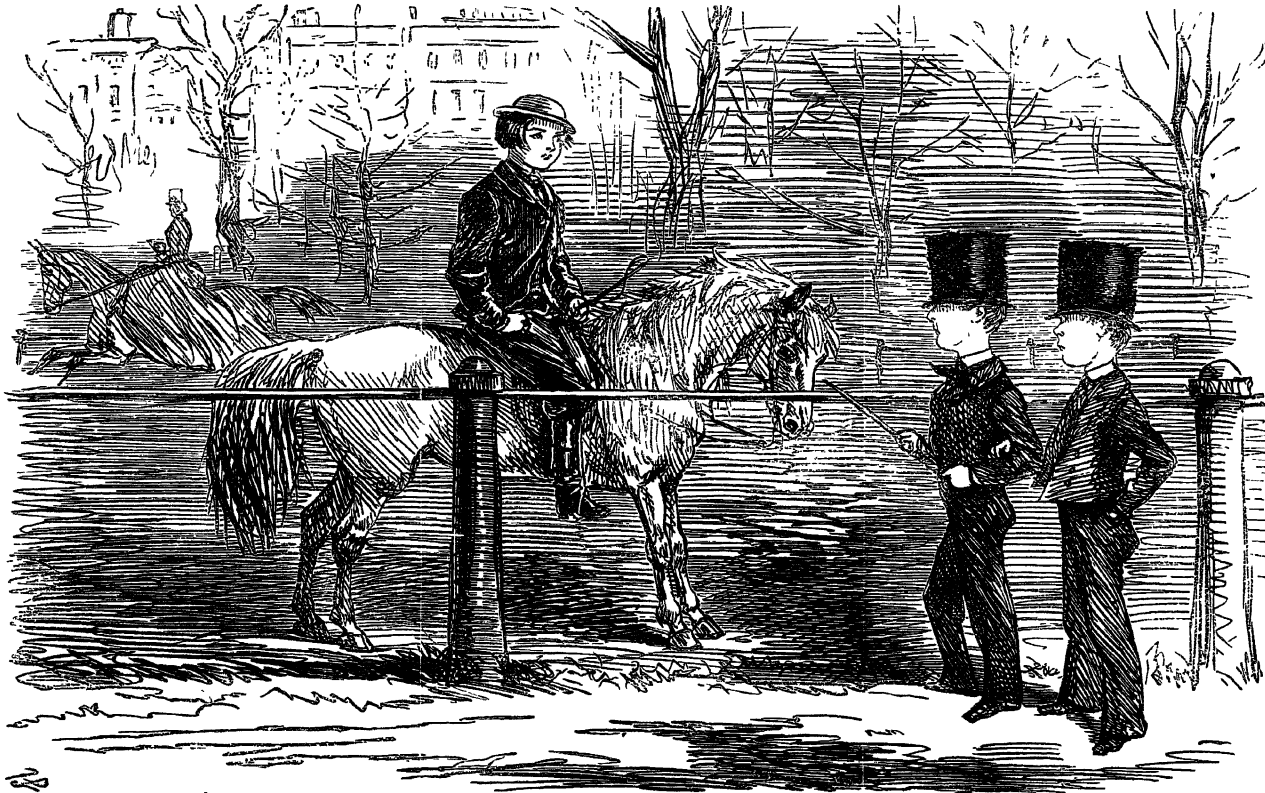
SEA-FISHING.

Boatman. "DON'T YER FEEL ANYTHINK YET, SIR? P'RAIS YOU'D BETTER TRY ANOTHER WORM."



HUSH! HUSH!

Aunt (handling young lady's abundant hair). "WHAT A TROUBLE, DEAR KITTY, YOUR HAIR IS TO ONE!"
Dear Kitty. "OH, AUNT, IF IT'S A TROUBLE, WHY DON'T YOU PUT KITTY'S HAIR IN YOUR DRAWER, JUST AS YOU DO WITH YOUR OWN!"



HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Arthur (on Pony). "HOLLO! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR HEADS?"
Juvenile Swell. "WHY, YOU SEE, EVERY SNOB WEARS A CAP OR A WIDE-AWAKE NOW; SO THE MEN OF OUR SCHOOL HAVE RETURNED TO THE OLD CHIMNEY-POT!"
[As Paterfamilias, we are sorry to say that we have observed this monstrosity many times this Christmas.]



DRAMATIC.

First languid Swell. "HAW! THEY'RE GOING ON STILL WITH THAT DUNDREARY!"
Second Ditto. "AW—YA'AS! IT MUST BE A-A-A-VIEWY HARD WORK FOR A FELLAH TO PERFORM SUCH A-A-A-CAWACTER EWEVY EVENING."



A GAROTTE EFFECT.

THIS IS DE ROBINSON, WHO, IN HIS HURRY AND ANXIETY TO BE IN TIME FOR LINNER, PUTS HIS KNUCKLE-DUSTERS IN HIS COAT-TAIL POCKET.
 (SENSATION SCENE.)

* *Adapted from the original*

* THE KNUCKLE-DUSTER, OR SOMETHING LIKE IT.



HARRY TAKES HIS COUSINS TO SEE THE HOUNDS MEET.

Enter MAMMA AND AUNT ELLEN.

Mamma (to Old Woman). "PRAY, HAVE YOU MET TWO LADIES AND A GENTLEMAN?"

Old Woman. "WELL, I MET THREE PEOPLE—BUT, LA! THERE, I CAN'T TELL LADIES FROM GENTLEMEN NOW-A-DAYS—WHEN I WAS A GAL," &C. &C.



THE BALL.

HARRY BULLFINCHER, WHO IS EVER SO MUCH BETTER ACROSS COUNTRY THAN WHEN HE MIXES IN THE MERRY DANCE (ESPECIALLY AFTER SUPPER), HAS COME TO GRIEF OVER A STOOL DURING A POLKA, AND IS SHOUTING FOR SOME ONE TO "CATCH HIS HORSE!"



YOUNG ENGLAND.

Henry. "I SAY, CHARLEY, WHERE DO YOU DINE TO-NIGHT?"

Charley. "AW, DINE WITH YOUR BROTHER!"

Henry. "DOOSE YOU DO—WORST WINE I EVER DRUNK IN MY LIFE!"

Charley. "BY JOVE, THEN, YOU NEVER DINED WITH MY GOVERNOR!"



CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Master G. O'Rilla. "DEAW! HOW SHOCKING! THERE'S ANOTHER GOOD FELLAH DONE FOR!"

Cousins. "WHY, WHAT HAS HAPPENED, GUS?"

Gus. "HAPPENED! WHY, CHARLEY BAGSHOT GONE MARRIED!"



LATE FROM THE NURSERY.

Governess. "NOW, FRANK, YOU MUST PUT YOUR DRUM DOWN, IF YOU ARE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS."

Frank. "OH, DO LET ME WEAR IT, PLEASE; I'LL PROMISE NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT."



Arthur. "MAMMA! ISN'T MR. BLANQUE A WICKED MAN?"

Mamma. "WICKED, MY DEAR! NO! WHAT MAKES YOU ASK SUCH A QUESTION?"

Arthur. "WHY, BECAUSE, MAMMA DEAR, WHEN HE COMES INTO CHURCH, HE DOESN'T SMELL HIS HAT AS OTHER PEOPLE DO!"



Boy. "ISN'T IT VERY NAUGHTY OF PAPA TO TELL STORIES?"

Mamma. "WELL, DEAR, IT WOULD BE—BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

Boy. "WHY, PAPA SAYS, THAT TOFFEE IS NASTY TRASH—AND IT'S SO VERY DELICIOUS, YOU KNOW!"



PLUCK!

Master Cock-Robin. "I TELL YOU WHAT, UNCLE CHARLES—IF YOU ARE AT ALL NERVOUS ABOUT THE GAROTTERS—I'LL WALK HOME WITH YOU!"



TOO CLEVER BY HALF!

First Boy. "ARE YOU IN A HURRY WITH THAT LETTER, BILL?"

Second Ditto. "YES. IT'S TO BE DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY, AND I'M TO WAIT."

First Boy. "WELL! WAIT HERE, AND HAVE A GAME AT PITCH AND TOSS, AND DELIVER IT IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS."



Papa. "WELL, MY DEAR, DID YOU TELL MAMMA THAT MISS MYRTLE WAS WAITING TO SEE HER?"

Child. "YES, PA!"

Papa. "AND WHAT DID SHE SAY?"

Child. "SHE SAID, WHAT A BOTHER!"



"SO, CHARLEY, I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN TO A JUVENILE PARTY?"
Precocious Boy. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU CALL JUVENILE. THERE WAS NO ONE THERE UNDER FIVE YEARS OLD!"



Sunday-School Teacher. "OH, JOHNNY, I'M SHOCKED TO SEE YOU PLAYING WITH YOUR TOP. YOU SHOULD LEAVE YOUR TOYS AT HOME ON A SUNDAY!"
Johnny (quick, but impudent). "THEN WHY DO YOU COME OUT WITH YOUR HOOP?"



THE LINGUIST.

Archy. "I SAY, JESSIE, DO YOU UNDERSTAND FRENCH?"
Jessie. "A LITTLE—DO YOU?"
Archy. "OH, YES—I UNDERSTAND IT VERY WELL; BECAUSE, WHEN PA AND MA TALK FRENCH, I KNOW I'M GOING TO HAVE A POWDER!"



A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Master Jack. "NOW THEN, CHARLOTTE, ARE YOU GOING TO LEND ME YOUR PAINT BOX?"
Charlotte. "NO, SIR. YOU KNOW WHAT A MESS YOU MADE OF LAST TIME!"
Master Jack. "VERY WELL. THEN I'LL PUT MY GUINEA PIG ON YOUR NECK!"



PLEASANT INTELLIGENCE.

Boy. "AH—YOU AND MRS. DRONE ARE COMING TO SEE US NEXT WEEK IN THE COUNTRY."
Mr. Drone. "ARE WE?—WE HAVE HEARD NOTHING OF IT."
Boy. "OH, YES—BECAUSE I HEARD PAPA SAY TO MAMMA, THAT THEY HAD SOME THRESOME PEOPLE COMING, AND THEY MIGHT AS WELL ASK ALL THE BORES AT ONCE."



Alfred. "OH, IF YOU PLEASE, UNCLE, WE WANT TO PLAY AT BEING WILLIAM TELL; WILL YOU BE SO KIND AS TO STAND WITH THE APPLE ON YOUR HEAD?"



PET-LOVE.

Old—what shall we call her?—“RUN, ROBERT! RUN! THERE’S THAT DARLING PLAYING WITH A STRANGE CHILD!”



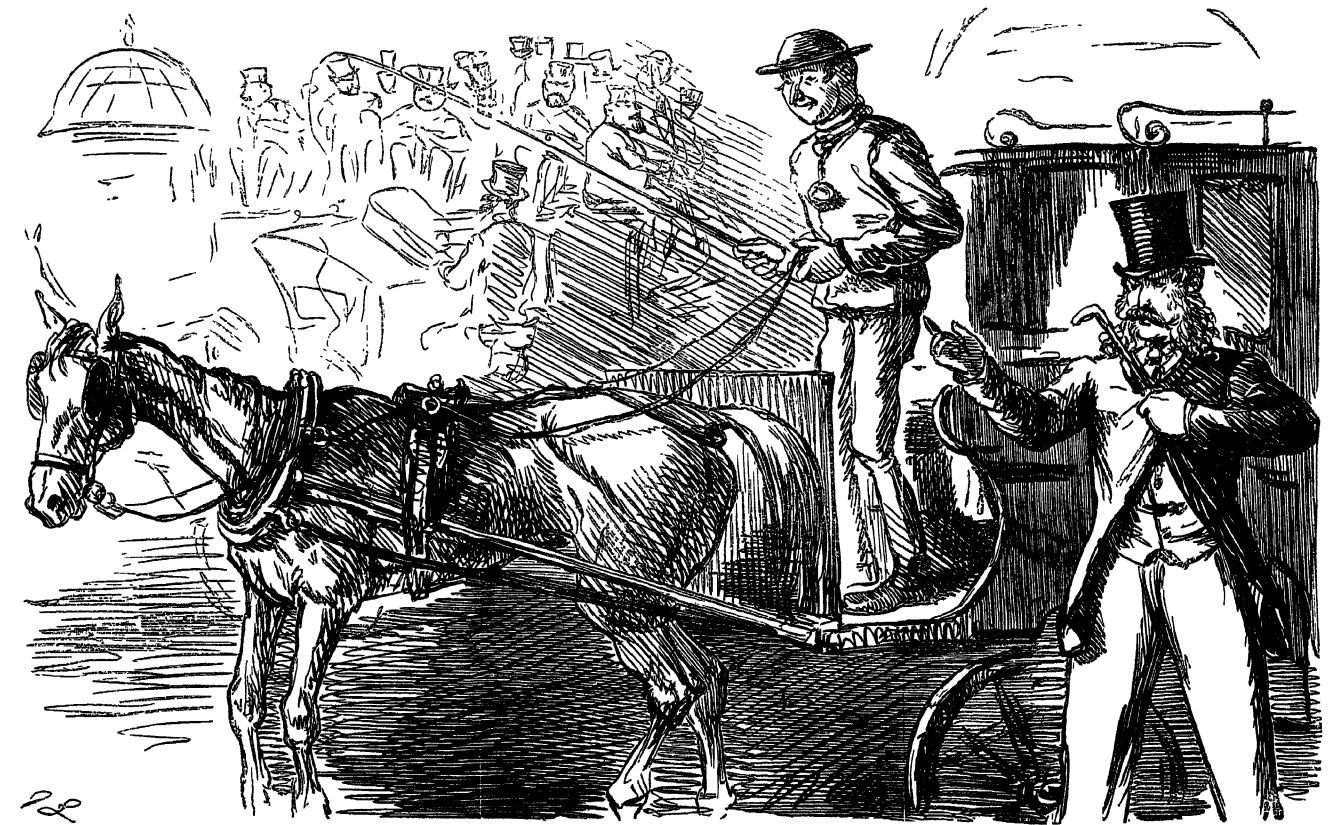
THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

Sarah Jane. “LAWKS! WHY, IT’S HEXAOT LIKE OUR HEMMER!”

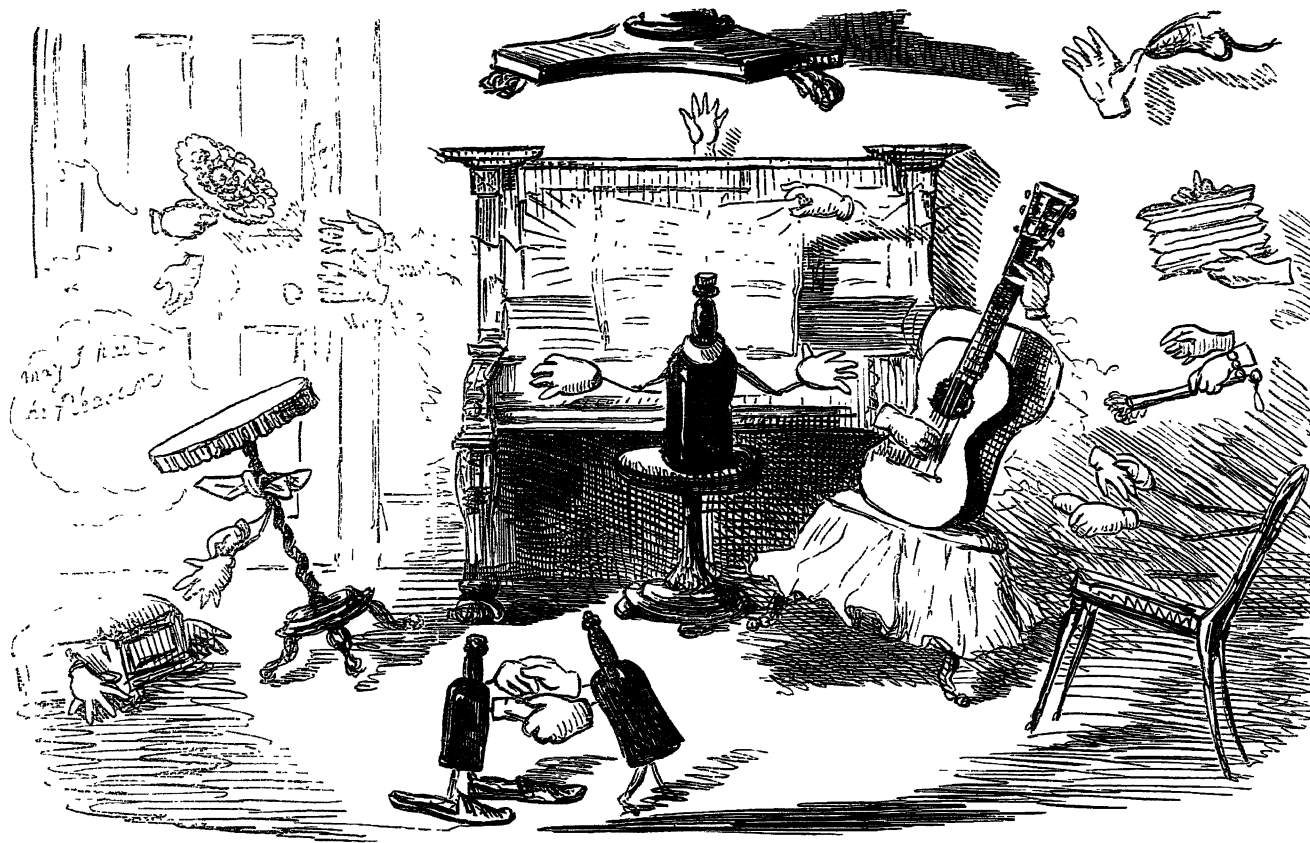


GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Darling (in straw hat). “WHAT ARE YOU BUYING, DEAR?”
Darling (in black hat). “WHY, I’M BUYING A PUNCH. THE IMPUDENT THING HAS PUT ME IN AS ONE OF HIS GIRLS!”



Infuriate Captain. “YOU SCOUNDREL, I’LL HAVE YOU UP AS SURE AS YOU ARE BORN!”
Cabby. “WHAT! SUMMONSE ME! OH NO, YER WON’T, MY LORD.—YOU’LL NEVER TAKE THE TROUBLE.”
[Exit CABBY with three-and-sixpence over his fare.]
 MORAL. *It is better, when you have a difference with a Cabman, to give him YOUR card, and let HIM summon YOU.*



A SPIRIT DRAWING. BY OUR OWN MEDIUM.



THINGS HAVE COME TO A PRETTY PASS INDEED, WHEN A DRAWING-ROOM TABLE JUMPS UP, AND AFTER PLAYING A TUNE ON ITS ACCORDION, OFFERS ITS HAND TO THE HOUSEMAID!—
(NOW, WITHOUT ANY OF THE GAMMON OF PUTTING LIGHTS OUT, AND DARKENING THE ROOM, THIS REALLY DID HAPPEN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT—YOU NEEDN'T BELIEVE IT, OF COURSE! UNLESS YOU LIKE.)



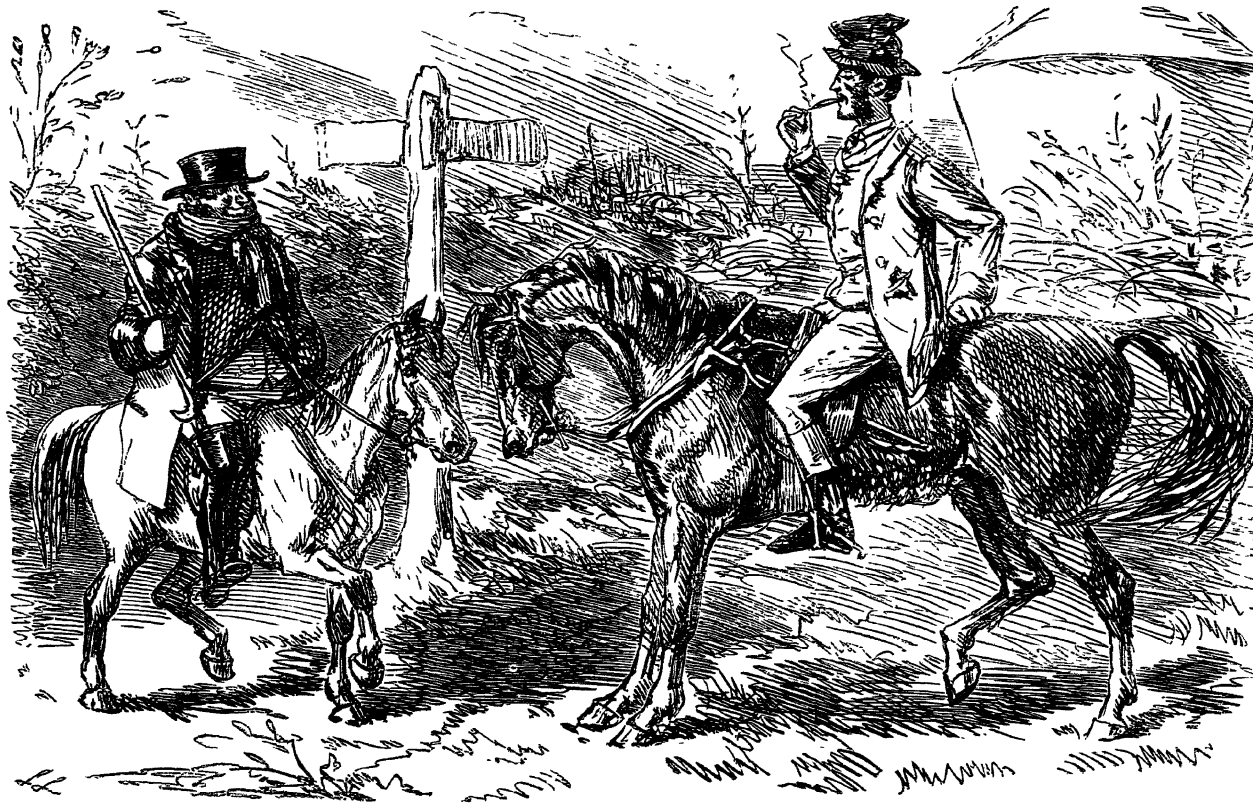
A SPIRIT-RAPPING SEANCE!

Mr. Fower (a Medium), "OH DEAR! THERE'S A SPIRIT NAMED WALKER WRITING ON MY ARM!"



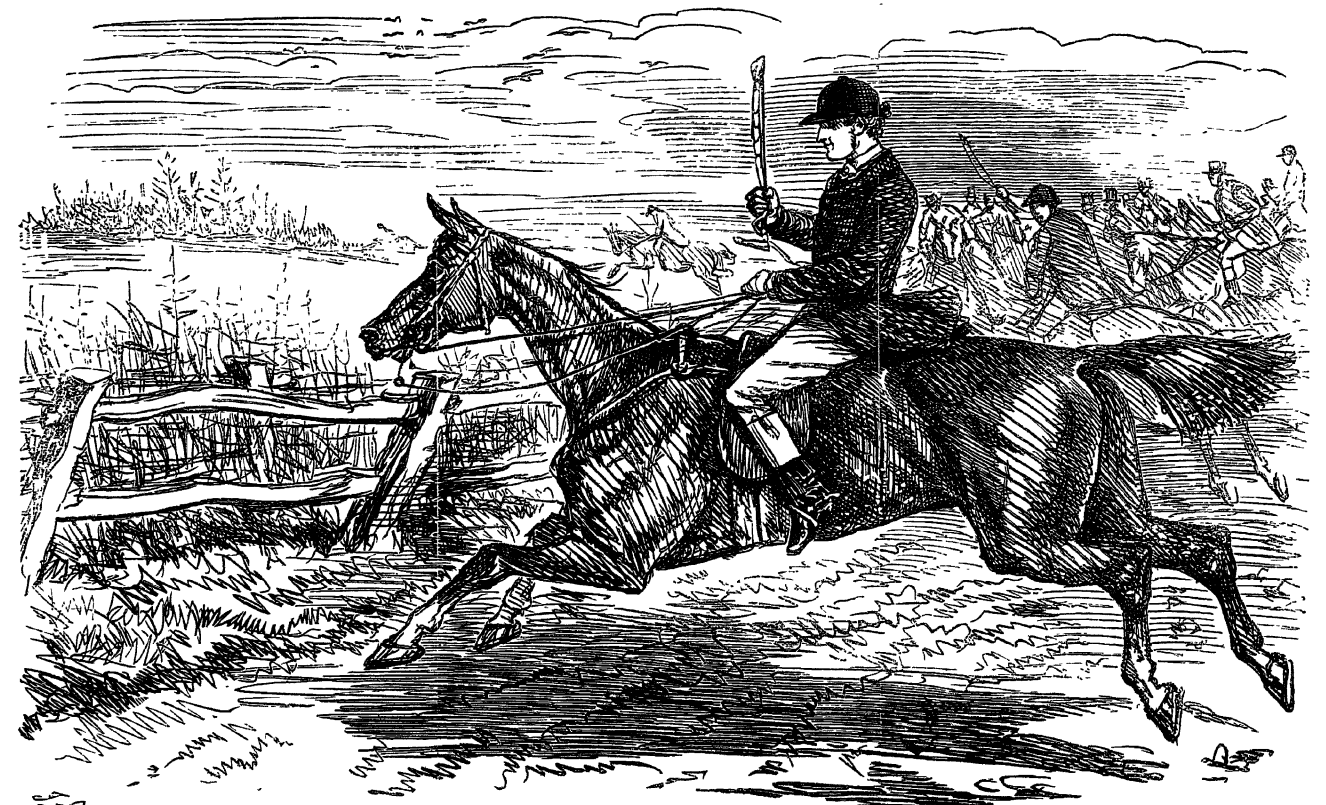
POSITIVE FACT, OF COURSE.

A MESSAGE COMES OFF ON MRS. BLUEBAG'S LINEN, WHICH SHE IS HANGING, AS USUAL, ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

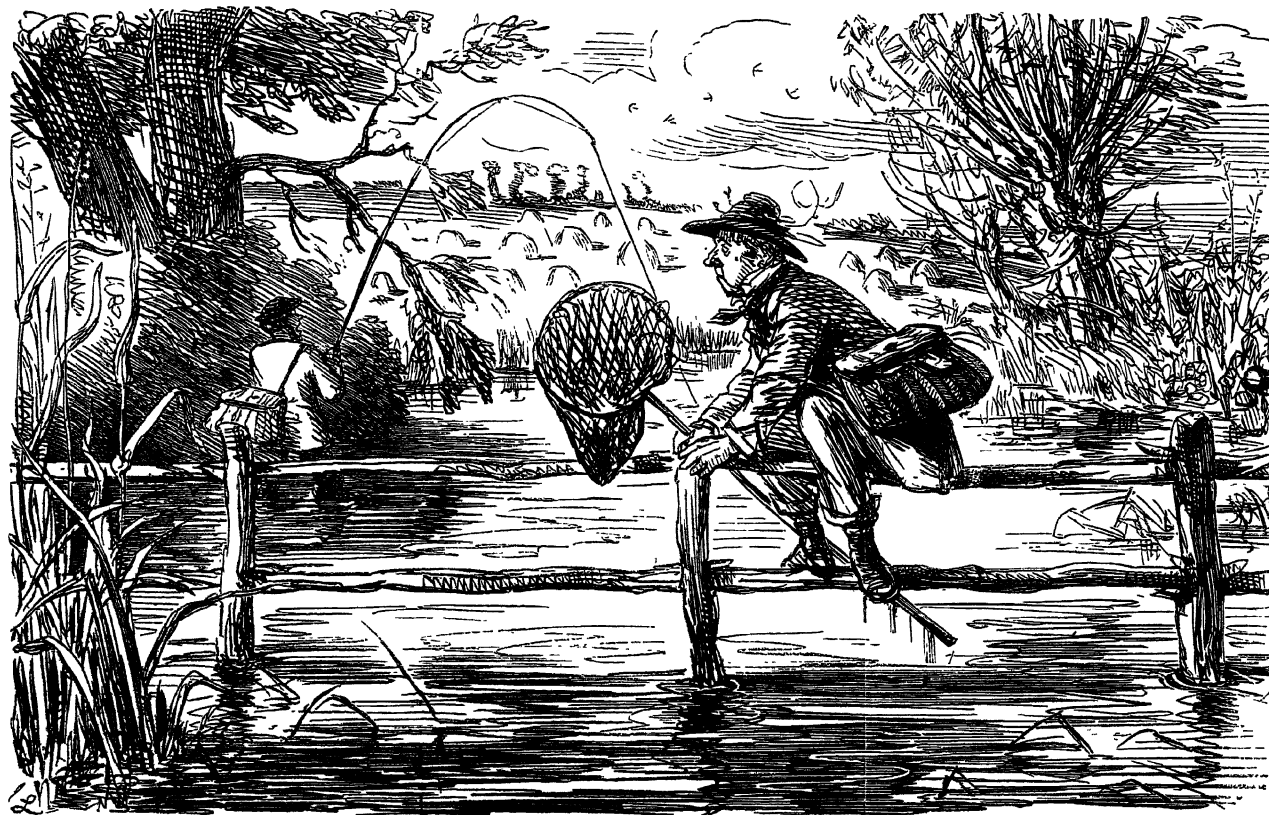


A CONTENTED MIND.

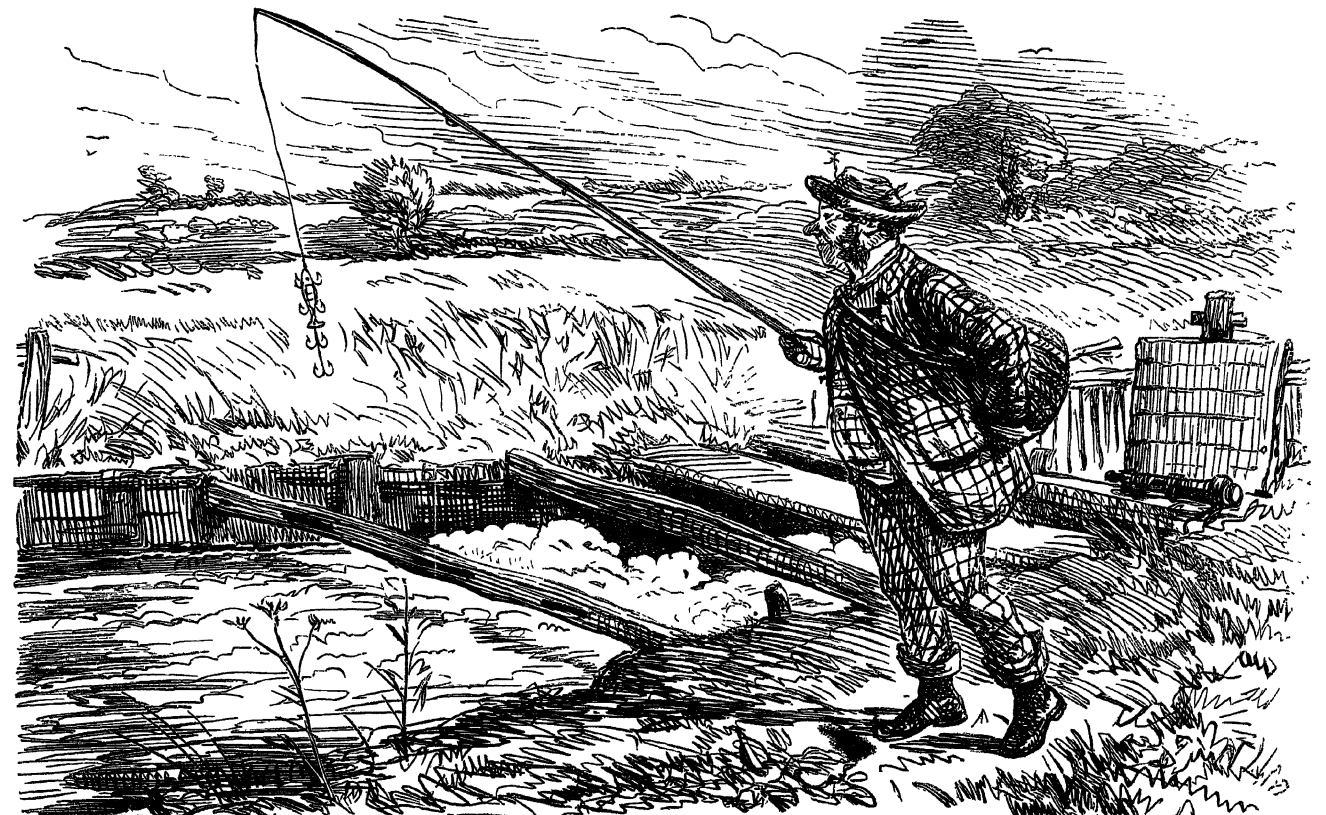
Old Wurzel. "WELL, MUSTER CHAWLES, SO YOU'VE BEEN A RIDING THE YOUNG UN.—HOW DOES HE GO?"
Muster Chawles. "OH, SPLENDID! NEVER CARRIED BETTER IN MY LIFE! IT WAS HIS FIRST RUN, AND WE ONLY CAME DOWN FIVE TIMES



First Undergraduate. "HI! FRANK! HERE'S A GATE!"
Second Undergraduate. "GATE! I DIDN'T PAY TWO GUINEAS TO GO THROUGH GATES, WITH SUCH LOVELY POSTS AND RAILS BEFORE ME.



Brown (excited). "HI, JONES!—NET! NET! NET!—MAKE HASTE, OR I SHALL LOSE HIM!"
Jones (who is rather giddy and nervous). "EH!—AH!—RIGHT!—TO BE SURE!—YES!—I—I—I—I'M COMING—AS FAST—AS—OH DEAR!—AS POSSIBLE!"



Piscator. "OHO! THIS IS THE PLACE WHERE THE BIG TROUT ARE, IS IT? THEN THIS IS THE SORT OF FLY, I THINK!"



FOND DELUSION.

First Tourist (going North). "HULLO, TOMPK—"
Second ditto (ditto ditto). "HSH—SH! CONFOUND IT, YOU'LL SPOIL ALL. THEY THINK IN THE TRAIN I'M A HIGHLAND CHIEF!"



EFFECT OF THE WEATHER ON A SENSITIVE PLANT.

YOUNG NIMROD, AS HE APPEARED BEFORE THE FROST—PERFECTLY DISENGAGED!



Railway Clerk. "HAVE YOU GOT TWOPENCE, SIR?"
Swell. "DEAW, NO! NEYAW HAD TWOPENCE IN MY LIFE!"
Clerk. "THEN I MUST GIVE YOU TENPENCE IN COPPER, SIR!"
[Swell is immensely delighted, of course.]



CURIOUS ECHO AT THE SHOREDITCH STATION.

Traveller. "PORTER! PORTER!"
Echo. "DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET HIM?"



YOUNG DITTO, AFTER FOUR WEEKS' FROST IN A COUNTRY HOUSE—MOST PARTICULARLY ENGAGED!



GOING NORTH.

"THIS CARRIAGE IS ENGAGED!"



LATEST FROM AMERICA.

Butler (reads). "LATEST FROM AMERIKA! 'IT IS RUMoured THAT MR. LINCOLN IS ABOUT TO RE-EMPLOY THE BRUTAL BUTLER TO BE THE TERROR OF THE LADIES OF NEW HORLEANS.'" *2nd Housemaid.* "LOR, MR. BINS! IF MR. LINCOLN'S BUTLER IS THE TERROR OF THE LADIES—HE MUST BE VERY HUNLIKE YOU!"



THE NEW RIDE. FRIGHTFUL SCENE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS!

SHALL OUR PRIVACY BE INVADed? SHALL OUR CHILDREN BE RIDDEN DOWN BY A BLOODTHIRSTY AND A BLOATED ARISTOCRACY? ARE OUR WIVES, DAUGHTERS, AND DOMESTICS, TO BE TORN TO PIECES BY FEROCIOUS MASTIFFS? NEVER! UP THEN! MARROWBONES TO THE RESCUE!



AN ORDER WE HOPE TO SEE ISSUED FROM SCOTLAND YARD.

"THE POLICE HAVE STRICT ORDERS TO BONNET, PUT IN A SACK, AND LOCK UP ALL URGHINS WHO DISTURB THE PEACE OF THE METROPOLIS BY SCREAMING OUT 'DIXIE'S LAND.'"



AT A DINNER GIVEN BY MY LORD BRODACRES TO SOME OF HIS TENANTS, CURAÇOA IS HANDED IN A LIQUEUR-GLASS TO OLD TURNIPTOPS, WHO, SWALLOWING IT WITH MUCH RELISH, SAYS—"OI ZAY, YOUNG MAN! O'LL TAK ZUM O' THAT IN A MOOG!"



THE PARTY WHO OBJECTS TO THE NEW RIDE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—AND WON'T HE SPOUT AT THE WESTRY!



VERY CAREFUL.

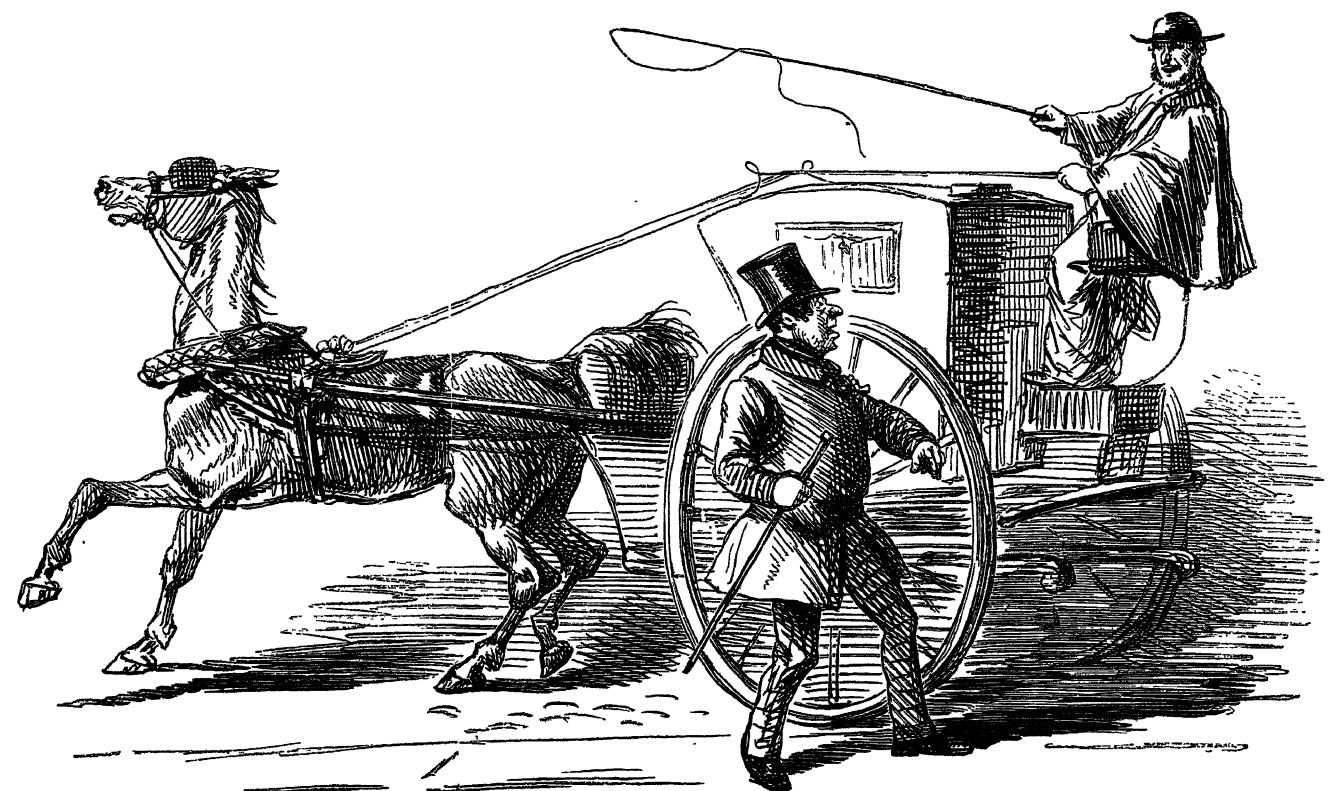
Economical Peer (with feeling). "GOOD GRACIOUS, THOMSON! HAVEN'T YOU MEN GOT AN UMBRELLA OUTSIDE?" *Thompson.* "NO, MY LORD!" *Peer.* "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR!—THEN GIVE ME THOSE NEW HATS INSIDE!"



Lady. "OH! PLEASE, CABMAN, DRIVE ME TO ST. BARNABAS' CHURCH. YOU GO UP EBURY STREET, AND TAKE—
Cabman. "I KNOW—HOPPOSITE THE THREE COMPASSES!"



Photographer. "NOW, SIR! AVE YER CART DE VISIT DONE?"



Cabbie. "NOW THEN, SIR! JUMP IN. DRIVE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND FOR EIGHTEEN PENCE!"



MR. PUNCH HAVING HEARD OF THE EXCELLENT QUALITIES OF THE EXMOOR PONIES, PROCURES A FEW FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS!



DINER À LA RusSE.

Host. "STAY, STEVENS—WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE SALMON? NOBODY HAS HAD ANY OF IT!
Butler. "PRAY, SIR, WHAT ARE WE TO HAVE FOR SUPPER?"



Butcher Boy (and Butcher Boys are so impudent). "NOW THEN, SWIPEY! ARE YOU GOING TO STOP THERE TILL YOU GET FINE, AFORE YOU DRAW YOURSELF OFF?"



AWFUL APPARITION!

Mrs. T. (to T., who has been reading the popular novel). "PRAY, MR. TOMKINS, ARE YOU NEVER COMING UP STAIRS? HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO SIT UP WITH THAT 'WOMAN IN WHITE?'"



FORCE OF HABIT.—(A TABLEAU FOR FAMILY PEOPLE ONLY.)

ADOLPHUS, GEORGE, AND LOUISA, ARE PLAYING IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—TO THEM THE FAMILY DOCTOR UNEXPECTEDLY. A. AND G. AND L. GO THROUGH THE EXPRESSIVE PANTOMIME OF PUTTING OUT THEIR TONGUES AS A MATTER OF COURSE.



AN IMPOSTOR.

Wife. "CHARLES, DEAR. THERE'S A PERSON AT THE DOOR WANTS TO KNOW WHETHER YOU WANT ANY ORNAMENT FOR YOUR FIREPLACE.
Charles. "MY DARLING! WHAT BETTER ORNAMENT CAN I HAVE THAN YOUR OWN SWEET SELF?"
[The wretch is going to dine at Greenwich with some bachelor friends, for all that.]



DUST HO! THE LONG DRESS NUISANCE.

(WE CAN ASSURE THE DARLINGS IT BY NO MEANS IMPROVES THEIR DEAR LITTLE ANKLES.)



PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

Old Lady. "BUT, GOING IN FOUR-WHEEL CABS! I'M SO AFRAID OF SMALL-POX!"
Cabby. "YOU'VE NO CALL TO BE AFRAID O' MY CAB, MUM, FOR I'VE 'AD THE HIND WHEEL VACCINATED, AND IT TOOK BEAUTIFUL!"



SCENE—THE ROW.

[JEMIMER HANN IS STARING AT SOLDIER—YOUNG SPOFFINGTON IS BOWING TO GEORGINA MARTINGALE—PERAMBULATOR CHARGES THROUGH YOUNG S.'S LEGS.—SENSATION!]



A POSER.

Precocious Pupil. "PLEASE, MISS JONES, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF SUBURBS?"
Governess (who is extensively Crinolined). "THE OUTSKIRTS OF A PLACE, MY DEAR."
Pupil (seizing Miss J. by the dress). "THEN, MISS JONES, ARE THESE YOUR SUBURBS?"



THAT ESTIMABLE MAN, MR. PUNCH, GOES FOR A RIDE ON HIS COB, AND CANNOT AGREE WITH A CERTAIN WORTHY MAGISTRATE, OR "BEAK," THAT STREET TUMBLING IS AT ALL A CLEVER, OR DESIRABLE PERFORMANCE;—



HELPING HIM ON.

Cruel Fair One (to silent Partner). "PRAY! HAVE YOU NO CONVERSATION?"



Constance (literary). "HAVE YOU READ THIS ACCOUNT OF 'THE MILL ON THE FLOSS,' DEAR?"
Edith (literal). "NO, INDEED, I HAVE NOT; AND I WONDER THAT YOU CAN FIND ANYTHING TO INTEREST YOU IN THE DESCRIPTION OF A DISGUSTING PRIZE-FIGHT!"



—AND, IT IS NOT A PLEASANT THING, WHEN GOING OUT TO DINNER, TO HAVE A SUMMERSAULT TURNED ON TO YOUR STOM—WE MEAN WAISTCOAT.



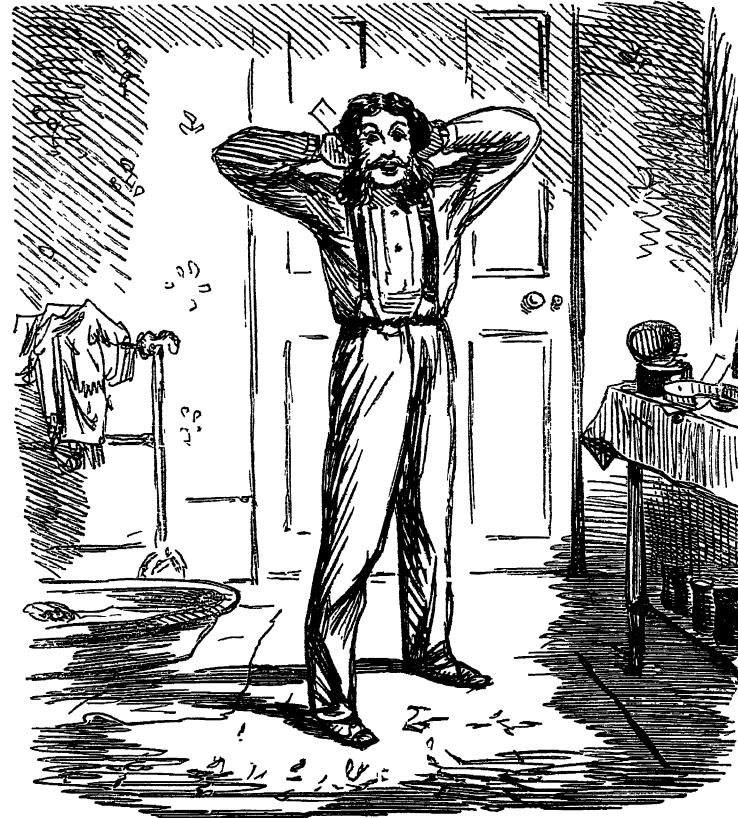
OLD SCHOOL.

Mr. Grapes (helping himself to another glass of that fine old Made'ra). "HAH! WE LIVE IN STRANGE TIMES—WHAT THE DOOCIE CAN PEOPLE WANT WITH DRINKING FOUNTAINS!"



NEW LEATHERS, TOO!

Jones (very particular man). "H'm! THIS COMES OF BRINGING DOWN A BOTTLE OF HUNTING VARNISH FOR A FRIEND!"



UNEXPECTED BLISS.

Swell (dressing). "HURRAH!! BY JOVE, THERE'S A BUTTON AT THE BACK OF MY SHIRT!!!"



Boy. "I SAY, JOHN, AIN'T YOUR MASTER A LOOKIN' FOR YOU, NEETHER!"



RELAXATION.

SCENE—Smoking Room. Country House. 2.30 A.M.

Country Friend (to Johnson, who has had a long tramp of it in the rain after wild birds). "WELL, GOOD NIGHT, OLD FELLOW! IF YOU WON'T HAVE ANOTHER WEED, REMEMBER!—CUB-HUNTING IN THE MORNING, HALF-FAST FIVE. DON'T BE LATE!"

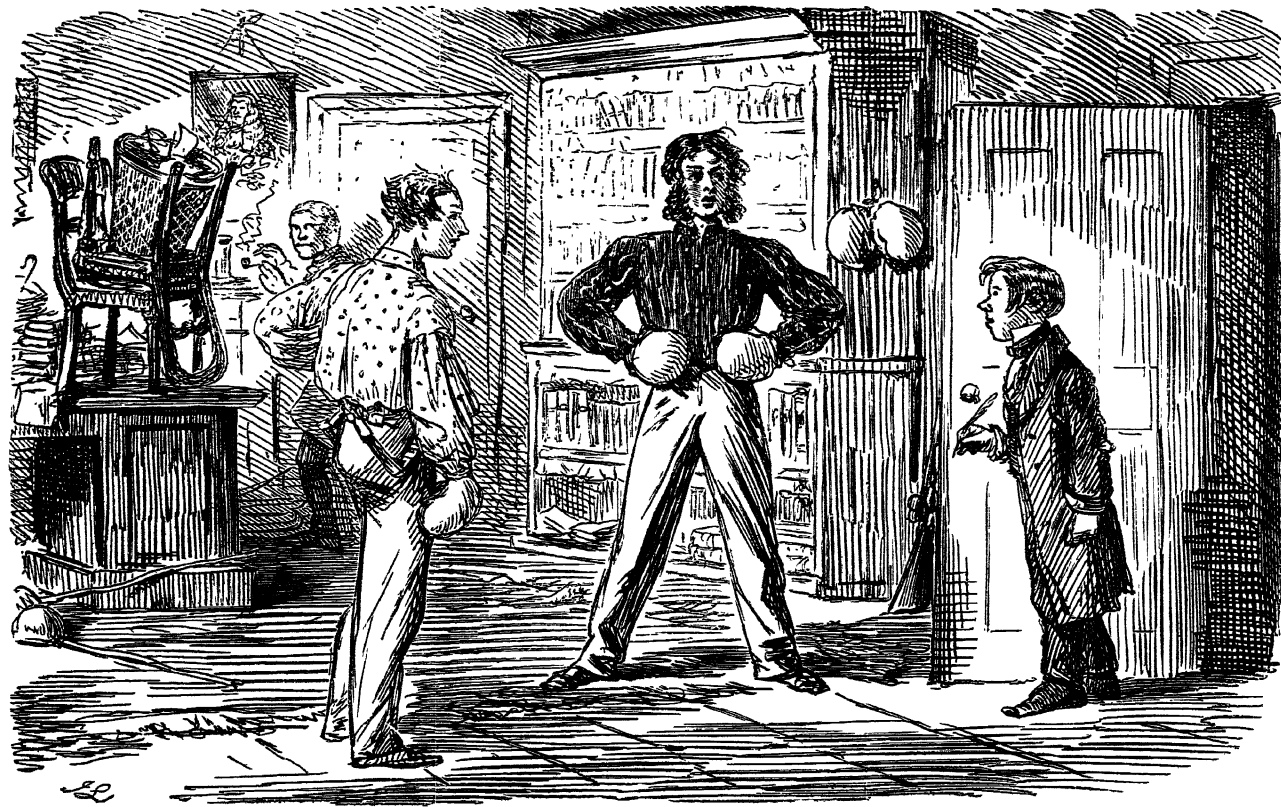


OH! ISN'T IT DELIGHTFUL, GETTING YOUR BOOTS OFF AFTER A THOROUGH WET DAY'S HUNTING!



A REAL TREASURE.

Paterfamilias (suddenly arrived in town). "GOOD GRACIOUS, MRS. WILKINS, WHY DIDN'T YOU FORWARD THESE LETTERS! THEY ARE OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE."
Mrs. Wilkins (the Treasure). "LOR, SIR! I SHOULD NEVER THINK O' FORWARDING SICH THINGS AS THEM. WHY, I SEE THEY WAS ONLY BUSINESS LETTERS FROM THE HORRIFIC, OR SOMETHINK O' THAT!"

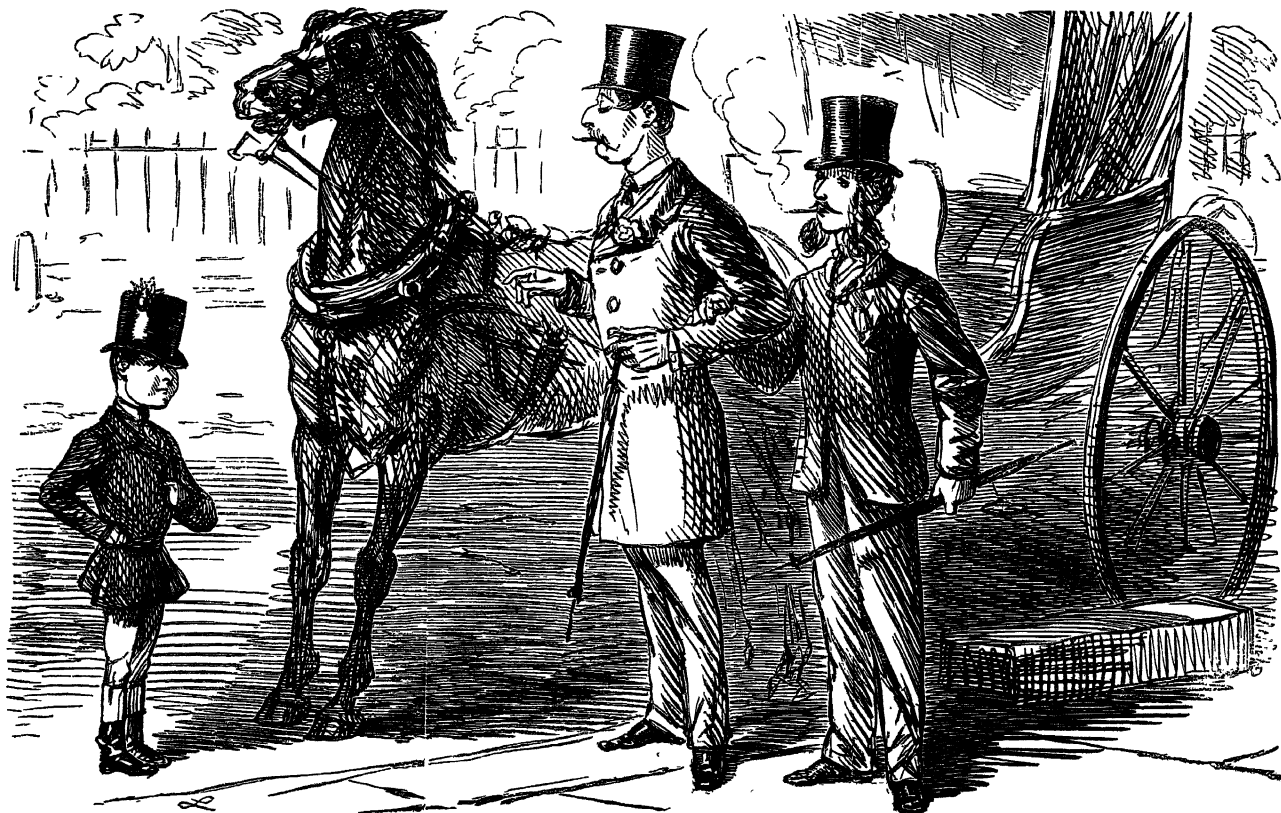


CHAMBER PRACTICE.

Messenger (from Studious Party in the floor below). "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER'S COMPLIMENTS, AND HE SAYS HE'D BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU'D LET HIM KNOW WHEN THE REPAIRS WILL BE FINISHED, FOR THE KNOCKING DO DISTURB HIM SO!"



Mary (maliciously, to her Cousin on leave). "HENRY, DEAR! HAVE YOU SEEN THIS ORDER ABOUT REDUCING THE OFFICERS' WHISKERS AT ALDESHOT? WHAT A SHAME! I'M SURE IF I WERE YOU I SHOULD RESIST IT!" [How—HENRY doesn't see the point.



A FACT.

Swell. "BOY! WHO'S CAB'S THIS?"

Boy. "WHAT ODDS IS THAT TO YOU? DO YOU 'SPOSE MY GOV'N'R GIVES ME BOARD WAGES TO TELL WHO BELONGS TO US?"



THE NEW SCHOOL.

Uncle (who is rather proud of his cellar). "NOW GEORGE, MY BOY, THERE'S A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE FOR YOU—DON'T GET SUCH STUFF AT SCHOOL, EH? EH? EH?"
George. "H'M—AWFULLY SWEET! VERY GOOD SORT FOR LADIES—BUT I'VE ARRIVED AT A TIME OF LIFE, WHEN I CONFESS I LIKE MY WINE DRY!" (Sensation.)



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?—WHY, THE FACT IS, THE STUPID AND GREEDY BOY HAS MISTAKEN FOR JAM, AND SWALLOWED, A RATHER FINE SPECIMEN OF THE ACTINEA EQUINA, OR PURPLE SEA ANEMONE, WHICH AUNT FOZZLE HAS BROUGHT FROM THE COAST!



Nurse. "DRAT THE CHILD! WHY CAN'T YER WALK?—YER MORE PLAGUE THAN ALL MY MONEY!"



THE SENSATION BALL.

THE LATEST PLEASANTRY IN THE PUBLIC STREETS.



A GEOGRAPHICAL JOKE.

Impertinent Page (late from the dining-room). "I SAY, COOKEY AND SOOSAN, YOU MAKE A PRECIOUS FUSS ABOUT A FLEA,—HOW'D YER LIKE TO BE WHERE THE BLACK SEA SAILORS IS NOW?"

Susan. "WHERE'S THAT, IMPERANCE?"

Page. "WHY, MASTER SAYS IT'S WHERE THE BUG AND THE NIPPER (DNEPPER) MEET IN ONE BED!"

[Sensation and loud cries of "Oh!"]



A MEDIUM.

Nursery-Maid (to horse, with great affectation). "OH, YOU DARLING! I AM SO FOND OF YOU!"



THE IDLE SERVANT.

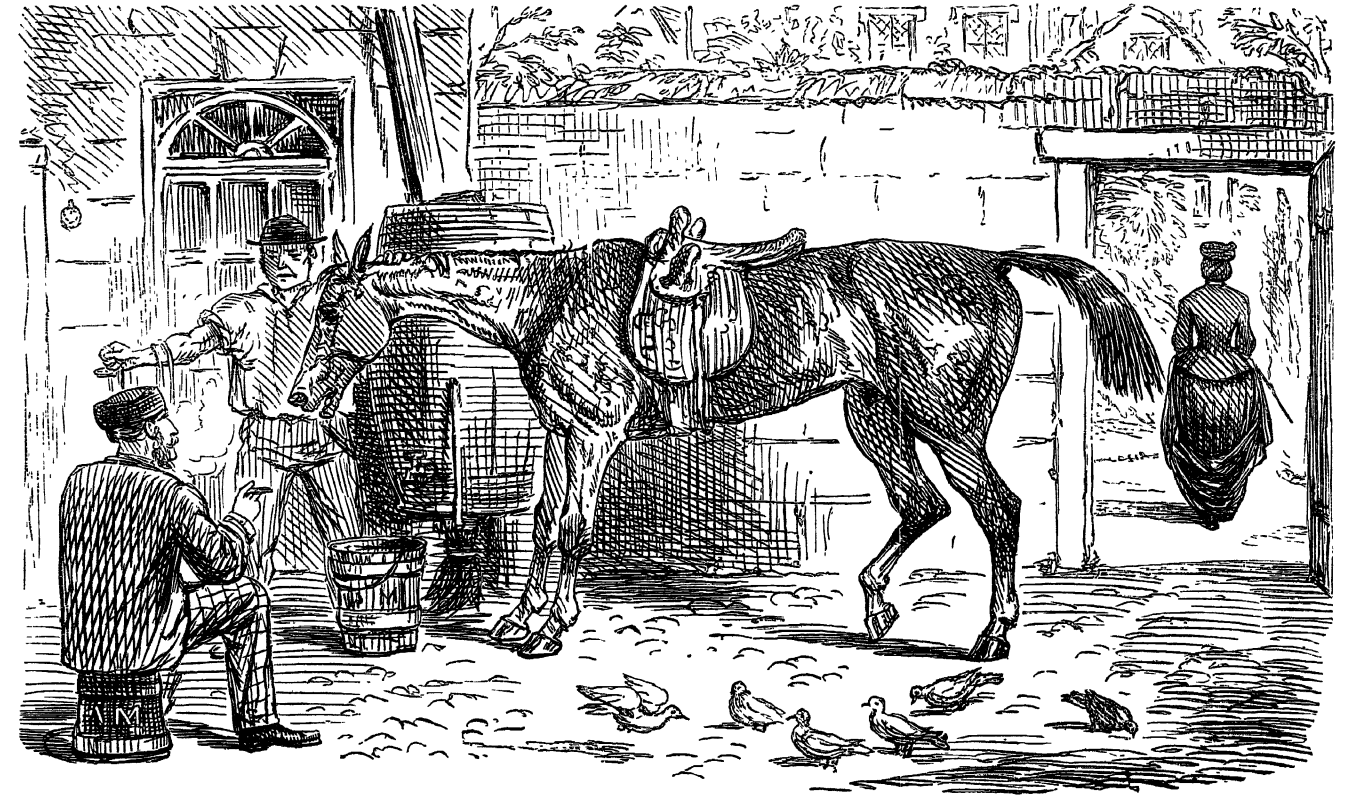
Mistress. "YOU ARE AN EXCESSIVELY WICKED BOY, SIR! YOU HAVE BEEN A VERY LONG TIME BRINGING ME THIS LETTER—AND I MUST INSIST UPON KNOWING IN WHAT MANNER YOU HAVE BEEN IDLING AWAY YOUR TIME—SPEAK, SIR!"

Domestic. "BOO-HOO-M! IF YOU PLEASE, 'M! ME AND ANOTHER BUTLER WAS A LOOKING AT PUNCH, HOO-HOO!!"



THE VERY THING.

Dealer (to Nervous Rider). "QUIET! THERE NOW! HE'S A COB AS YOU MAY JUST CHUCK YER LEG OVER, AND SPRING A RATTLE, OR FIRE OFF PISTOLS BY THE HOUR TOGETHER, AND HE WON'T TAKE NO NOTICE!"



A FACT.

Groom. "YE SEE, SIR! THE LADIES KNOCKS 'OSSES ABOUT SO! THEY GETS UPON A 'OSS, SIR, AND THEY SAYS, 'MY EYES! HE'S A 'OSS, AND HE MUST GO!'"



A STEEPLE-CHACE STUDY.

Ossy and very talkative Party (who is not going to ride, however). "CALL THAT A FENCE! WHY ME AND MY LITTLE PONY WOULD OF OVER IT LIKE A BIRD!"



A CAPITAL FINISH.

Excited but rather behind-hand Party. "NOW THEN, MY MAN, HAVE YOU SEEN 'EM? WHICH WAY HAVE THEY GONE?"
Man. "ALL RIGHT, SIR. THEY'RE DOWN 'ERE; FOX AN' 'OUNDS IS JUST RUN INTO TH' INFANT SCHOOL!"



AFTER SUPPER—STRANGE ADMISSION!

Mr. S. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF WALTZING WITH YOU, MISS JONES?"
Miss J. "I WOULD WITH PLEASURE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY I'M QUITE FULL!"



A FACT.

James. "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, HERE IS MASTER CARLO! BUT I CAN'T SEE MISS FLOSS NOWHERES!"



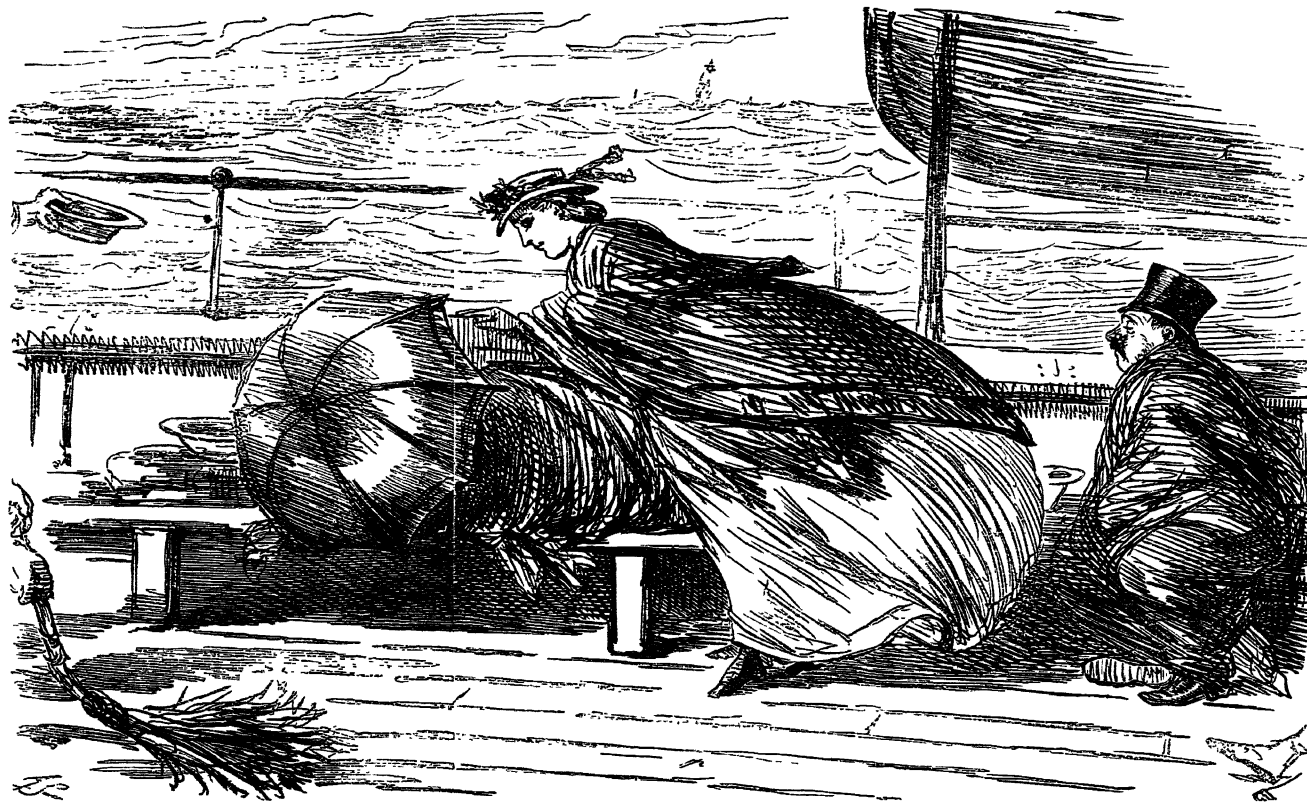
GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Paterfamilias. "I WAS THINKING, DARLING, THAT PERHAPS, AS IT IS A VERY LONG JOURNEY, IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I WENT FIRST, AND GOT EVERYTHING COMFORTABLE; YOU COULD THEN TRAVEL DOWN WITH NURSE AND THE CHILDREN AFTERWARDS."
[Mamma doesn't seem to see it, and Nurse and Mamma-in-Law think him a brute.]



LATE FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

Minnie. "I AM READING SUCH A PRETTY TALE."
Governess. "YOU MUST SAY NARRATIVE, MINNIE—NOT TALE!"
Minnie. "YES, MA'AM, AND DO JUST LOOK AT MUFF, HOW HE'S WAGGING HIS NARRATIVE!"



SERVING HIM OUT.

Mrs. T. (to T.). "FEEL A LITTLE MORE COMFORTABLE, DEAR? CAN I GET ANYTHING ELSE FOR YOU? WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR CIGAR-CASE NOW?"
(Aside.) I'LL TEACH HIM TO GO OUT TO GREENWICH AND RICHMOND WITHOUT ME, AND SIT UP HALF THE NIGHT AT HIS CLUB!"



TURNING THE TABLES; OR, A LITTLE SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Henrietta (who is joking, of course). "I'VE BEEN THINKING, DEAR CHARLES, THAT AS YOU REQUIRE CHANGE, IT WOULD BE SO NICE FOR YOU TO GO DOWN WITH THE CHILDREN TO SOME QUIET PLACE AT THE SEA-SIDE, WHILE I AND MRS. FRED SPANKER WENT TO BADEN-BADEN FOR A FEW WEEKS—EH—?"
[This last being just what the wretch CHARLES has been proposing to himself and FRED SPANKER for the last month.]



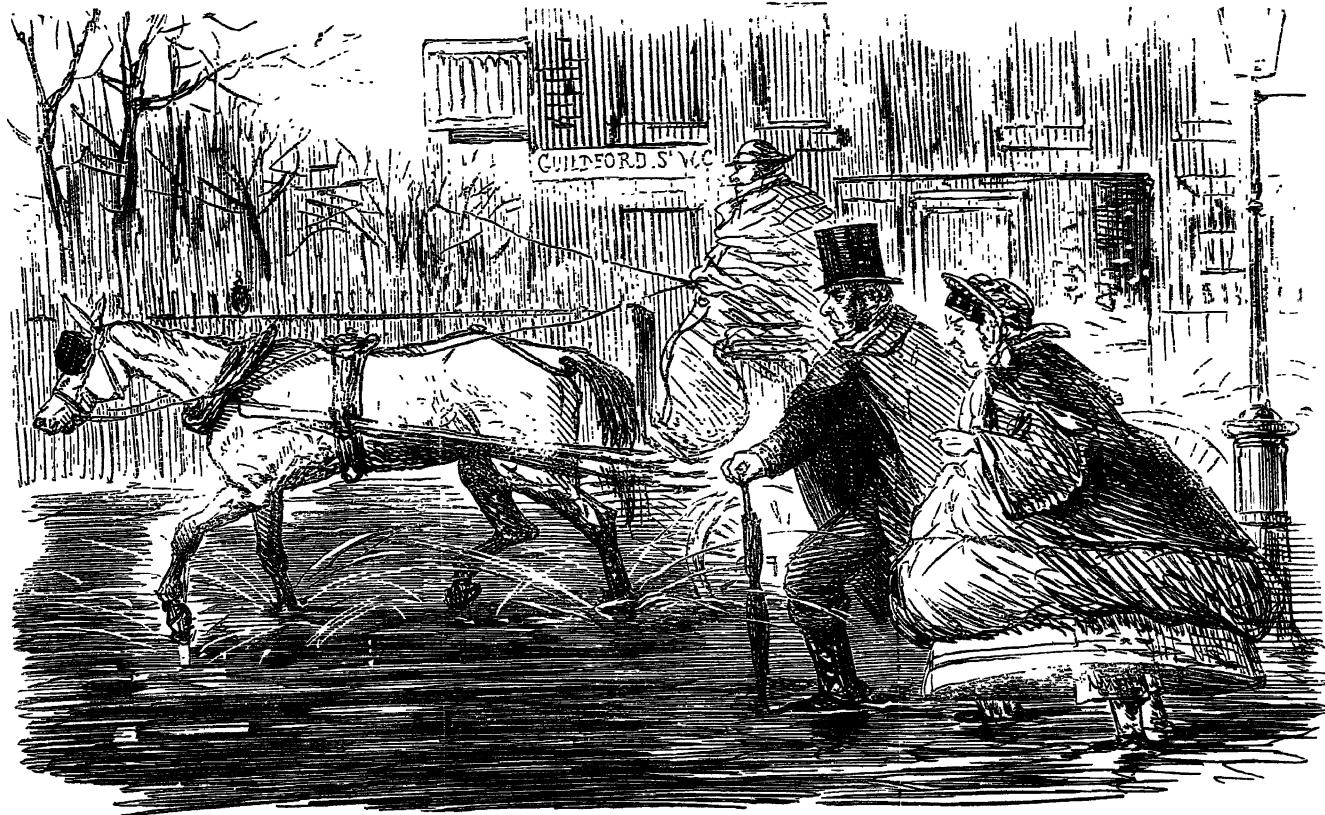
AN OPPORTUNITY.

Frederick (pointing to sleeping Cobby). "THERE, AUNT! NOW'S YOUR TIME FOR A PAIR OF GLOVES!"



PRACTISING FOR A MATCH.

Leonora. "DEAR, DEAR! HOW THE ARROW STICKS!"
Captain Blank (with a sigh of the deepest). "IT DOES, INDEED!"



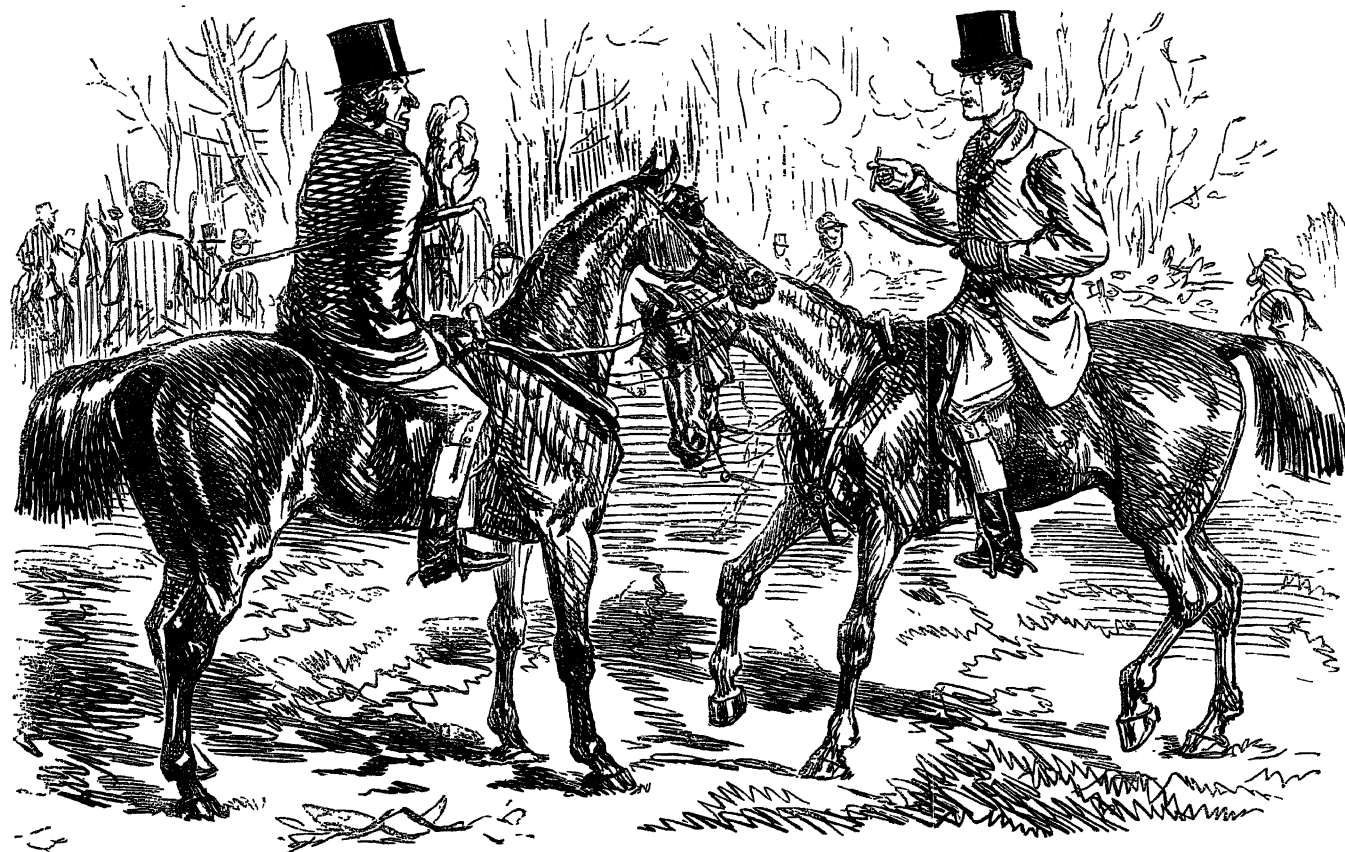
THE THAW AND THE STREETS!

TOMKINS, WHO HAS JUST PAID HIS RATE FOR PAVING, CLEANSING, &C., GOES FOR A WALK IN HIS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOURHOOD. HE IS, OF COURSE, MUCH GRATIFIED AT THE WAY IN WHICH THE CLEANSING PART OF THE BUSINESS IS MANAGED.



SERIOUS ACCIDENT DURING THE FROST.

AS MAJOR — AND CAPTAIN — OF THE 13TH LIGHT POLKERS WERE SKATING WITH THE LOVELY AND ACCOMPLISHED EMILY D — AND HARRIET V —, THEIR FEELINGS SUDDENLY GAVE WAY. THEY BROKE THE ICE, AND WE HEAR THEY HAVE NOT YET BEEN EXTRICATED FROM THEIR PERILOUS SITUATION!

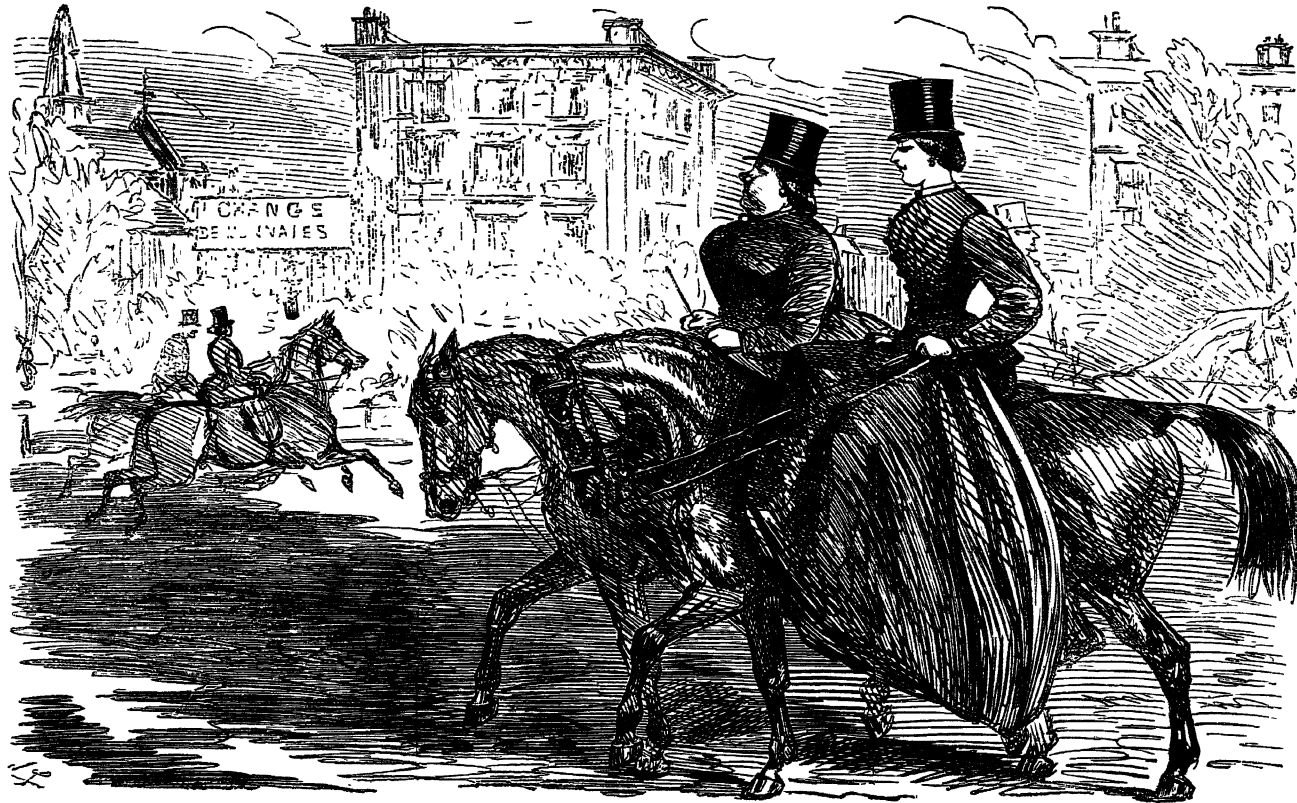


A COMFORTER.

Sympathetic Swell (devoted to the Noble Science). "GOT A WRETCHED COLD! NO, WEALLY! THAT'S A BAD JOB, OLD FELLA,—MIGHT HA' BEEN WORSE, THOUGH—HORSE MIGHT HAVE HAD IT, YOU KNOW!"



THE CROSSING-SWEEPER NUISANCE.



GROUNDLESS ALARM.

Stout Equestrian. "DO YOU KNOW, LOVE, I'M RATHER SORRY I GOT THIS HAT, FOR, SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE TAKEN FOR A PRETTY HORSEBREAKER!"



SCENE—A CERTAIN GAY WATERING-PLACE.

First Irresistible (on hack). "ULLO, 'ARRY! WHY, WHAT HAS BROUGHT YOU HERE?"
Second ditto. "WHY, YER SEE, BILL, I'M PRECIOUS SICK OF WORKING FOR MY LIVING, SO I'VE COME HERE TO PICK UP AN 'AIRESS!"



A TYRANT.

Master Jacky (who pursues the fagging system even when home for the holidays). "OH, HERE YOU ARE! I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU GIRLS EVERYWHERE. NOW, YOU JUST MAKE HASTE HOME, AND PEEL ME A LOT OF SHRIMPS FOR MY LUNCH!"



RATHER A KNOWING THING IN NETS.

Admiring Friend. "WHY, FRANK! WHAT A CAPITAL DODGE!"
Frank. "A—YA—AS. MY BEARD IS SUCH A BORE, THAT I HAVE TAKEN A HINT FROM THE FAIR SEX."



BEFORE GOING OUT, MR. BRIGGS AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE A QUIET CHAT ABOUT DEERSTALKING GENERALLY. HE LISTENS WITH MUCH INTEREST TO SOME PLEASING ANECDOTES ABOUT THE LITTLE INCIDENTS FREQUENTLY MET WITH—SUCH AS BALLS GOING THROUGH CAPS—TOES BEING SHOT OFF!—OCCASIONALLY BEING GORED BY THE ANTLERS OF INFURIATE STAGS, &C., &C., &C.



THE ROYAL HART MR. BRIGGS DID NOT HIT.



THE DEER ARE DRIVEN FOR MR. BRIGGS. HE HAS AN EXCELLENT PLACE, BUT WHAT WITH WAITING BY HIMSELF SO LONG, THE MURMUR OF THE STREAM, THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENE, AND THE NOVELTY OF THE SITUATION, HE FALLS ASLEEP, AND WHILE HE TAKES HIS FORTY WINKS, THE DEER PASS!



TO GET AT HIM, THEY ARE OBLIGED TO GO A LONG WAY ROUND. BEFORE THEY GET DOWN THE SHOWER, PECULIAR TO THE COUNTRY, OVERTAKES THEM, SO THEY "SHELTER A-WEE."



AFTER A GOOD DEAL OF CLIMBING, OUR FRIEND GETS TO THE TOP OF BEN SOMETHING-OR-OTHER, AND THE FORESTER LOOKS OUT TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY DEER ON THE HILLS. YES! SEVERAL HINDS, AND PERHAPS THE FINEST HART THAT EVER WAS SEEN.



AS THE WIND IS FAVOURABLE, THE DEER ARE DRIVEN AGAIN.



MR. DRIGGS, FEELING THAT HIS HEART IS IN THE HIGHLANDS A-CHASING THE DEER, STARTS FOR THE NORTH.



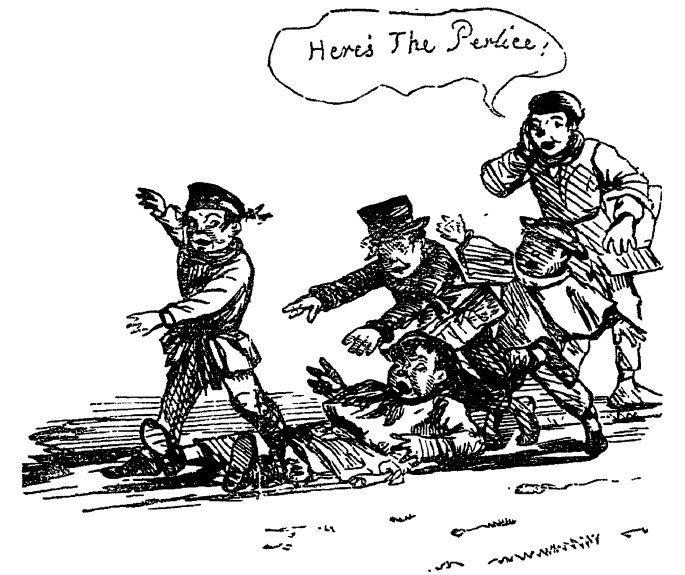
TO-DAY HE GOES OUT FOR A STALK, AND DONALD SHOWS MR. BRIGGS THE WAY.



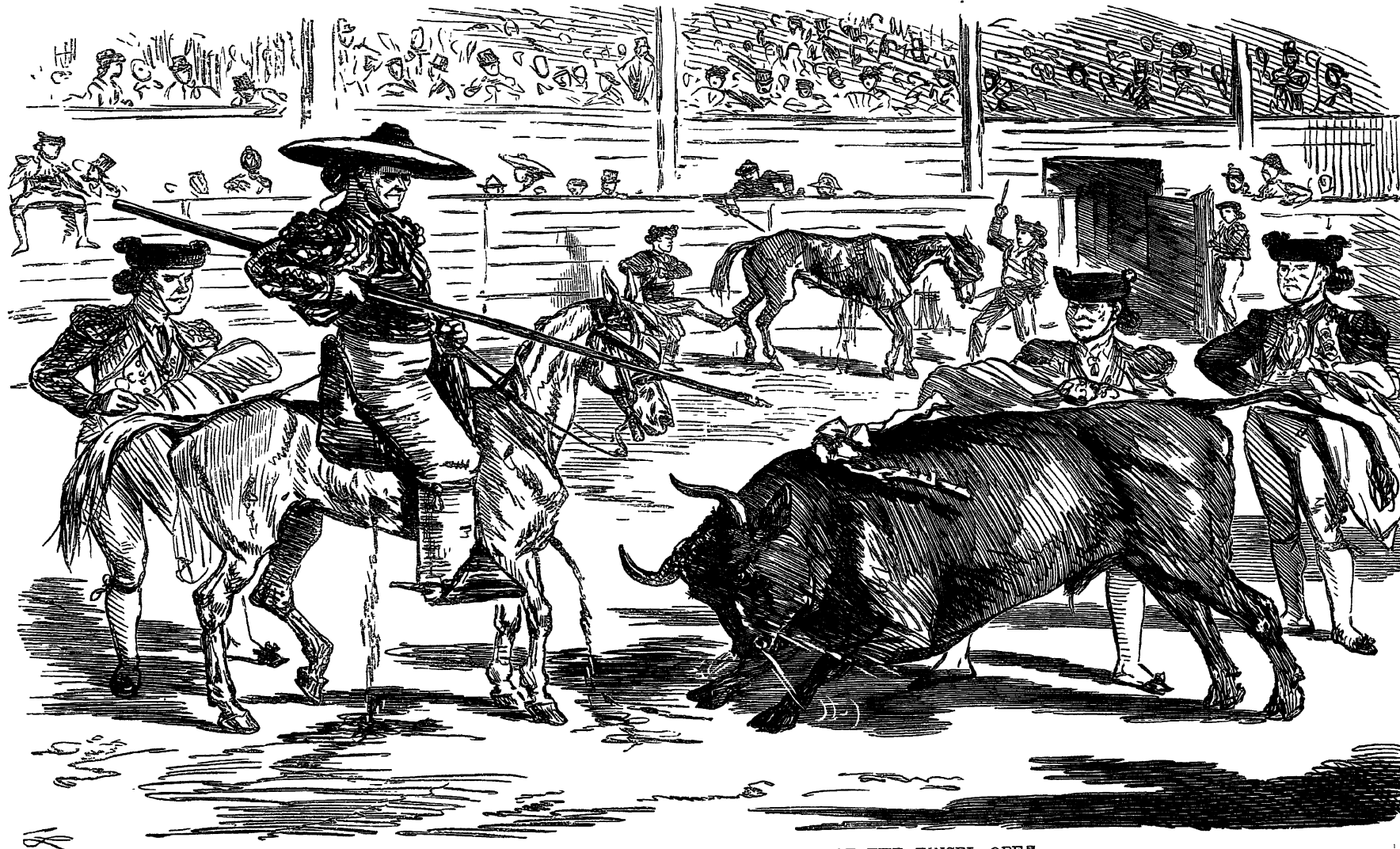
WITH EXTRAORDINARY PERSEVERANCE THEY COME WITHIN SHOT OF "THE FINEST HART." MR. B. IS OUT OF BREATH, AFRAID OF SLIPPING, AND WANTS TO BLOW HIS NOSE (QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION). OTHERWISE HE IS TOLERABLY COMFORTABLE.



AFTER AIMING FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, MR. B. FIRES BOTH HIS BARRELS—AND—MISSES!!!! TABLEAU—THE FORESTER'S ANGUISH.



PAINFUL AND HUMILIATING CONTRAST, TO THE DISADVANTAGE OF OUR POOR LITTLE ENGLISH TRAVELLER, OF COURSE.



LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET.

A BULL-FIGHT AT BAYONNE, WITH A LITTLE OF THE TINSEL OFF.] —
[Dedicated, with every feeling of Disgust, to the Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy especially, of Spain and France.



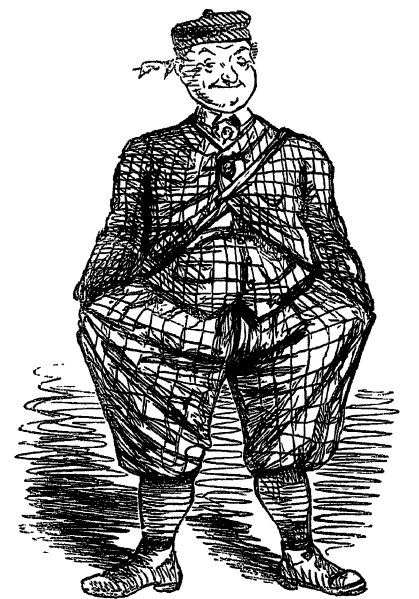
MR. BRIGGS IS SUDDENLY FACE TO FACE WITH THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN! HE IS SO ASTONISHED THAT HE OMMITS TO FIRE HIS RIFLE.



MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S STALKING, AND HIS RIFLE HAVING GONE OFF SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED, HE KILLS A STAG! AS IT IS HIS FIRST, HE IS MADE FREE OF THE FOREST BY THE PROCESS CUSTOMARY ON THE HILLS!



AND RETURNS HOME IN TRIUMPH. HE IS A LITTLE KNOCKED UP, BUT AFTER A NAP, WILL, NO DOUBT, GO THROUGH THE BROAD-SWORD DANCE IN THE EVENING AS USUAL.



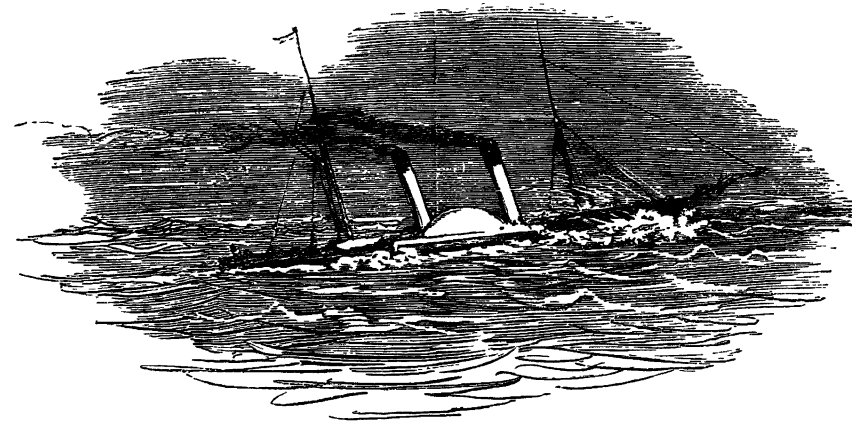
SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

OUR EXCELLENT FRIEND, MR. BRIGGS, ALWAYS SHOOTS NOW IN KNICKERBOCKERS, AND DECLARES THEY ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE THINGS POSSIBLE; AND SO THEY ARE.



AT DIEPPE.

Jones. "H'M! HERE'S A PRETTY TO-DO! CAN'T FIND MY MACHINE NOW!"



MOSSOO RETURNING FROM THE EXHIBITION.

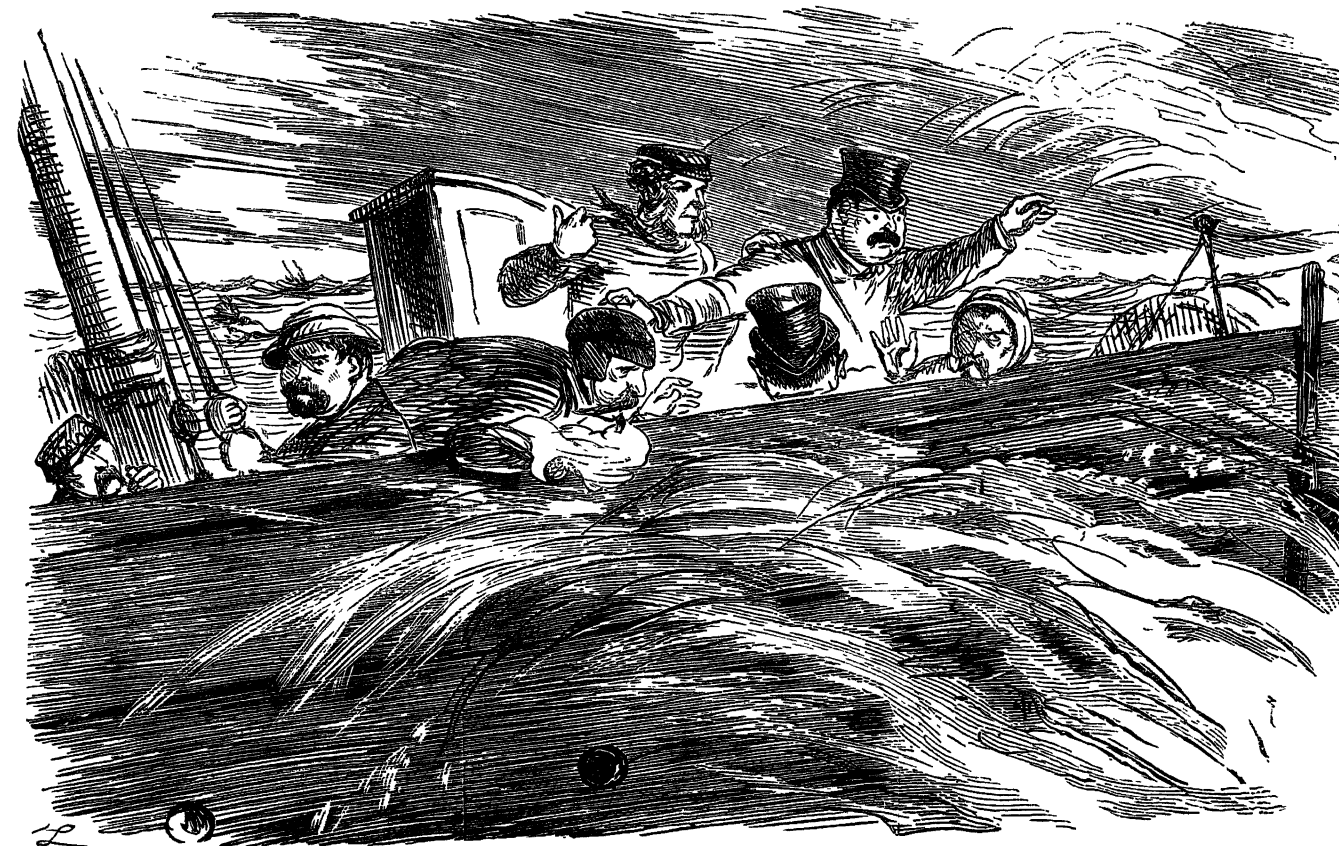
AS HE APPEARS WHEN SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE,—



DIEPPE—MOSSOO LEARNING TO FLOAT.



A DAY AT DIEPPE.



AND WIEN VIEWED THROUGH A TELESCOPE.



ALPHONSE AND "LE BEL AZOR."



Whipper. "DOOED NICE PLACE, THIS—ONLY ONE CAN'T SPEAK TO A GAL WITHOUT ITS BEING REPORTED YOU'RE ENGAGED TO HER."
Snapper. "HAH! I TOOK THE PRECAUTION TO GIVE OUT WHEN I FIRST CAME THAT I WASN'T A MARRYIN' MAN!"



THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT.

June. "LAWK, JEMIMA! DON'T THEY LOOK BEWTFLE NOW THEY'VE GOT THEIR LONG COATS!"



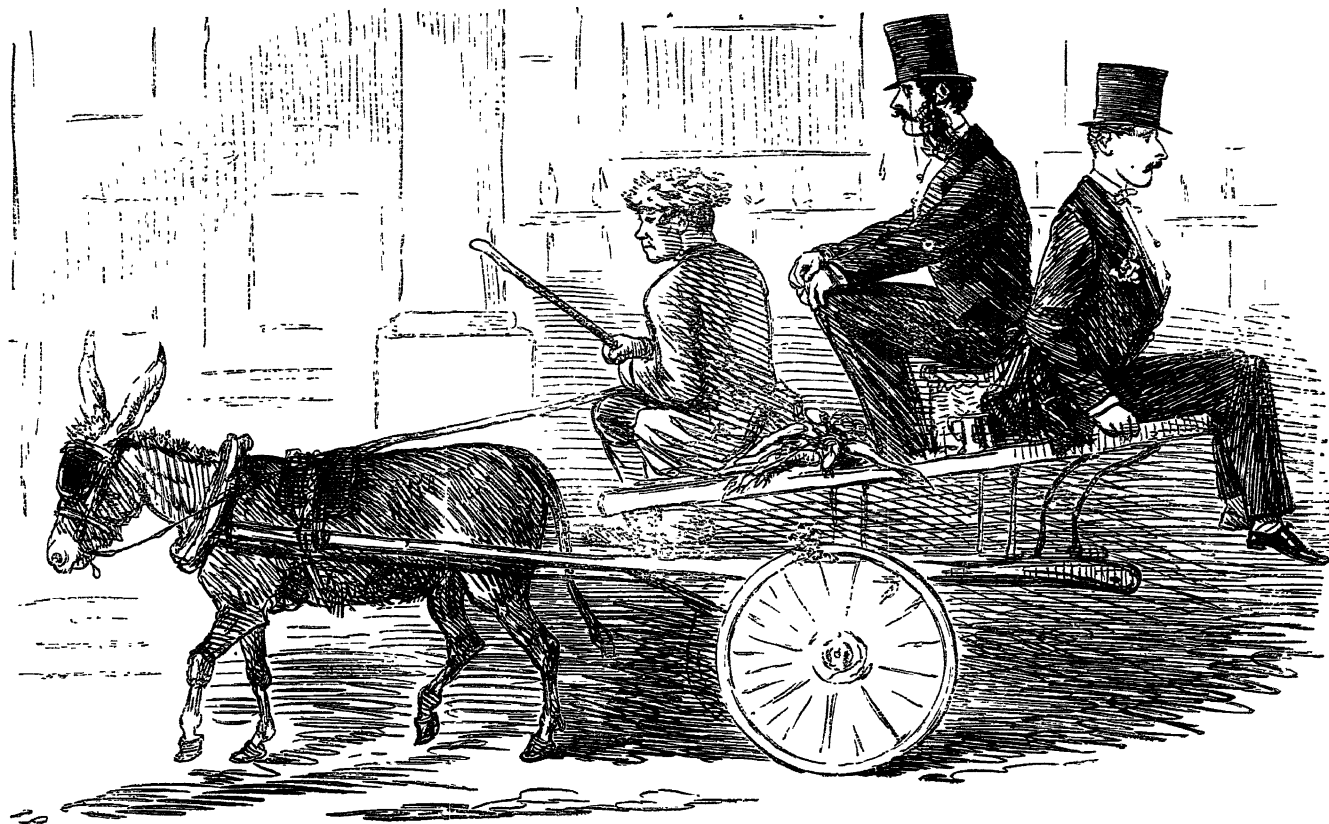
MUSCULAR EDUCATION—THE PRIVATE TUTOR.

Domestic. "PROFESSOR MAULEY, MA'AM!"



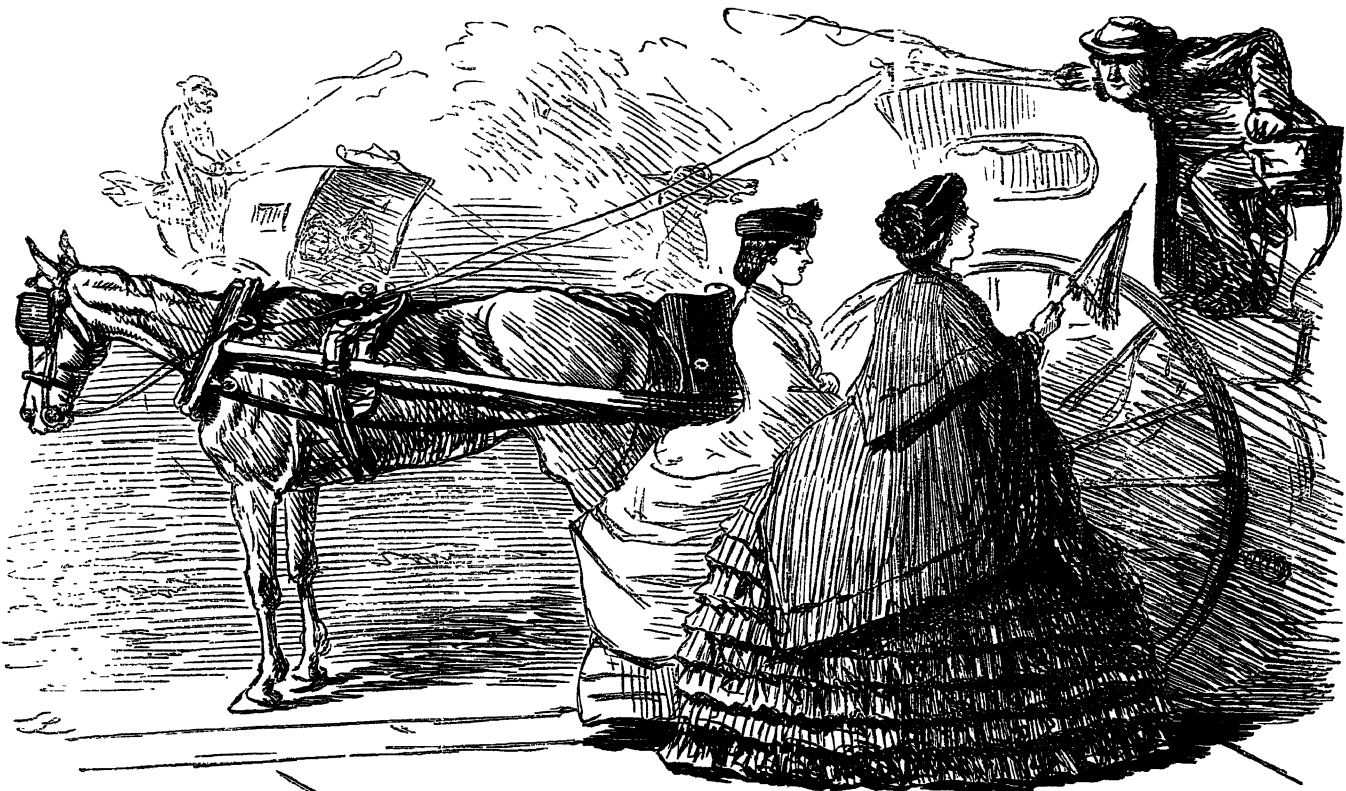
A FANCY SCENE—WINNING THE GLOVES.

FROM THE GRAND PUGILISTIC BALLET OF THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP, WHICH MIGHT, COULD, SHOULD, AND OUGHT TO BE PLAYED AT ONE OF THE OPERAS.



A PRETTY EXHIBITION NEAR BROMPTON.

THIS IS THE WAY THOSE POOR YOUNG SWELLS, HIPPS AND EIPPS, ARE OBLIGED TO GO OUT TO DINNER, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE SCARCITY OF THE CABS.



"HANSOM, MISS! YES, MISS! CATTLE OR DOG SHOW!"

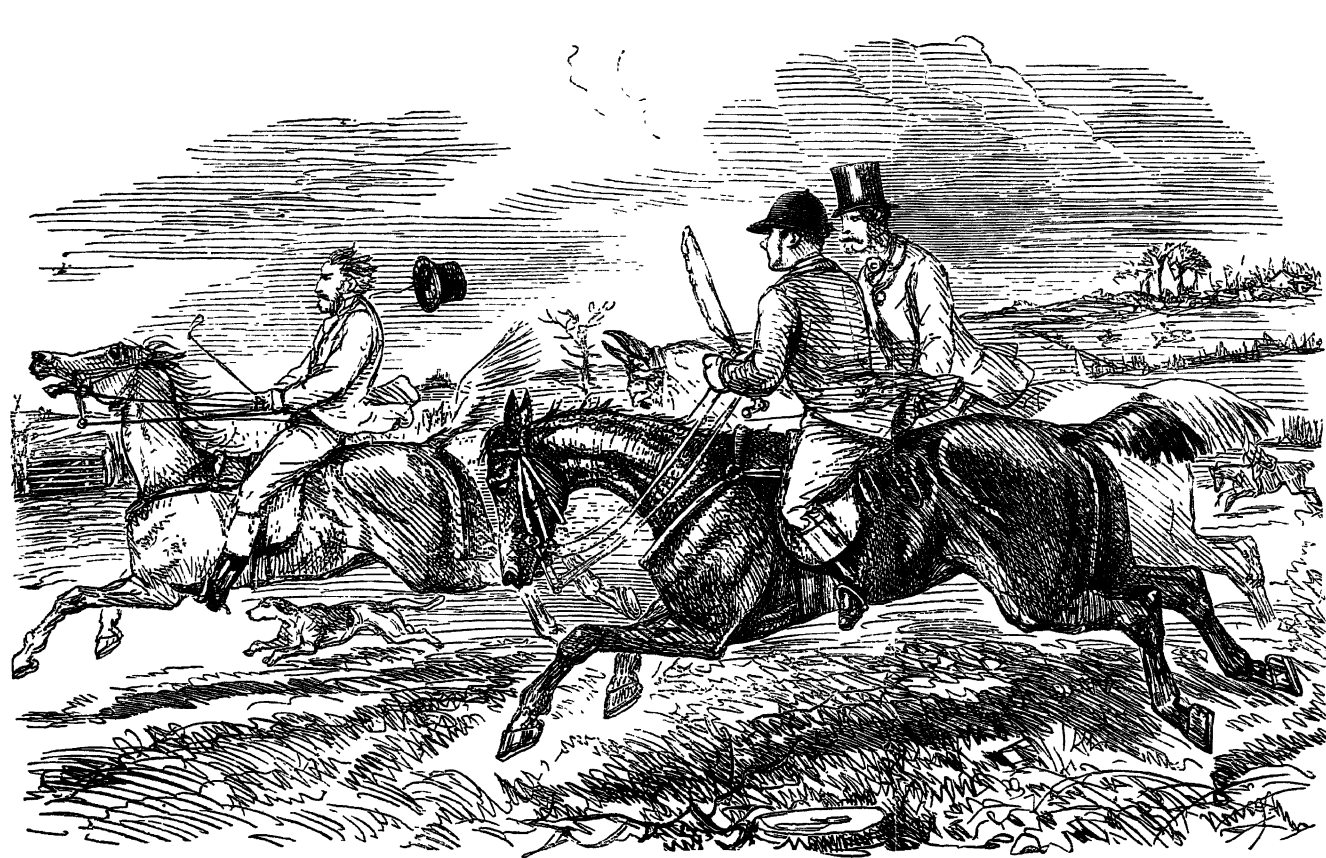


GOING OUT TO TEA IN THE SUBURBS.

A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS FOR 1862.



WHO CAN THEY BE? CAN THEY BE "MOSSOOS" GOING TO MAKE A PROMENADE TO RICHMOND! BUT PERHAPS M. ASSOLANT CAN TELL US.

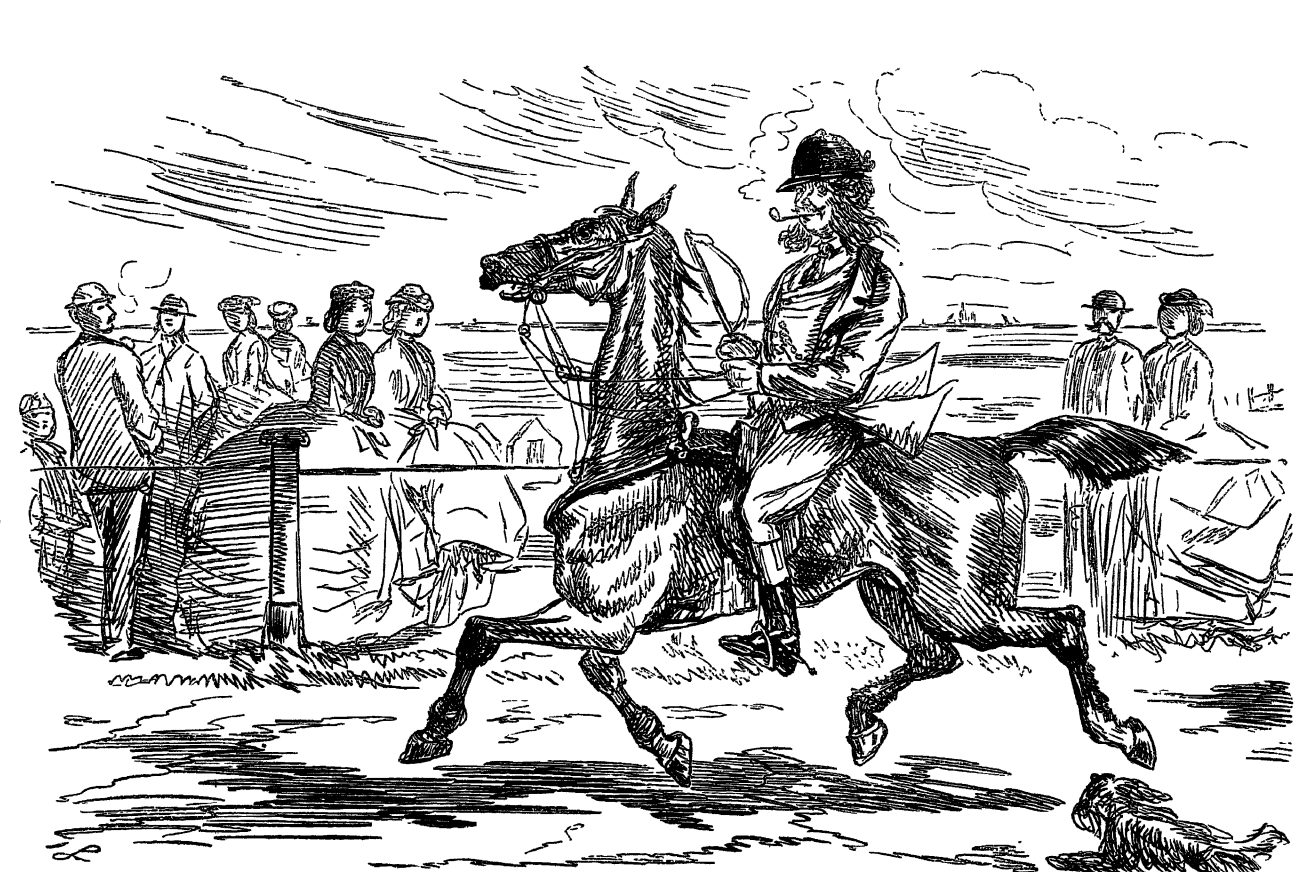


"THE CHESNUT HAS SURELY BOLTED, JOE!"
"AY! AY! SIR, HE B'LONGED TO A COSSACK IN THE CRIMEA, AND THERE AIN'T NO HOLDING OF HIM WITH BRITISH CAVALRY IN HIS REAR."



SCENE—A PARK. HOUNDS RUNNING.

Keeper. "STOP A BIT, MESTER REGINALD, AND I'LL LIFT ONE ON 'EM UP!"
Mester Reginald. "NOW YOU JUST LET 'EM ALONE, I'M COMING OVER!"



"COME, TOMPKINS, YOU'VE BEEN TITTUPING UP AND DOWN THE PARADE FOR THE LAST HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES. IF YOU'RE GOING OUT HUNTING, YOU HAD BETTER GO."



Noble Swell (in scarlet). "HARK! BY JOVE, THAT'S A FIND!"
Party (in black). "'COURSE IT IS, MY LORD! JUST THE WAY WITH THEM 'OUNDS. DRAW—DRAW—DRAW—ALL THE MORNING, AND THEN DROP ON A FOX JUST AS VUN'S 'AVIN' VUN'S LUNCH!"



VALUABLE ADDITION TO THE AQUARIUM.

TOM (WHO HAS HAD A VERY SUCCESSFUL DAY) PRESENTS HIS SISTERS WITH A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE CUTTLE-FISH (*Octopus vulgaris*).



TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Gentleman. "WELL, TOM, THERE'S NO SCENT AGAIN!"
Huntsman (who looks upon Spring time with profound melancholy). "SCENT, SIR! NO, SIR! NOR I DON'T SEE HOW THERE CAN BE ANY SCENT NOW THEM STINKING VIOLETS IS ALL IN BLOOM."



AS LITTLE GRIGLEY IS ON HIS WAY TO CALL UPON THOSE JOLLY GURLS HE MET ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, HE THINKS HE WILL HAVE HIS BOOTS TOUCHED UP. JUST AS THE POLISHING BEGINS, THE JOLLY GURLS COME ROUND THE CORNER. "DOOCCED AWKWARD! WASN'T AS LITTLE GRIGLEY SAID."



Young Stickleback. "POR-TAW! HAVE YOU SEEN A FRIEND OF MINE WAITING ABOUT HE-AW?"
Porter. "FRIEND, SIR! WHAT SORT OF GENTLEMAN WAS HE?"
Young Stickleback. "HAW! TALL—MILITARY-LOOKING MAN, WITH MOUSTACHERS—SOMETHING LIKE ME!"



[NOT A BAD JUDGE.

Alimentive Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY, WOULDN'T I LIKE TO BOARD IN THAT
HOUSE, JUST!"



AN EXPERIMENT ON A VILE BODY.

Medical Pupil, after dragging a patient round the surgery, succeeds in extracting a tooth. "COME!
THAT'S NOT SO BAD FOR A FIRST ATTEMPT!"



THE LAST NEW THING IN CLOAKS.

Pretty Milliner (trying it on). "DO YOU THINK THIS WOULD SUIT THE LADY, SIR?"
[*Little Tompkins begins to like shopping rather.*]



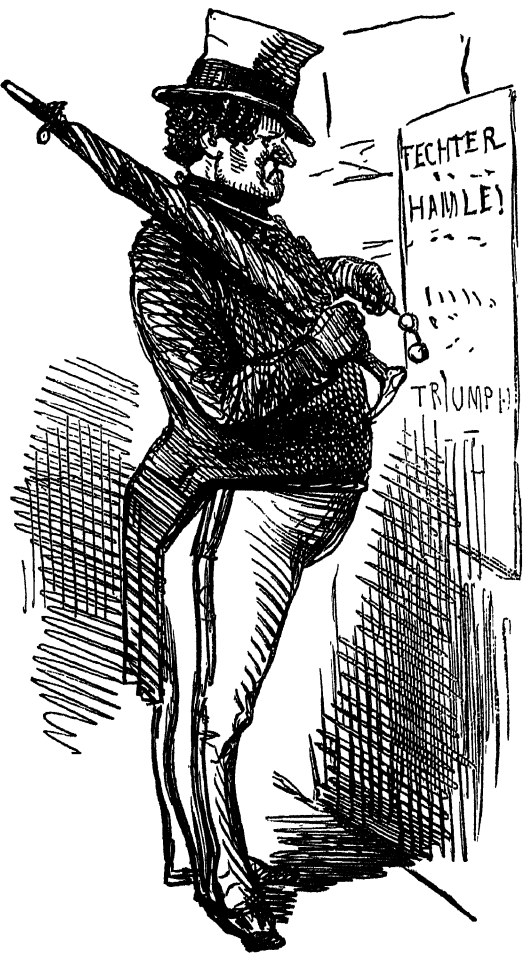
PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—THE MOUSTACHES.

Lady B. (a wicked Marquis). "BUT HAVE YOU MADE ME FIERCE ENOUGH,
CHARLES?"
Charles. "FERCE!—FERCIOUS!"

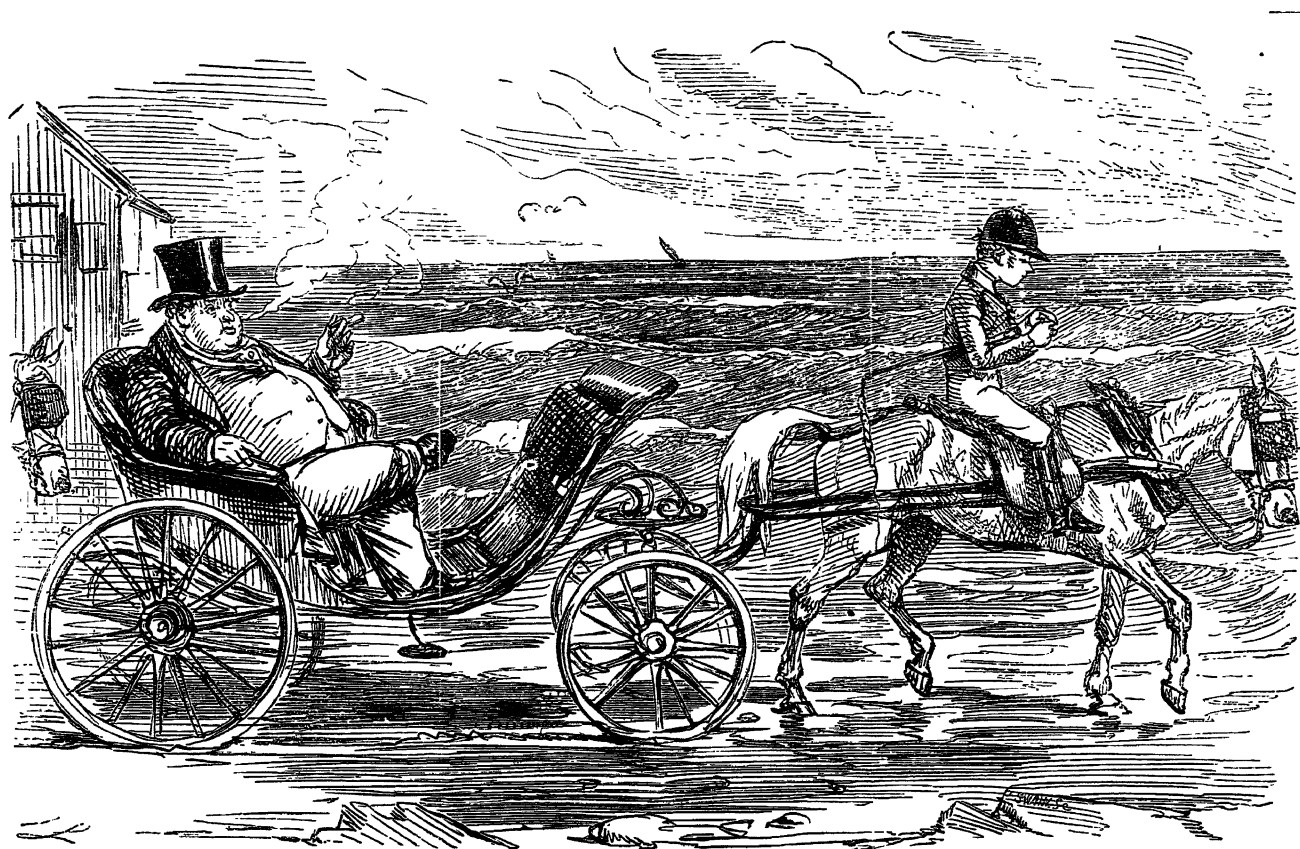


MRS. J. HAS THE BEST OF IT.

Paterfamilias. "MRS. JONES! M-MATILDA! WHY!—EH!—WHAT THE DEUCE—?"
Mrs. J. "YES, MR. J. YOU HAVE BEEN GOING ON SO ABOUT THE CRINOLINE, THAT I THOUGHT I WOULD TRY HOW
YOU LIKED THIS STYLE OF THING. SO, COME, JONES, COME OUT FOR A WALK!"

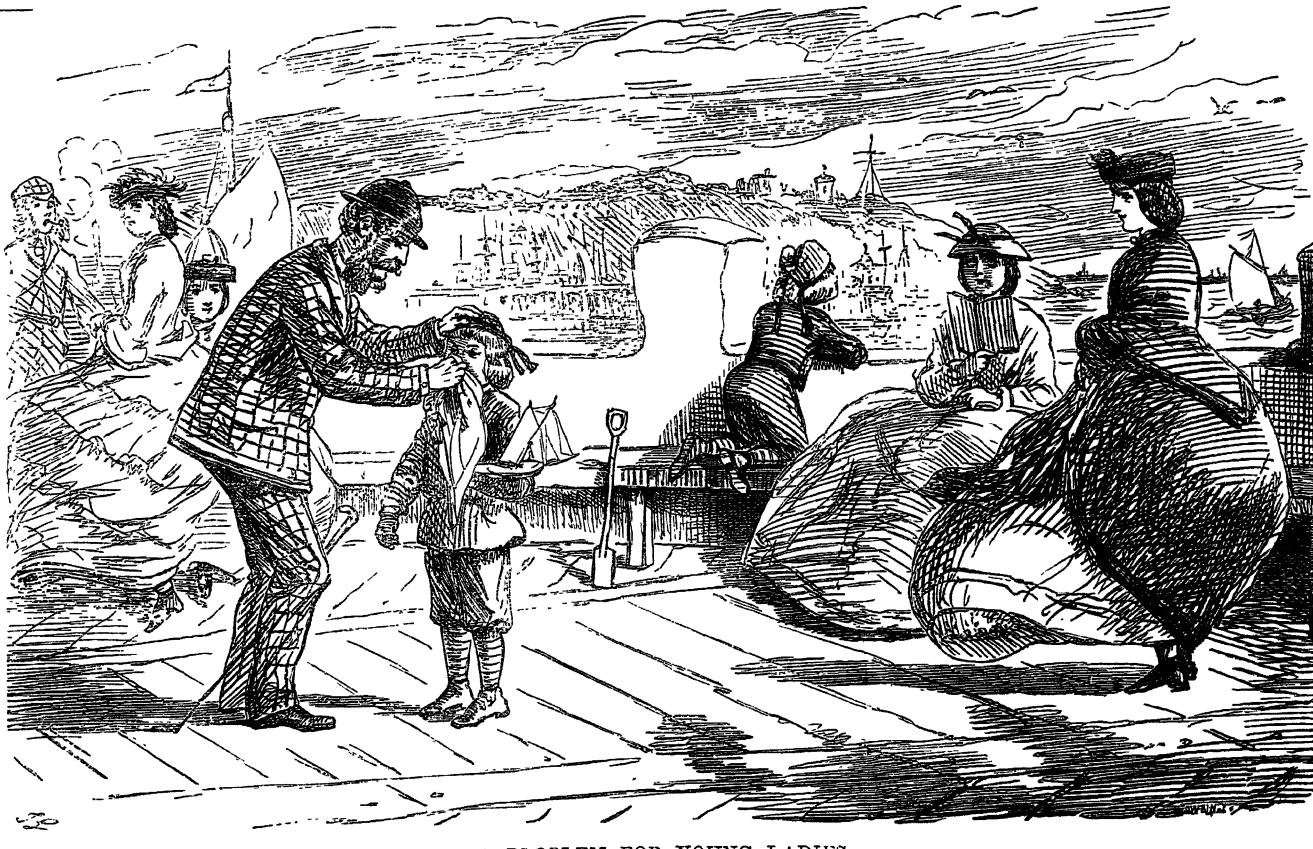


Tragedian (eminent, of course). "FECHTER! FAH! HAMLET WITH LIGHT
HAIR AND NO POINTS. FAH! THE DRAMA'S GONE!"



NO DOUBT OF IT!

Indulge in carriage. "NOW, THESE POSITIONS NEVER SEEM TO BE UNWELL! UPON MY WORD, I VERILY BELIEVE IF I WERE TO CHANGE PLACES WITH THAT LITTLE CHAP, I SHOULD BE EVER SO MUCH BETTER!"



A PROBLEM FOR YOUNG LADIES.

GIVEN, THE ELEGANT REGINALD FIPPS, WHO USED TO WALTZ SO BEAUTIFULLY, PERFORMING THE ABOVE KINDLY AND MOST NEEDFUL OPERATION, AT THE END OF A PIER, WHILE THE BAND IS PLAYING—WHAT RELATION IS HE TO THE DARLING OPERATED UPON?



A SKETCH NEAR LEICESTER SQUARE.



SCENE AT SANDBATH.

THE FEMALE BLONDIN OUTDONE! GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE ON THE NARROW PLANK BY THE DARLING * * *



THE LATEST PARISIAN FOLLY—THE SPOON SHAPED BONNET



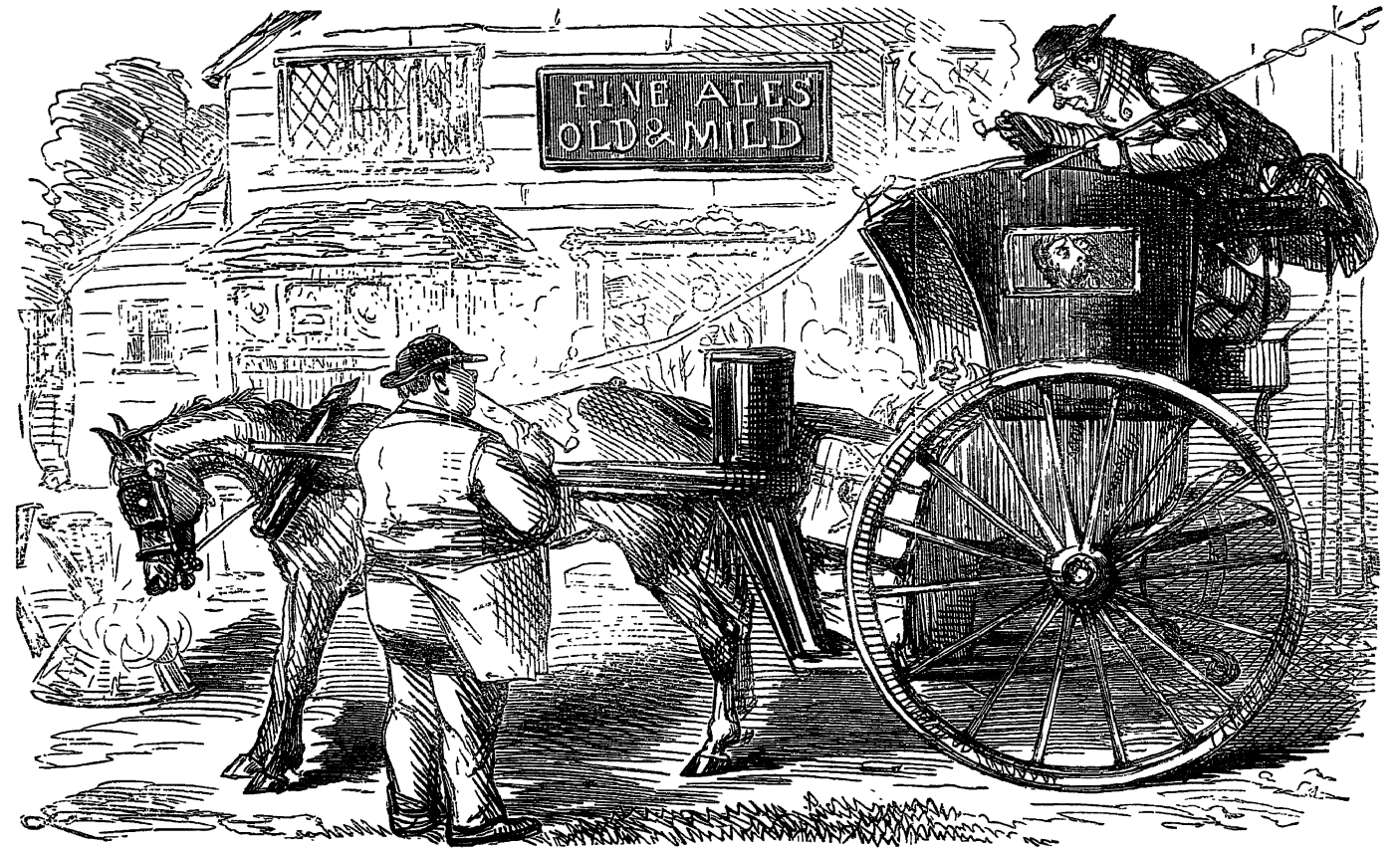
(A very vulgar subject, indeed—so, if you are painfully genteel, you had better pass it over.)

Boys. "OH, AIN'T HE MOPS AND BROOMS, NEITHER!"

Baker. "WHY DON'T THEY TAKE HIM TO THE STATION?"

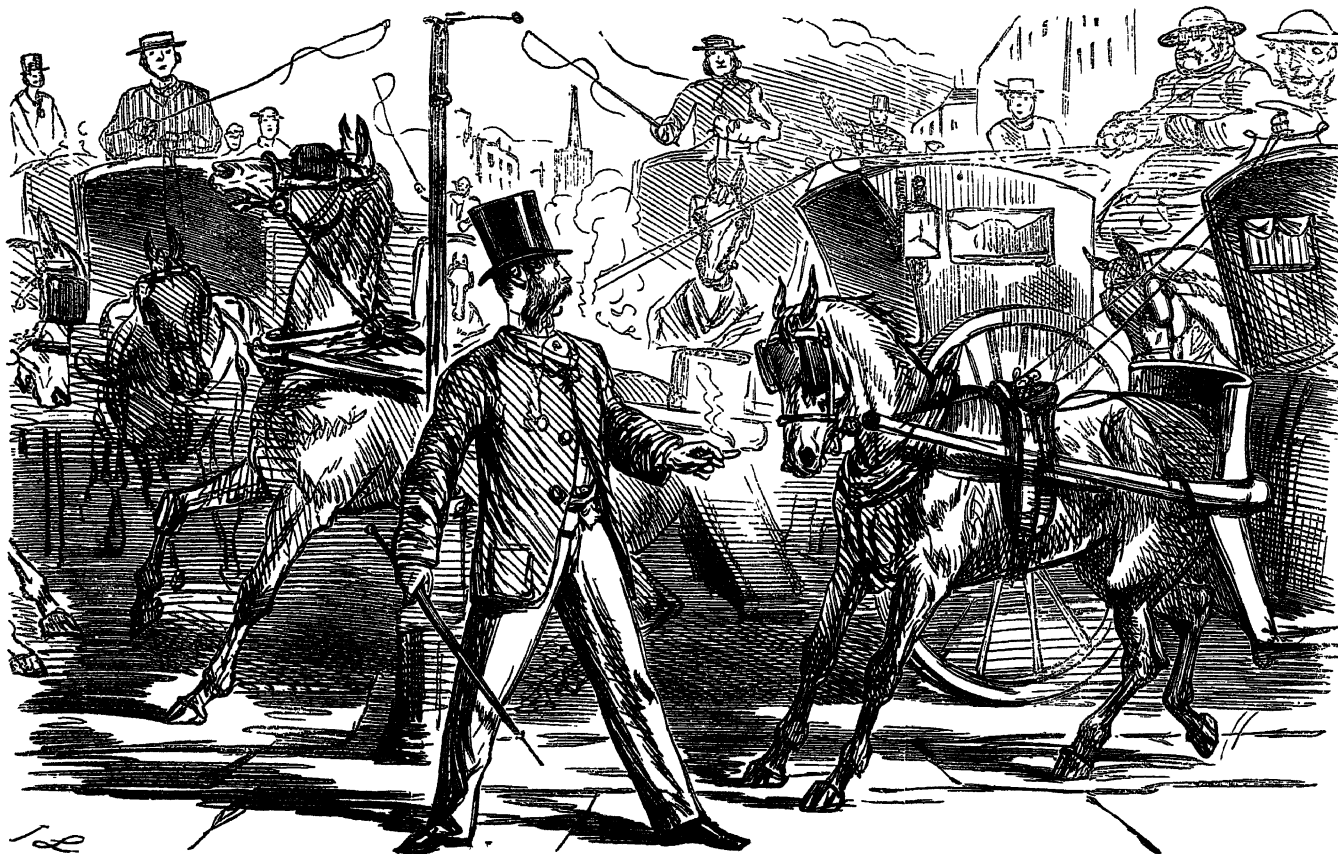
Tender Female. "HE'S ILL, POOR GENTLEMAN, HE SHOULD GO TO THE HOSPITAL!"

Cabby (contemptuously). "HILL! 'ORSEPITAL INDEED!—I ONY WISH I'D GOT ARF HIS COMPLAINT!"



A TOLERABLY BROAD HINT.

Cabby (after driving a couple of miles, suddenly stops opposite a roadside Public House). "OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY AS WE WAS TO PULL UP ANYWHERE, DID YOU, SIR?"



EXCITEMENT OF THE HANSOM CABBIES ON THE APPEARANCE OF A SWELL OUT OF THE SEASON.



Disrespectful Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY, IF I CAN'T SEE THE OLD GAL'S LEGS THROUGH THE PEEP HOLE!"



Field Officer of the Day. "HULLO! WHY DON'T THE GUARD TURN OUT?"
Solitary Private. "PLEASE, SIR, THEY'RE GONE TO TARGET PRACTICE!"
Field Officer of the Day. "AND WHO THE DEUCE ARE YOU?"
Solitary Private. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M THE PRISONER, SIR!"
[Related to us as a fact, but which, as a distinguished Field Officer ourselves, we don't indorse.]



OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Diana. "WELL, ALFRED, I SUPPOSE YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND TO JOIN A RIFLE CORPS—EH?"
Alfred. "WHY, NO. YOU SEE, I'M MORE IN THE RIDING WAY. NOW, IF THEY WILL GET UP SOME VOLUNTEER CAVALRY,—WHY, I'LL FIND A MAN AND A HORSE!"



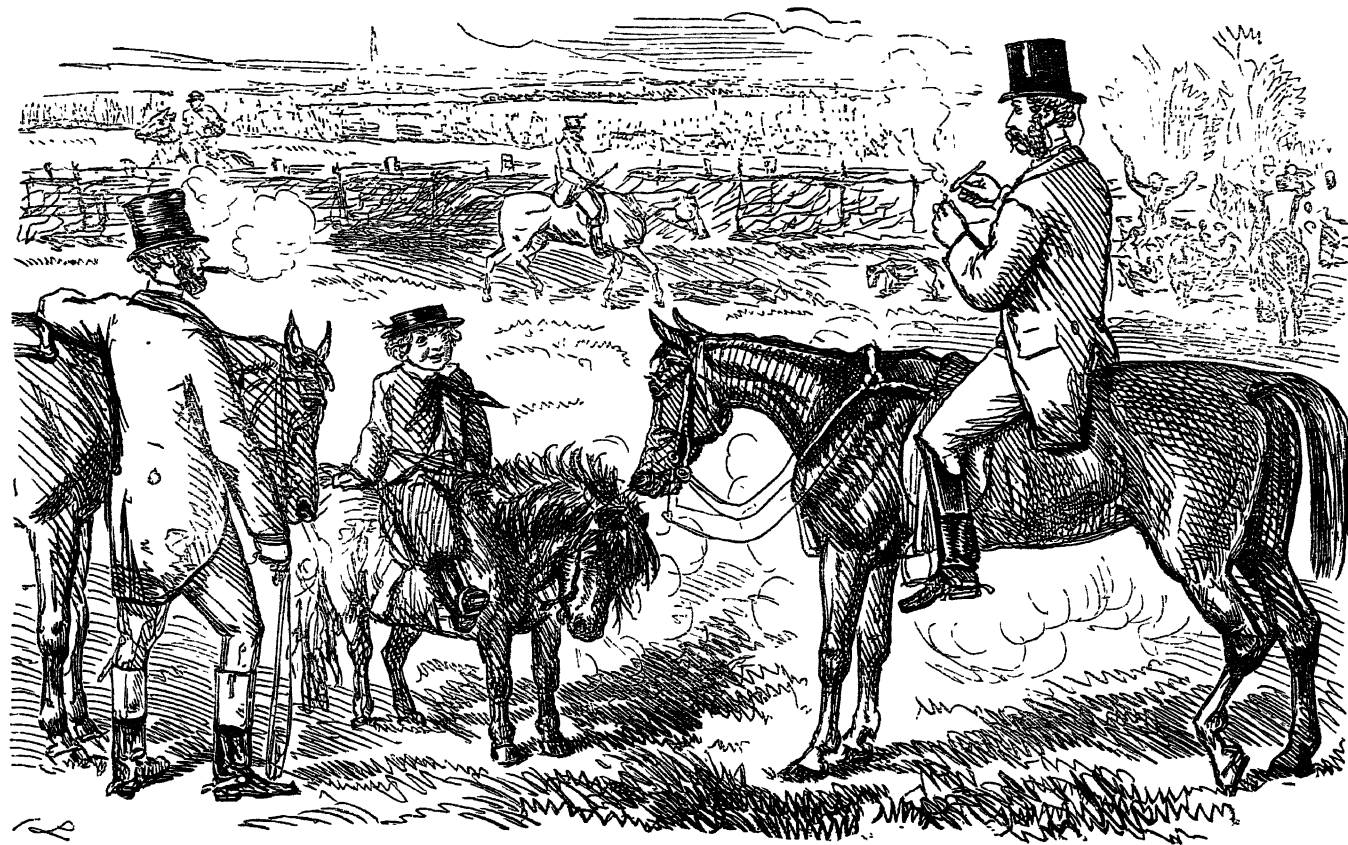
THE FRENCH CARICATURISTS, WITH THEIR USUAL ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE OF BRITISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, ARE FOND OF REPRESENTING OUR SOLDIERS AS CONTINUALLY PLAYING AT BILLIARDS.—WELL! PERHAPS IT WILL BE FOUND THAT THEY DO PLAY THEIR CANNONS REMARKABLY WELL!

* British Officers of Distinction † Daughters of Albion! (The wonderful delity of this representation will be immediately acknowledged.)
** Young Guardsmen! (Painful, perhaps, but too true!) ‡ The Bovie Dogue. (Asleep, of course.)



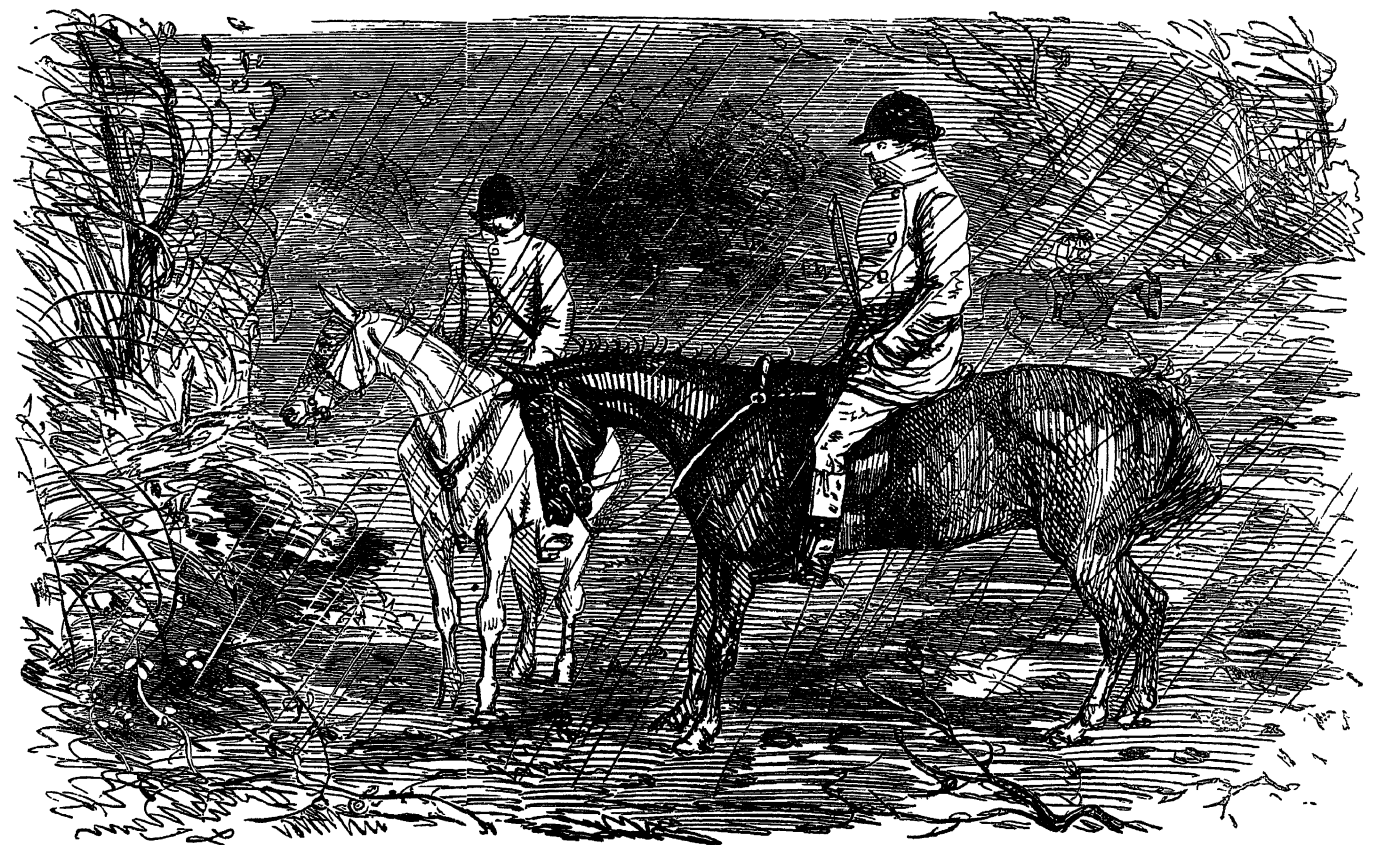
THE LESSON.

Disgusted Instructor of Plungers. "THERE YOU GO AGAIN! STICKING OUT YOUR TOES LIKE A HINFANTRY HADJUTANT!"



YOUNG NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Master Harry (log). "QUICK THING, THAT! DID YOU FELLOWS SEE IT? I GOT FOUNDED!"



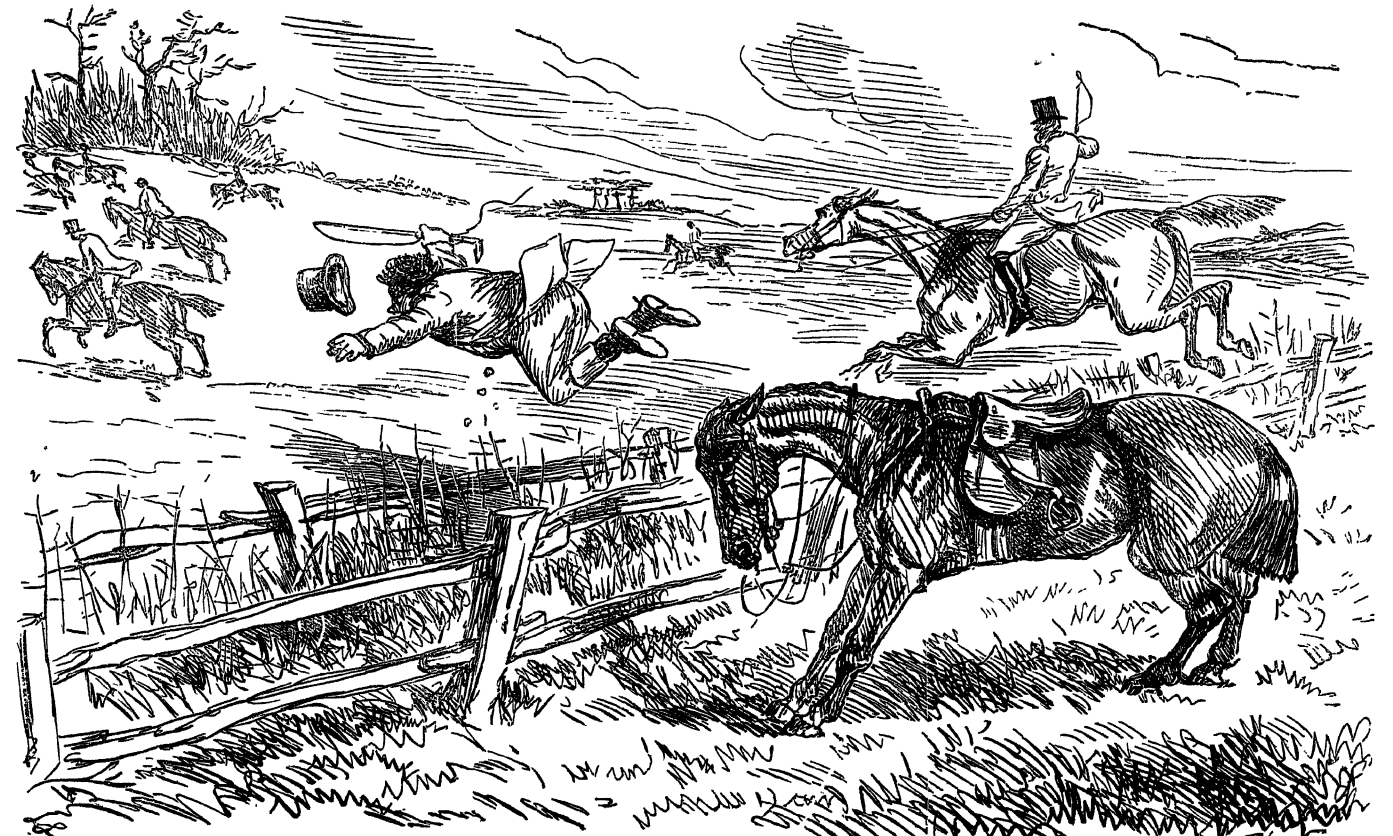
RATHER KEEN.

"OUT AGAIN, JACK?"

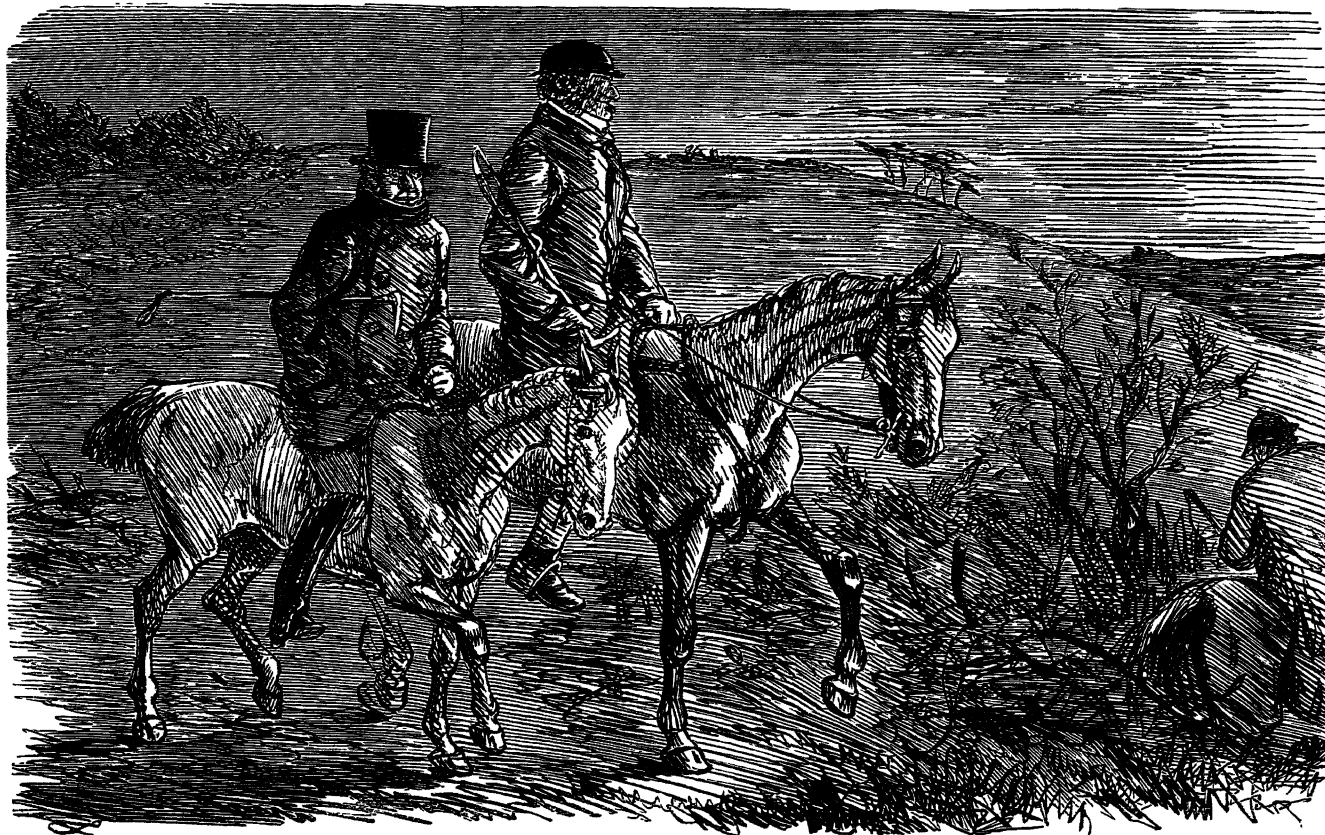
"YES! I ALWAYS LIKE TO GET AS MUCH HUNTING AS I CAN BEFORE CHRISTMAS—THE WEATHER IS SO NICE AND OPEN!"



OUR FRIEND, BRIGGS, RECEIVES A PRESSING INVITATION TO COME OVER AGAIN TO IRELAND DURING THE HUNTING SEASON, AND HAVE A WEEK WITH THE GALWAY PLAZERS!
[MR. B. says he should like it extremely, as he has never ridden in a stone wall country.]



WELL OVER! ANYHOW!



CUB-HUNTING.

WILKINSON WONDERS WHY THE DOOCE THEY CAN'T GO OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY.



A HORSEDEALER'S LOGIC.

Customer. "WHY, YOU DON'T CALL THAT A HUNTER, DO YOU?"
Dealer. "WELL, SIR, I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW ABOUT THE 'ORSE—HAD HIM DOWN FROM 'ORNCastle FAIR LAST WEEK—PUT JIMMY ON HIM, WOULDN'T 'ACK A YARD—PUT HIM IN THE BREAK, WOULDN'T DRAW A HOUNCE. NOW, THE 'ORSE NEVER COULD HAVE BEEN CREATED FOR NOTHING; SO HE MUST BE A HUNTER!"

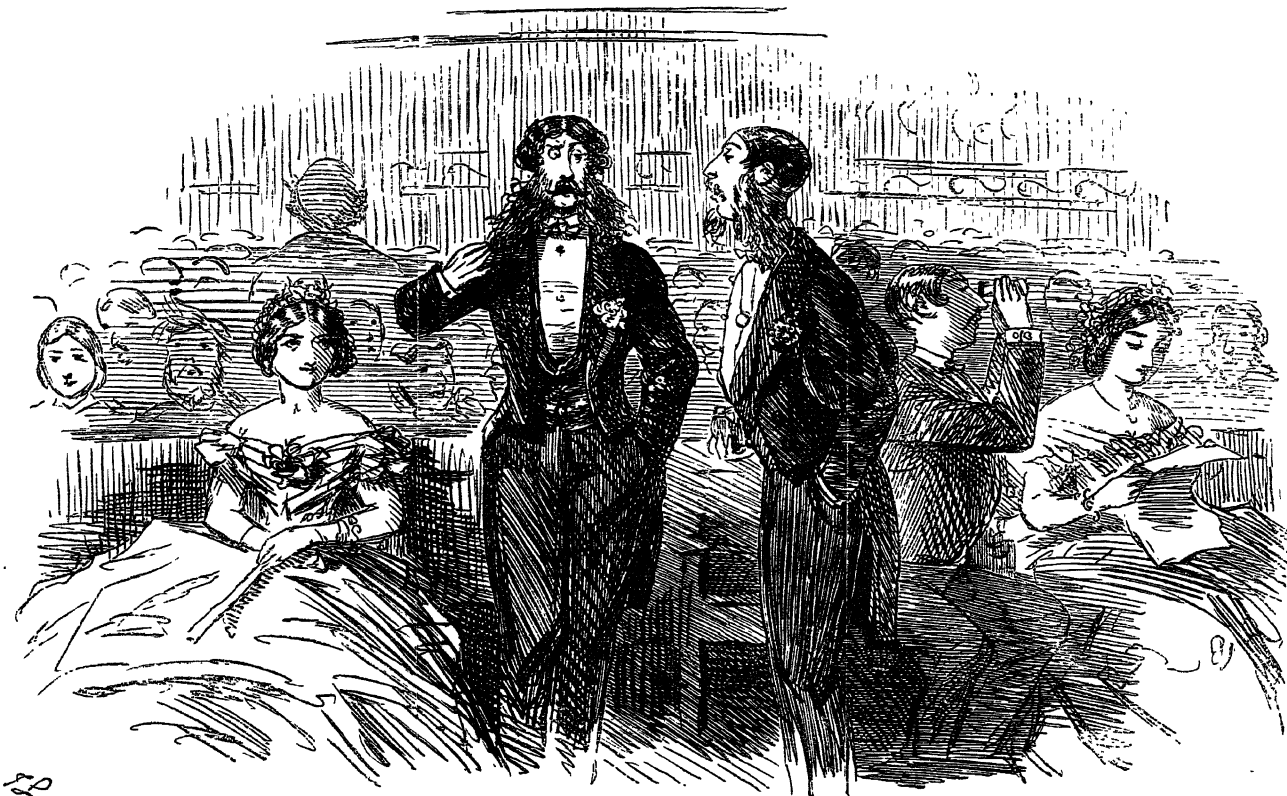


LITTLE TOM NODDY, WHO IS STILL FOND OF HUNTING, HAS A DAY WITH HIS FRIEND HOLLYOAK, WHO NOT ONLY MOUNTS HIM, BUT RIGS HIM UP IN A SUIT OF CLOTHES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE FOR HIM.



THE RISING GENERATION—A LITTLE SMOKE-JACK.

Small Foxhunter. "HERE! STOP A BIT, MAJOR, HAVE ONE OF MINE! THE GOV'RNOR'S AIN'T IN GOOD CONDITION—NOW I'VE HAD MINE FOR EVER SO MANY YEARS, AND THEY'RE SPLENDID!"



AFTER DUNDREARY.

First Swell. "A-A-WAW! WAW! WAW! HOW DID YOU LIKE HIM?"
Second Do. "WAW-WAW-WAW. -NO FELLOW EVAW SAW SUCH A FELLOW. GWOSS CAVICATURE-WAW!"



Immense Swell. "HAW! LOOK HEAW! IF I-HAW-TOOK A QUANTITY OF THESE THINGS, WOULD THEY-HAW-BE CHEAPAW?"
Hostier. "WELL, SIR, THAT WOULD DEPEND! PRAY ARE YOU IN THE TRADE?"
[Feelings of Swell may be imagined.]



anding-up Swell. "MORNING, CHARLEY! DOING A BIT O' PARK, EH?"
velli (reclining). "YAS.-YOU SEE I CAN'T DO WITHOUT MY WEGLAR EXERCISE."

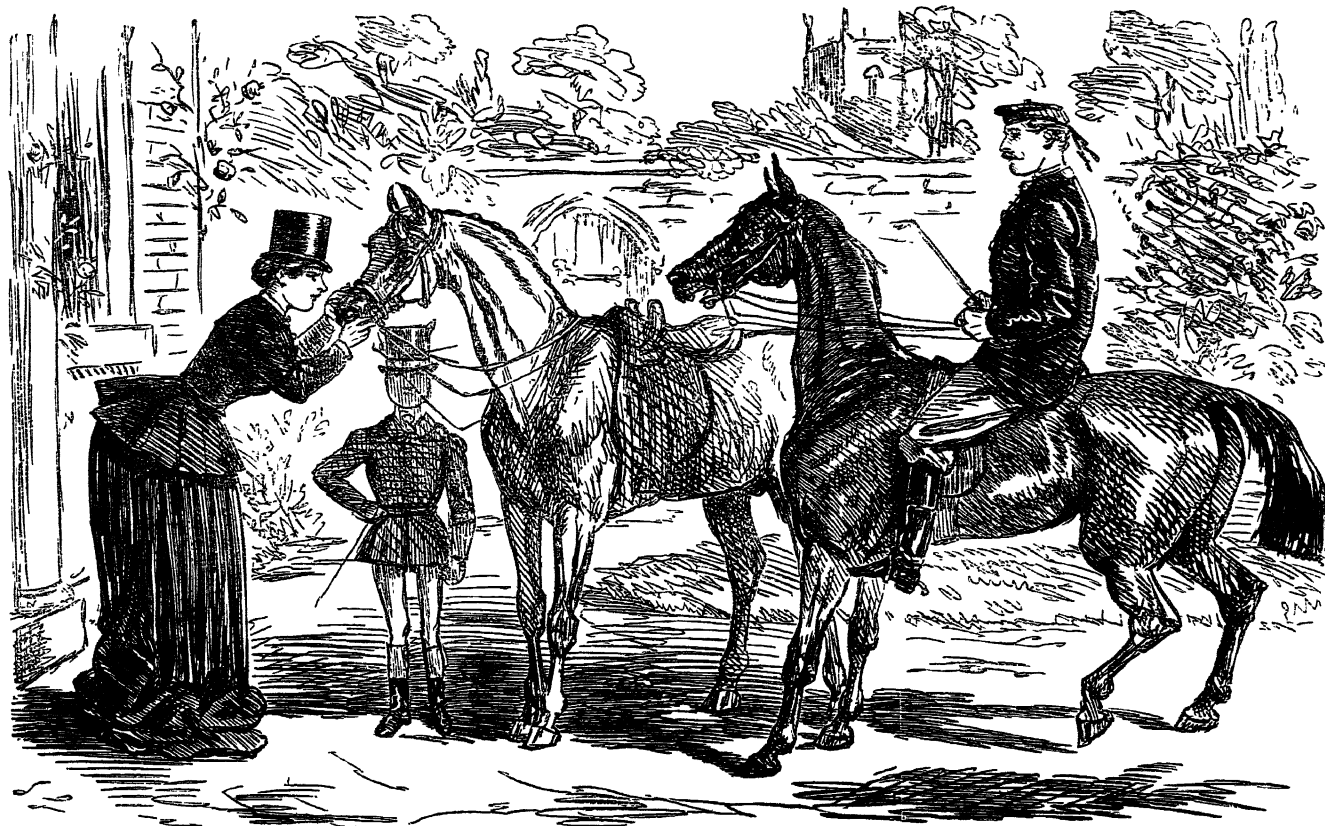


DUNDREARY ROW-HYDE PARK.

SAID ONE DUNDREARY TO ANOTHER DUNDREARY-"BY JOVE! IT'S AWFULLY JOLLY, AIN'T IT



Swell (who has received Four Penn'orth of Coppers in Change). "H!
YOU K'OW, LOOK HERE! HI! WHAT THE DEUCE!- SAY-WHA
WITH THESE HA'FENCE YOU KNOW "



DOOSED AGGRAVATING FOR YOUNG CORNET FLINDERS, YOU KNOW.

Darling (coaxingly to Favourite Hack), "IT WAS A NICE 'TITTLE SOFT NOSE, IT WAS—AND IT HAD VERY NICE EYES, IT HAD—AND IT WAS VERY HANDSOME, IT WAS—AND IT WAS A NICE 'TITTLE SING ALTOGETHER!!"

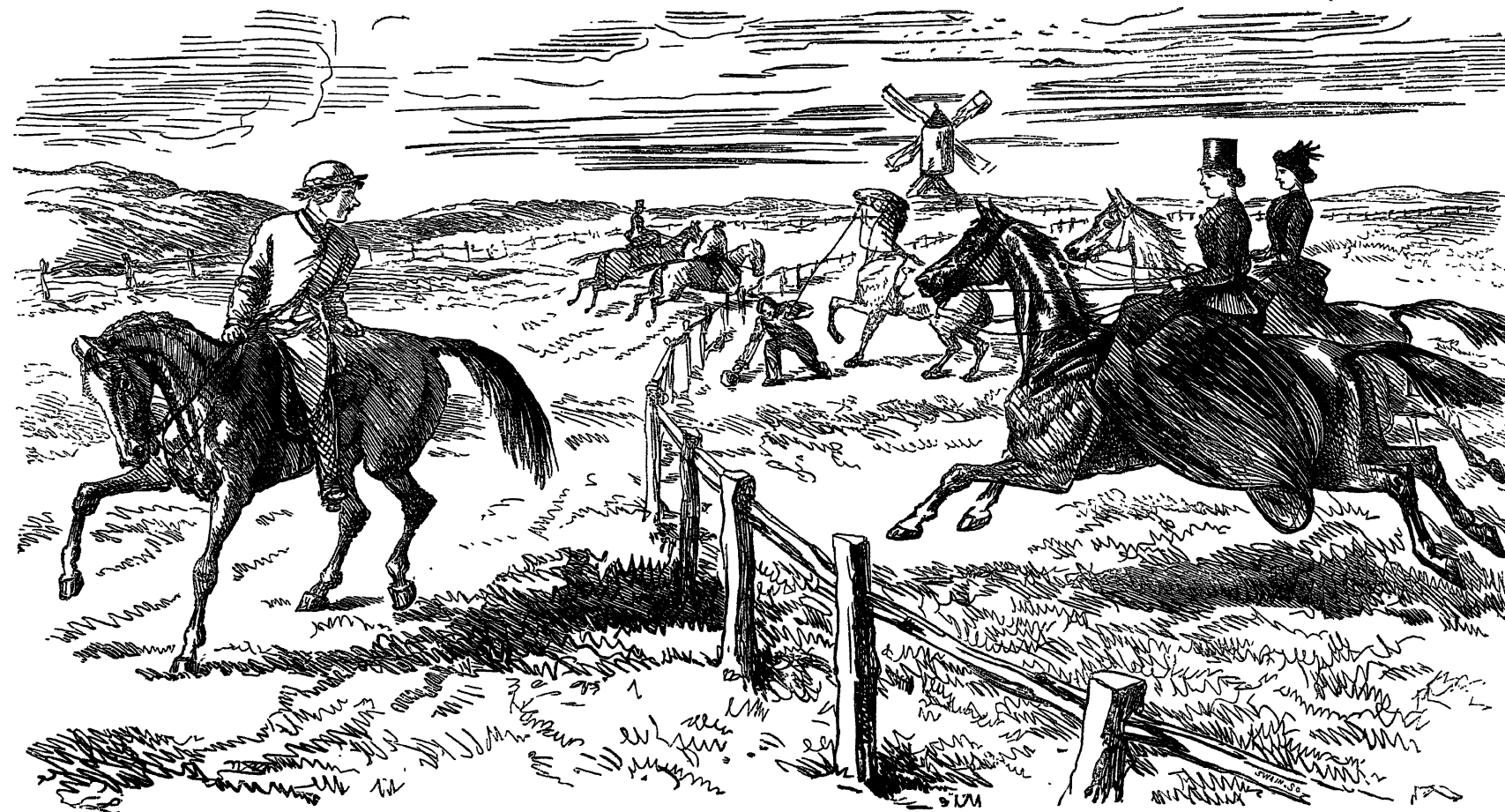


A MATTER OF OPINION.

Diana. "YES, DEAR—I MUST SAY THAT I THINK A GIRL NEVER LOOKS SO WELL AS SHE DOES IN HER RIDING HABIT!"



THE LAST SWEET THING IN HATS.



A NICE SENSATION FOR BRIGHTON.—POP OVER THE RAILS AND HAVE A GALLOP ON THE RACECOURSE.



THE DEAR LITTLE SPANISH HAT.

OH, SO CHARMING, AND SO MUCH MORE SENSIBLE THAN A HORRID BONNET!

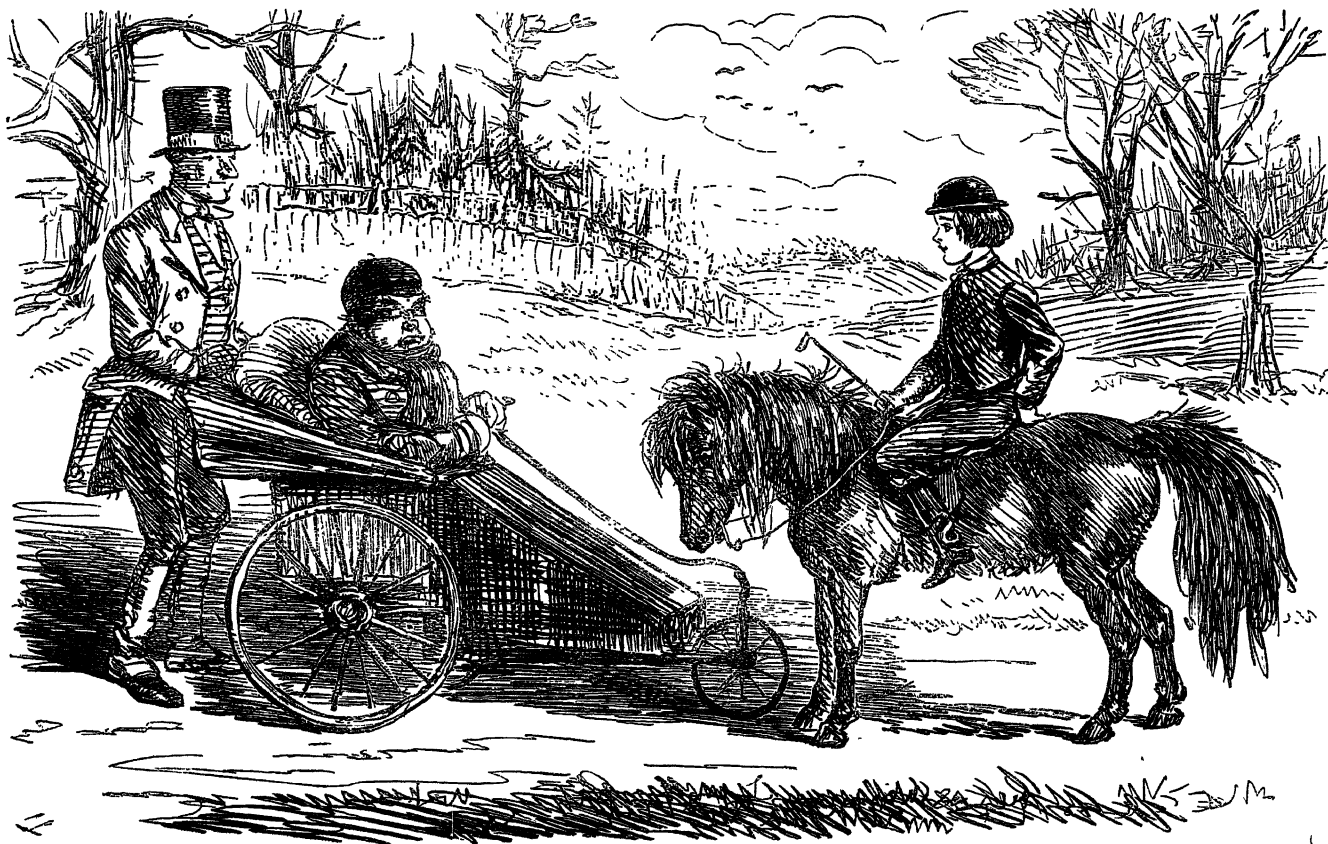
Yes, on some people.—PUNCH.



Conductor. "FULL INSIDE, MUM—ROOM ON THE ROOF, MUM!—ONLY LIKE GOING UP-STAIRS, MUM!" (*Ent the Old Lady isn't partial to going up-stairs.*)



First Juvenile. "MY WORD, FRED. ISN'T BESSIE TRAVERS A STUNNING GIRL?"
Second Ditto. "WELL, FOR MY PART, I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT CHITS. NOW THE MOTHER'S A FINE WOMAN, IF YOU LIKE. SHE'S MORE IN MY WAY!"



ADVICE GRATIS.

Young Hopeful (to Old Indian, whose digestion isn't first-rate). "I TELL YOU WHAT, UNCLE—I'D RECOMMEND YOU TO GO WITH ME ACROSS COUNTRY THREE TIMES A WEEK. IT WOULD SOON PUT YOU TO RIGHTS!"



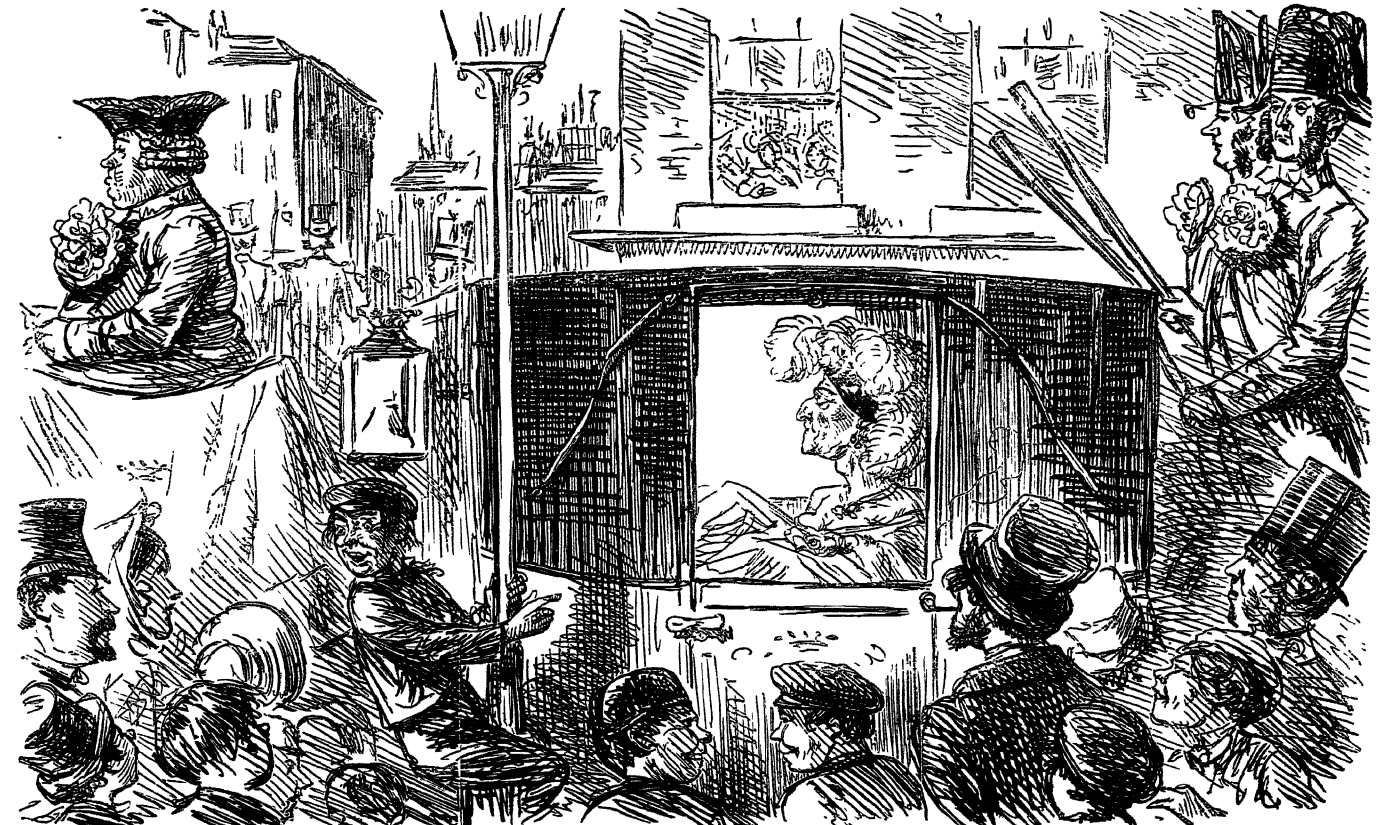
A DUET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Emily (*sotto voce*). "MY GOODNESS, EDITH, WHAT SHALL I DO?—MY NOSE ITCHES SO DREADFULLY, AND WE ARE COMING TO THE MOST DIFFICULT PART."



A DELICATE HINT.

Sentimental Young Lady (to Friend). "OH, ISN'T IT A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE THE POOR HORSE DRINK?"
Driver (confidentially and insinuatingly). "SURE, THIN, IT WOULD BE A DALE PRETTIER SIGHT, MISS, TO SAY *ME* DRINK!"



THE DRAWING ROOM.

(A STOPPAGE OF A FEW MINUTES IS SUPPOSED TO TAKE PLACE.)
Dreadful Boy (on Lamp Post). "OH! MY EYE, BILL! 'ERE'S A ROSE BUD!"



THE CHRISTENING OF JONES' FIRST. (A FACT.)

First Street Boy (without veneration, or sense of propriety). "HOLLA! BILL! WHAT'S ALL THIS 'ERE?"
Second Street Boy (without ditto, ditto, ditto). "WHY—DON'T YER SEE!—IT'S ONLY A KITTEN GOING TO BE 'UNG!"

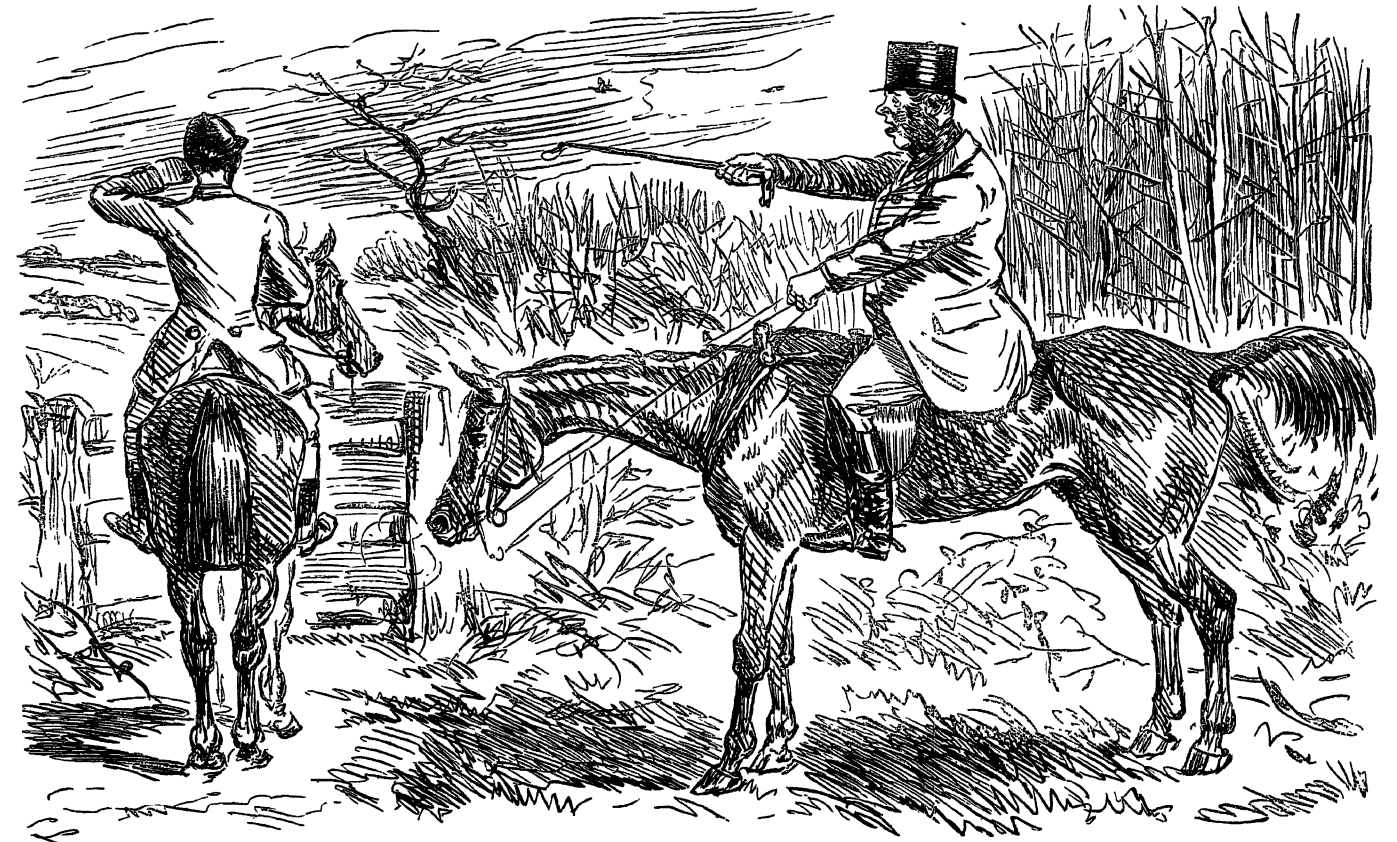


SCENE—A MAN'S ROOMS IN THE TEMPLE.

(STEADY MAN SMOKES A SHORT PIPE, AND JAWS AT THE YOUNG SWELL LOUNGING IN EASY-CHAIR.)
Steady Man. "A MAN MUST WORK NOW-A-DAYS, OR HE GETS LEFT BEHIND. THE ONLY POSITION WORTH HAVING, IS WHAT YOU MAKE FOR YOURSELF," &C., &C.
Youthful Swell. "OH, YES, I QUITE AGREE WITH YOU ABOUT WORK. I DON'T MIND WORK, YOU KNOW, IN A GENEWAL WAY—BUT I OBJECT TO WHAT I CALL 'WORK OF SUPERWEVOCATION!'"
Steady Man. "AMD PRAY WHAT DO YOU UNDERSTAND BY THAT?"
Youthful Swell. "WHY—I MEAN I DON'T CARE TO DO ANYTHING I CAN GET DONE FOR ME!"



Enthusiastic Nimrod. "THERE'S ANOTHER THING TOO ABOUT FOX-HUNTING WHICH I ALWAYS THINK DELIGHTFUL—YOU COME UPON SUCH PICTURESQUE NOOKS AND CORNERS. NOW, WHO WOULD EVER THINK OF COMING OUT HERE FOR A MERE WALK!"



Sporting Enthusiast (who has with difficulty caught the Hounds). "WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU HOLLOAING AT—DON'T YOU SEE IT'S A FRESH FOX?"
Whip. "SHOULD THINK IT WAS; WE'VE BROKE UP T'OTHER THIS QUARTER OF AN HOUR!"



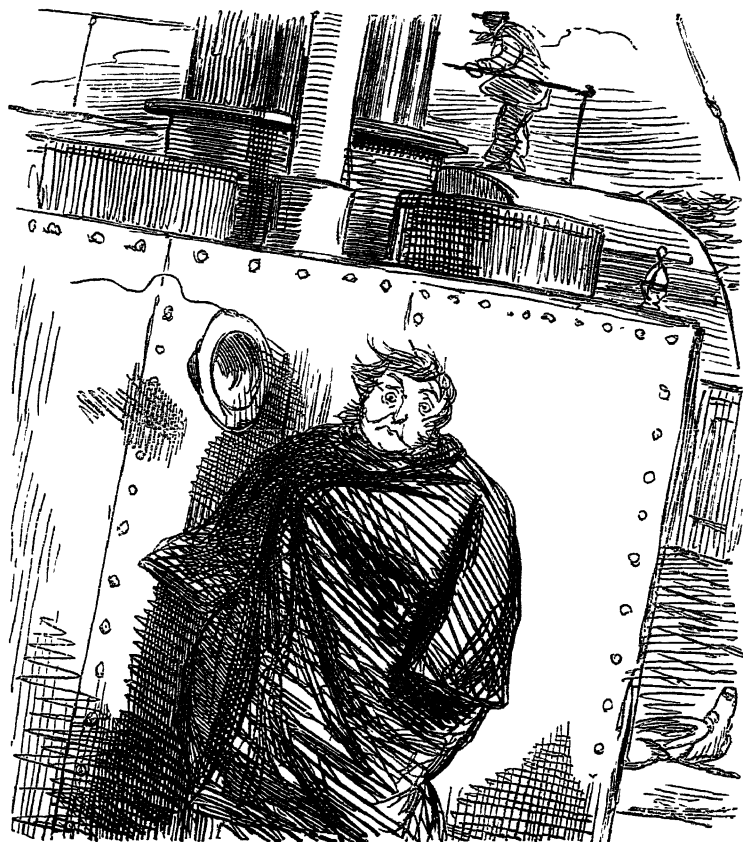
A SKETCH AT A STEEPLE-CHACE.—THE BROOK JUMP.

Bumpkin, No. 1. "WA-AT—ARE THEY A-GWOANG TO JOOMP THIS?"
Bumpkin, No. 2. "YA-AS!"
Bumpkin, No. 1. "THEN, I'D RATHER WALK THERW!"



A DEAL.

Novice. "OH, YES—HE'S A FINE HORSE; BUT ISN'T HE RATHER BENT ABOUT THE LEGS?"
Dealer. "BENT ABOUT THE LEGS? STANDS A LITTLE OVER, F'RAPS—BUT THAT AIN'T NO DETTERMENT TO HIM. THE BEST OF OSSSES IS SOME-TIMES FOALD SO!"



HINT TO TRAVELLERS.

IF YOU ARE OBLIGED TO CROSS THE CHANNEL, GET AS NEAR MID-SHIPS AS POSSIBLE (NEVER MIND THE MOVEMENT OF THE ENGINES, OR THE SMELL OF THE OIL), AND—IT WILL BE SOONER OVER.



Old Party (very naturally excited). "WHY, CONFOUND YOU! YOU ARE WIPING MY PLATE WITH YOUR HANDKERCHIEF!"
Waiter (blandly). "IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE, SIR—IT'S ONLY A DIRTY ONE!"



Fiend in human shape. "DON'T FEEL WELL! TRY A CIGAR!"



DEBATE ON THE NEW MINISTRY.

Smiles. "I SAY, BILL, HOW ABOUT THE DERBY THIS YEAR?"
Bill. "OH, NOTHIN' BUT A OAX! NOTHIN' BUT A OAX! BARRIN' THE FUN!"



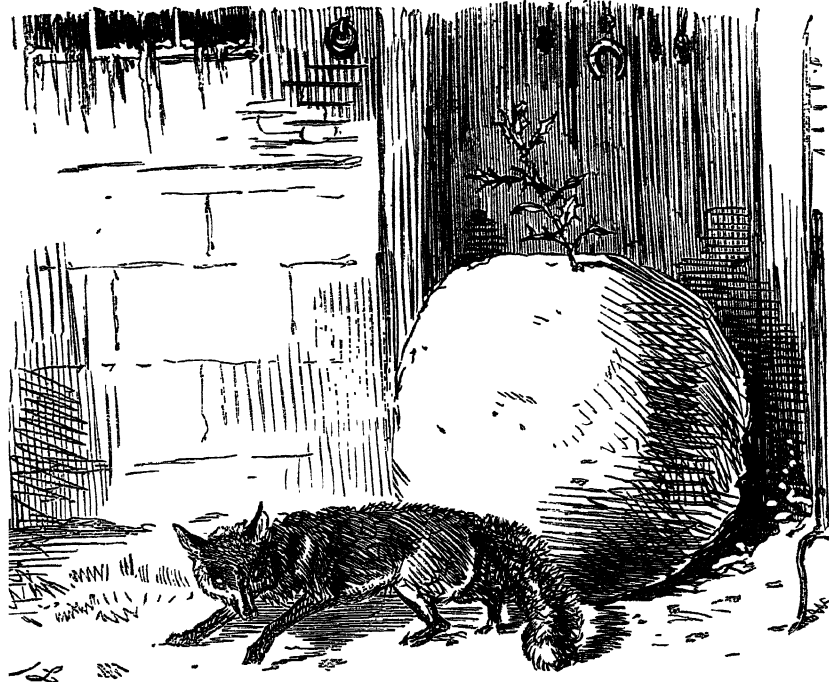
MOST FLATTERING!

Miss Stout. "YOU SEE, DEAR, I THOUGHT YOUR SWISS DRESS SO PRETTY, THAT I HAVE MADE ONE EXACTLY LIKE IT. WHY, WE SHALL BE TAKEN FOR SISTERS!"



EXTRAVAGANCE.

"NOW, YOUNG UNS, CUT AWAY—BLOW THE EXPENSE!"



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Reynard the Fox. "HERE'S AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS, MY BOYS, FOR YOU, AND MANY OF 'EM!"



Skate Proprietor to Spectator with Wooden Leg. "AVE A PAIR ON, SIR!—AX YER PARDIN, SIR—DIDN'T TWIG YER MISFORTIN. I'VE A HODD 'UN YOU CAN HAVE, SIR!"



HAVING A PAIR ON!

Skater. "HI!—HOLLO!—WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT?—IT'S GOING INTO MY FOOT!"
Skate Proprietor. "NEVER MIND, SIR!—BETTER 'AV 'EM ON FIRM!"





THE GALE.

"DON'T BE ALARMED, DARLINGS—THE CAPTAIN HAS GOT QUITE ENOUGH TO DO TO LOOK AFTER HIMSELF."—*Punch*.



REPOSE.

YES! BUT WE ARE SURE THAT IF ELLEN KNEW WHAT A FIGURE FREDERICK MADE OF HER BY SPRAWLING ABOUT ON THE CLIFF JUST BEHIND HER, SHE WOULDN'T BE SO QUIET.



RATHER VULGAR, BUT PERFECTLY TRUE.

Boatman (in the distance). "I SAY, JACK, GOT A MOSSEL O' BAIT TO SPARE?"
Jack. "WELL, I CAN'T LET YER HAVE NO WUMS; BUT I DON'T MIND LENDING YER A BIT O' BULLOCK'S LIVER TO OBLIGE A LADY!"

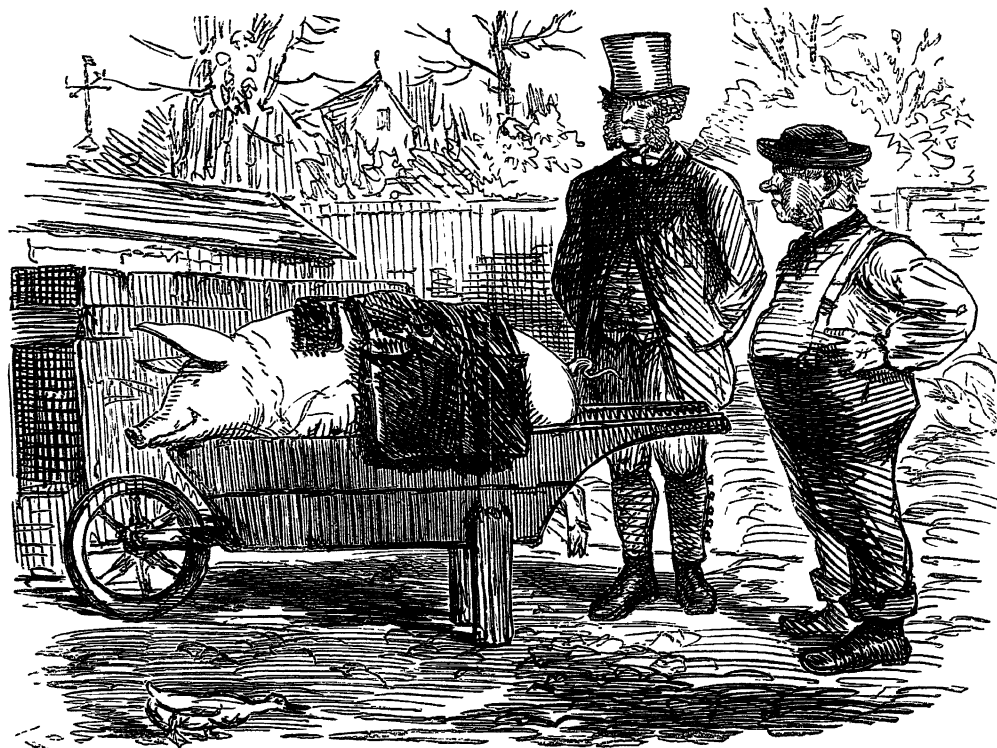


WIGGLES AND SPROTT PREFER BATHING FROM THE BEACH TO HAVING A STUFFY MACHINE. THEY ARE MUCH PLEASED WITH THE DELICATE LITTLE ATTENTION INDICATED ABOVE!



A DRAWING-ROOM.

William. "NOW, CHAWLES, AIN'T YOU READY? OUR CARRIAGE IS AT THE DOOR, AND THE FOLKS ARE IN!"



THE INVALID.

Master. "WELL, SAUNDERS, I SEE YOU ARE NOT ABLE TO DO MUCH WITH THE OLD SOW, AFTER ALL!"
Saunders. "WHY, YOU SEE, MAISTER RICHARD, SHE WARENT TAKEN IN TIME, THE POWER THING, SHE WARENT—SHE'S STRUV HARD TO GET ROUND, BUT THE WEATHER'S AGIN HER, YE SEE. TO-DAY IT SHONE A BIT, AND I THOUGHT I'D DO HER GOOD TO GET OUT. SO IN THE WARM OF THE AFTERNOON I PUT HER IN THE BARROW, AND TOOK HER FOR A L'TLE RIDE IN THE SUN!"



HONOUR TO THE BRAVE.

Flunkey (reads). "Yesterday, thirty of the Invalids from the Crimea were inspected * * * many of the gallant fellows were dreadfully mutilated at the Alma and Inkermann. * * * After the inspection, ten of the Guards were regaled in the Servants' Hall."

Flunkey (log.). "REGALED IN THE SERVANTS' 'ALL! EH? WELL I DON'T THINK THEY'VE ANY CALL TO GRUMBLE ABOUT NOT BEIN' 'HONORED S'FFICIENT!'"



Officious Proctor. "SIR!!—PRAY, ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THIS UNIVERSITY?"
Military Swell. "NO, I'M NOT, OLD FELLOW.—ARE YOU?"



ART TREASURES.

Reginald (who has a fine taste, and is very fond of curious old Glass). "NOW, UNCLE, HELP YOURSELF, AND PASS THE BOTTLE."



Irate Proctor. "SIR, I SENT YOU BACK TO YOUR COLLEGE ONLY FIVE MINUTES AGO, TO INVEST YOURSELF IN YOUR ACADEMICAL COSTUME!"
Fast Freshman (with affability). "YES! AND HERE WE ARE AGAIN! ISN'T IT ODD?"

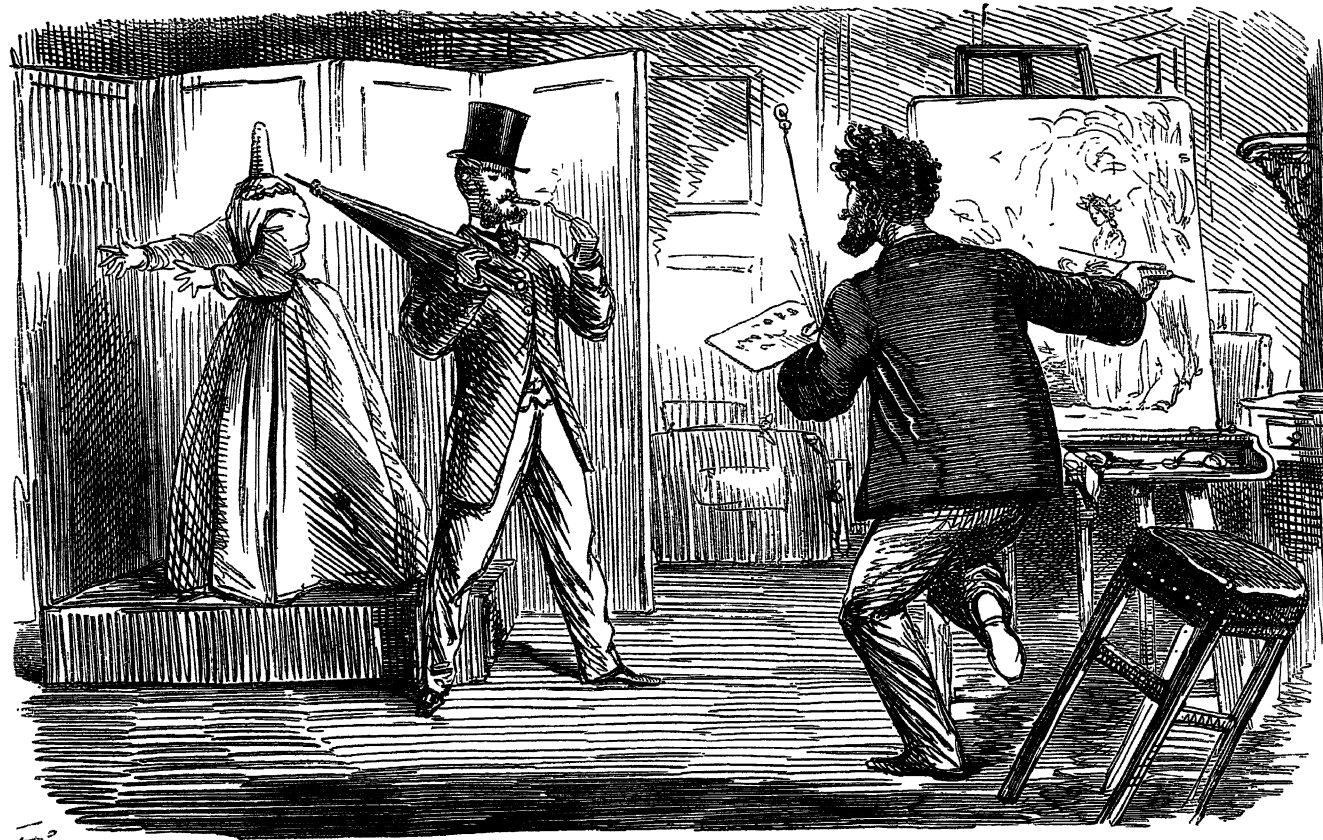


First Elegant Creature. "A—DON'T YOU DANCE, CHARLES?"
Second ditto, ditto. "A—NO—NOT AT PRESENT! I ALWAYS LET THE GIRLS LOOK, AND LONG FOR ME FIRST!"



LA MODE—THE ZOUAVE JACKET.

Miss Stout. "WELL NOW, DEAR, I CALL IT CHARMING, AND SHALL MOST CERTAINLY HAVE ONE MYSELF!"



A VISIT TO THE STUDIO.

Mr. Ochre (through whose frame a thrill of horror is supposed to be passing). "UGH! MIND WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT, CHARLEY. MIND MY OPHELIA
 MIND MY OPHELIA! YOU'LL KNOCK HER OVER, AND SPOIL ALL HER FOLDS!"



Confounded good-looking Hibernian Friend (to Jones). "ADIEU, ME BOY! IS THERE ANYTHING I'LL DO FOR-R-R YE WHILE YE'RE AWAY!
 WILL I RIDE OUT, OR WALK WITH MISS PLUMLEY FOR-R-R YE, NOW! ONLY SPAKE THE WOR-R-RD!"



IMPORTANT MATTER.

Augustus. "I SAY, LAURA, JUST TELL US BEFORE ANY ONE COMES, WHETHER MY BACK HAIR'S PARTED STRAIGHT!"



WALTZING OF THE PERIOD.

THE LADY HONORIA D—, AS SHE APPEARED TAKING LEAVE OF HER MAMMA, PREVIOUS TO GOING INTO ACTION!



HORRID GIRL!

Mild Youth. "HAVE YOU SEEN 'THE COLLEEN BAWN'?"
Horrid Girl (with extreme velocity). "SEEN 'THE COLLEEN BAWN'! DEAR, DEAR! YES, OF COURSE. SAW IT LAST OCTOBER! AND I'VE BEEN TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE, AND I'VE READ THE GORILLA BOOK!"
[Mild Youth is shut up.]



TOO BAD.

Professor Pumper. "MAY I ASK, MISS BLANK, WHY YOU ARE MAKING THOSE LITTLE PELLETS?"
Miss B. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW. IT IS A HABIT I HAVE. I ALWAYS MAKE BREAD PILLS WHEN I FEEL BORED AT DINNER!"



THE LADY HONORIA AS SHE APPEARED WHEN THE ENGAGEMENT WAS OVER!



POOR FELLOW!

Frank. "I KNOW THIS—I CAN'T STAND MANY MORE EVENING PARTIES, AND IF I DON'T GET INTO THE COUNTRY AND HAVE A FEW DAYS' HUNTING, I SHALL KNOCK UP!"



FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO KILLED
THE GREATEST NUMBER OF SMALL BIRDS.

[To be hung up in all Sparrow Clubs.



THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

Mr. Bristles. "THEN YOU REALLY THINK IT AN IMPROVEMENT, EH?"
Miss Spikes. "DECIDEDLY—IT HIDES SO MUCH MORE OF YOUR FACE."



FROZEN-OUT MEDIUMS.

"WE'RE NOT WORTH A RAP, AND WE'VE GOT NO WORK TO DO!"



LA MODE.

Rude Boy. "OH, IF 'ERE AIN'T A GAL BEEN AND PUT ON A DUSTMAN'S 'AT!"



NO. 999 GOVERNMENT TRANSPORT, OFF QUEENSTOWN.—
VISITORS ON BOARD.

Party (in cheering tone, calculated to impart confidence to the weaker sex). "FOLLOW
ME, FOLLOW ME—THERE'S NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, I ASSURE YOU. WOA—WO—WO
—MY MAN—STEADY, MARE—WO!" (sotto voce.) I'M DEUCED GLAD IT'S THEIR HEADS
INSTEAD OF THEIR HEELS—WO!"



NOT SUCH A BAD THING IN A SHOWER!



A CHANCE FOR JEAMES.



POLITENESS.

Bill. "WELL, JIM! HOW BE YOU TO-DAY?"
Jim. "WHAT ODDS IS THAT TO YOU!—YOU BEAN'T MY MEDICAL ATTENDANT!"



JOHN TOMKINS AND 'ARRY BLOATER.

Time of Queen Victoria, 1862—not at all scarce.

'Arry (in the Boots of the Period). "YES, THEY'RE DOOOND COMFORTABLE, AND THEY GIVE ONE A MILITARY AND RATHER SPORTING APPEARANCE, I FANCY."



Old Tourist. "PRAY, WAITER, IS THERE ANYTHING TO WILE AWAY THE TIME UNTIL THE DINN-R-HOUR?"

Waiter. "YESSIR; WHICH WOULD YOU PLEASE TO TAKE, SIR?—WINE OR SPIRITS, SIR?"



A DAY AT THE CAMP.

Sentinel. "WHO COMES THERE?"

Ebriosus. "FRIEND!"

Sentinel. "ADVANCE, FRIEND!"

Ebriosus. "ADVANSH! COME, THATSH A GOOD UN!"

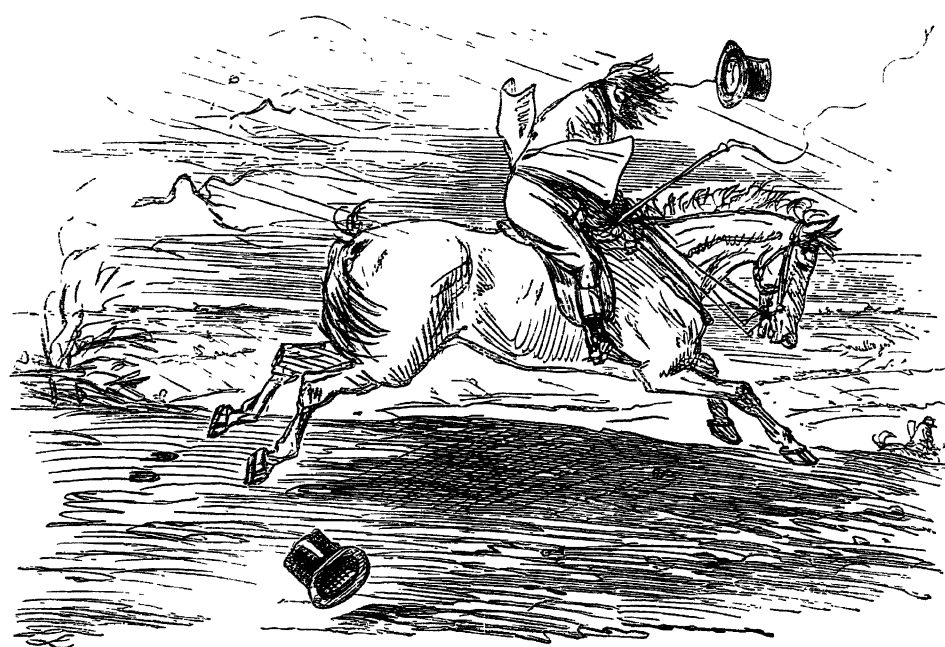


NOTHING LIKE MOUNTAIN AIR.

Tourist (who has been refreshing himself with the Toddy of the Country). "I SHAY, OL' FLER! HIGHLANDS SEEM TO 'GREE WITH YOU WONERFLY—ANNOMISITAKE. WHY, YOU LOOK DOUBLE THE MAN ALREADY!"



THE HOUR BEFORE DINNER—NOT THE WORST PART OF A DAY'S HUNTING.



FOR DOWNRIGHT HEALTHY EXCITEMENT, WE RECOMMEND A DAY'S HUNTING IN A GALE OF WIND.



THIS IS JONES, WHO THOUGHT TO SLIP DOWN BY THE RAIL EARLY IN THE MORNING, AND HAVE A GALLOP WITH THE FOX-HOUNDS. ON LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW, HE FINDS IT IS A CLEAR FROSTY MORNING. HE SEES A SMALL BOY SLIDING—ACTUALLY SLIDING ON THE PAVEMENT OPPOSITE!! AND—DOESN'T HE HATE THAT BOY—AND DOESN'T HE SAY IT IS A BEASTLY CLIMATE!!



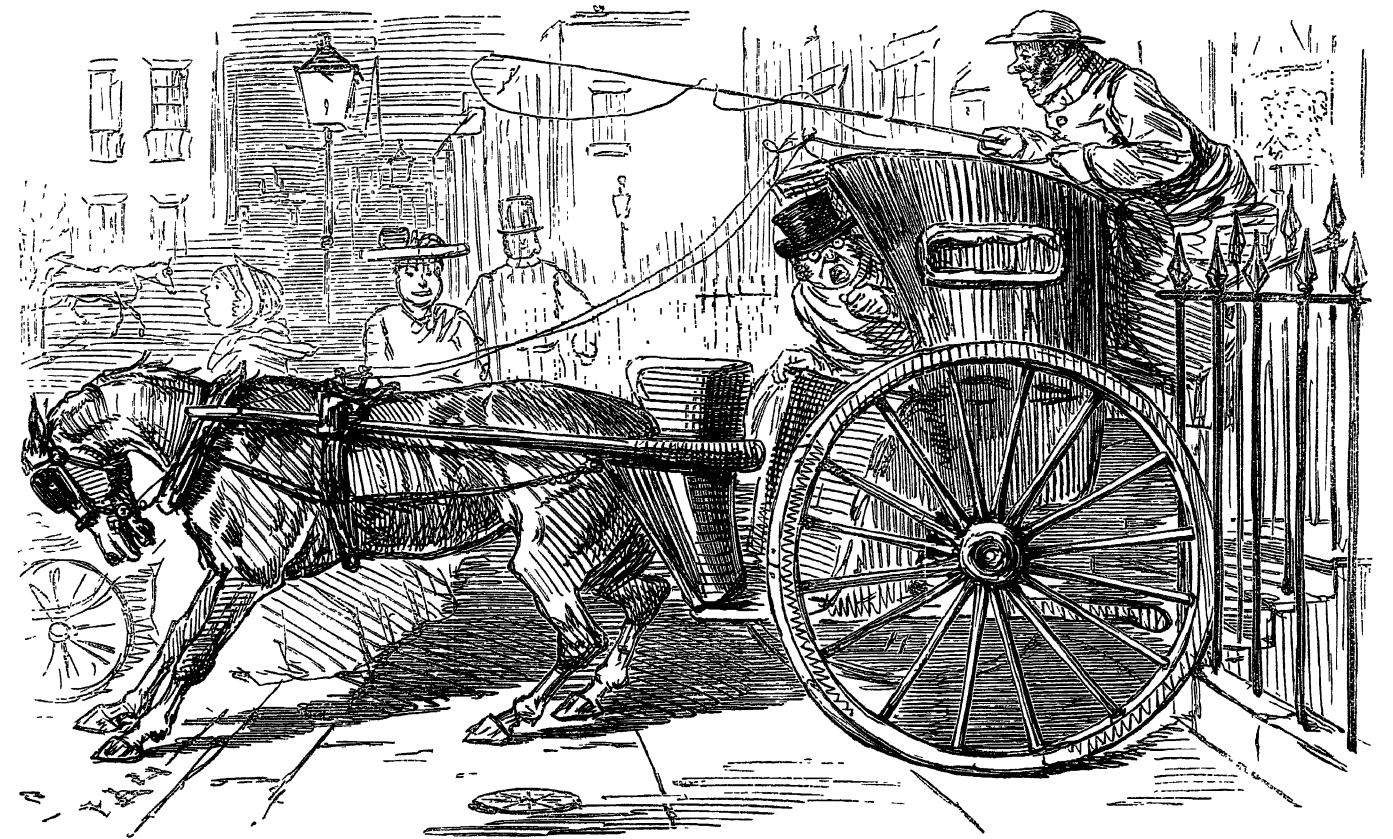
THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT—CHAIRING THE BEST SHOT IN ENGLAND.



Fair Equestrian. "NOW, DON'T BE A CROSS OLD PUNCH; WE REALLY WON'T SPOIL THE BEAUTY OF THE GARDENS."



NATURAL IMPATIENCE.



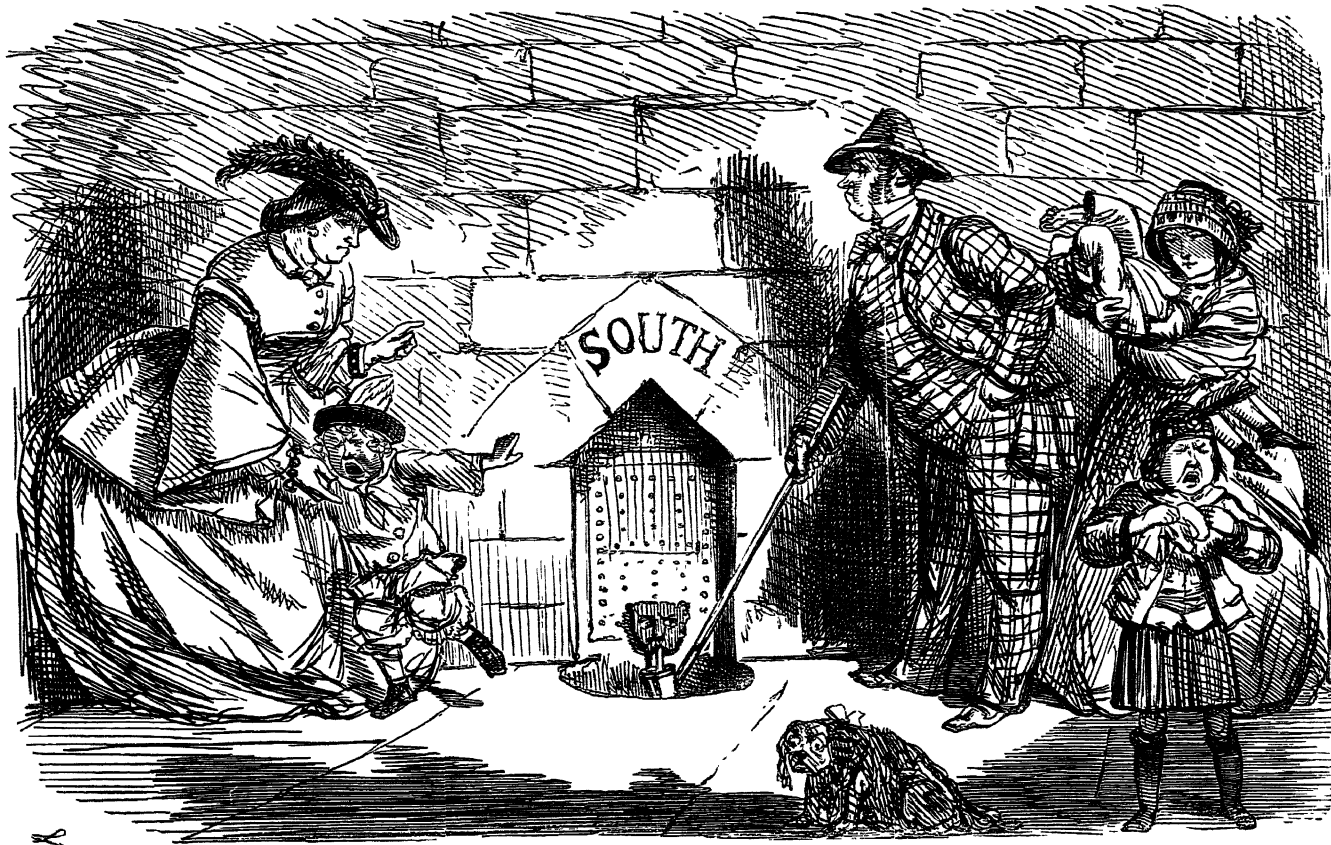
Cabby. "YOU'VE NO CALL TO GIT OUT, SIR! HE'S ONLY A LITTLE OKARD AT STARTIN'!"



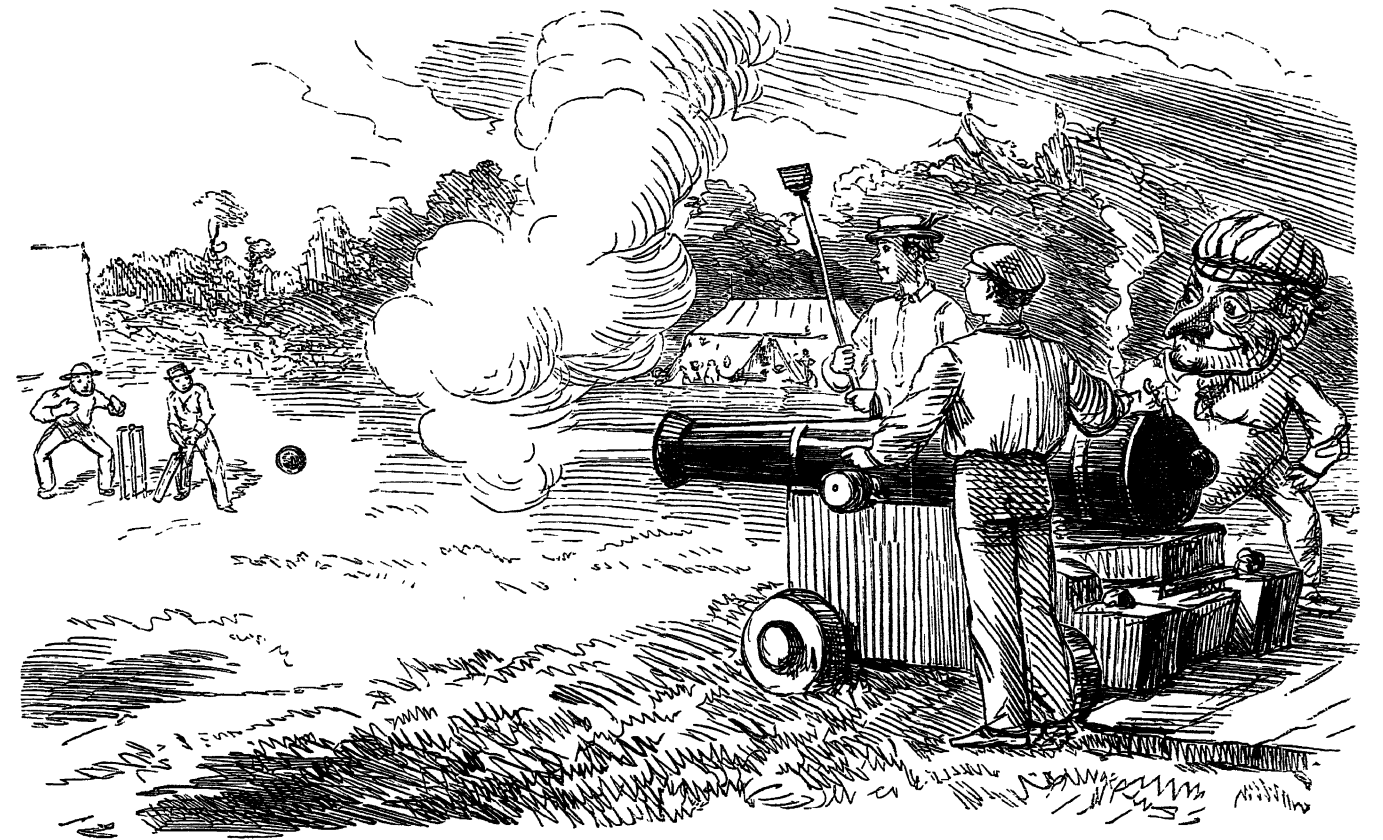
HOORAY! MCSGO GOES TO THE FERRY, AND IN HIS FAVOURITE COSTUME OF "BRITISH SPORTSMAN!" (Dedicated to M. ASSOLANT.)



ANXIOUS TO PRESERVE OUR FIGURE, WE TAKE A TURKISH BATH!



WHILE THEY ARE AT SCARBOROUGH, PATERFAMILIAS THINKS HIS LITTLE ONES OUGHT TO LOSE NO OPPORTUNITY OF DRINKING THE WATERS.



CRICKET.—CAPITAL PRACTICE FOR THE ROUND BOWLING OF THE PERIOD.



Porter, "NOW, MARM, WILL YOU PLEASE TO MOVE, OR WAS YOU CORDED TO YOUR BOX?"



WITH A PARDONABLE VANITY, TOMKINS, WHO HAS JUST JOINED HIS RIFLE CORPS, INVITES ARABELLA (TO WHOM HE IS ENGAGED) AND HER SISTER TO SEE HIM DRILLED. EVERYTHING MUST HAVE A BEGINNING, AND HE IS PUT THROUGH HIS "GOOSE STEP" BEFORE THE NOT-ADMIRING EYES OF HIS DARLING!

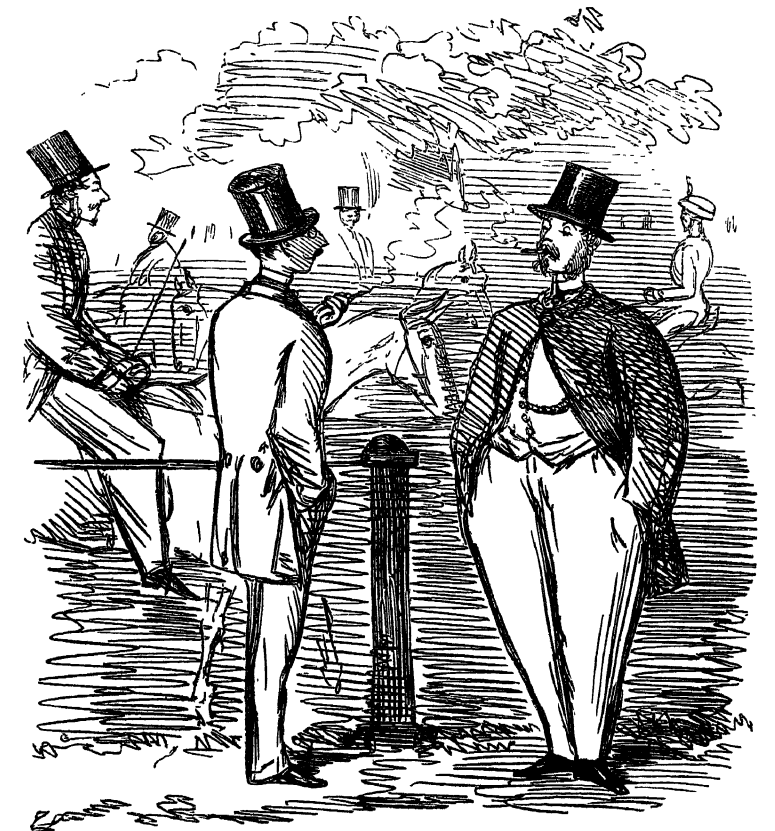


AS SLEEP IS OUT OF THE QUESTION, OWING TO THOSE CONFOUNDED WAITS, MR. BANGS, LIKE A SENSIBLE PERSON, ACCOMMODATES HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, AND PRACTISES HIS DANCING!



VAULTING AMBITION.

"NOW, THEN, CHARITY—HIGHER! YOU DON'T CALL THAT A BACK!"



THE LATEST FASHION.

Charles. "SWEET STYLE OF TROWSER, GUS!"
Gus. "YA-AS! AND SO DOOSD COMFORTABLE. THEY'RE CALLED PANTALONS A'LA PEG-TOP!"
Charles. "NO!—REALLY!"



THE PORTRAIT.—FINISHING TOUCH TO THE DRESS.

Painter. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR ARE SITTING ON MY PALETTE!"



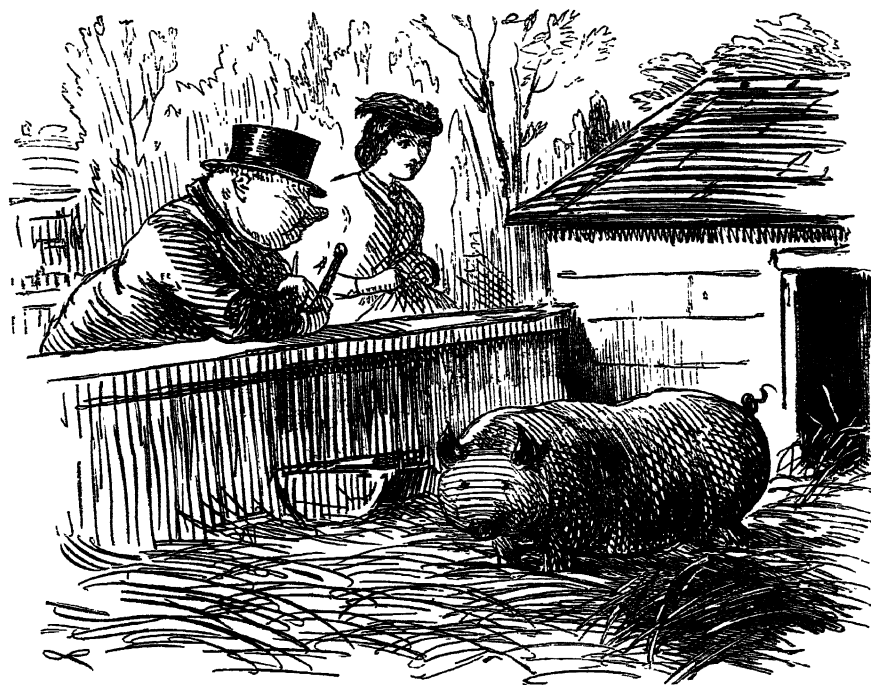
OWING TO THE EXCEEDINGLY DRY WEATHER, MR. HACKLE FINDS THAT THE STREAM HE HAS TAKEN FOR FISHING IS NOT IN SO GOOD A STATE AS HE COULD WISH.

Boy (attending). "NO, SIR! NOR THERE AIN'T BIN NONE NOT FOR EVER SO LONG!"



A LIKELY CASE.

Fiery Instructor to trembling Pupil. "NOW, SIR! COME! I KNOW YOU! DON'T ATTEMPT TO BULLY ME, SIR—IT WON'T SUCCEED, I CAN TELL YOU!"



Bacon Fancier. "THERE, NOW!—THAT'S MY STYLE!"



IMMENSE TREAT FOR THE PARTY CONCERNED.

Master Jack. "NOW, GRANNY, YOU MAY COME AND HAVE SOME JUMPS OVER OUR DAISY CHAIN."

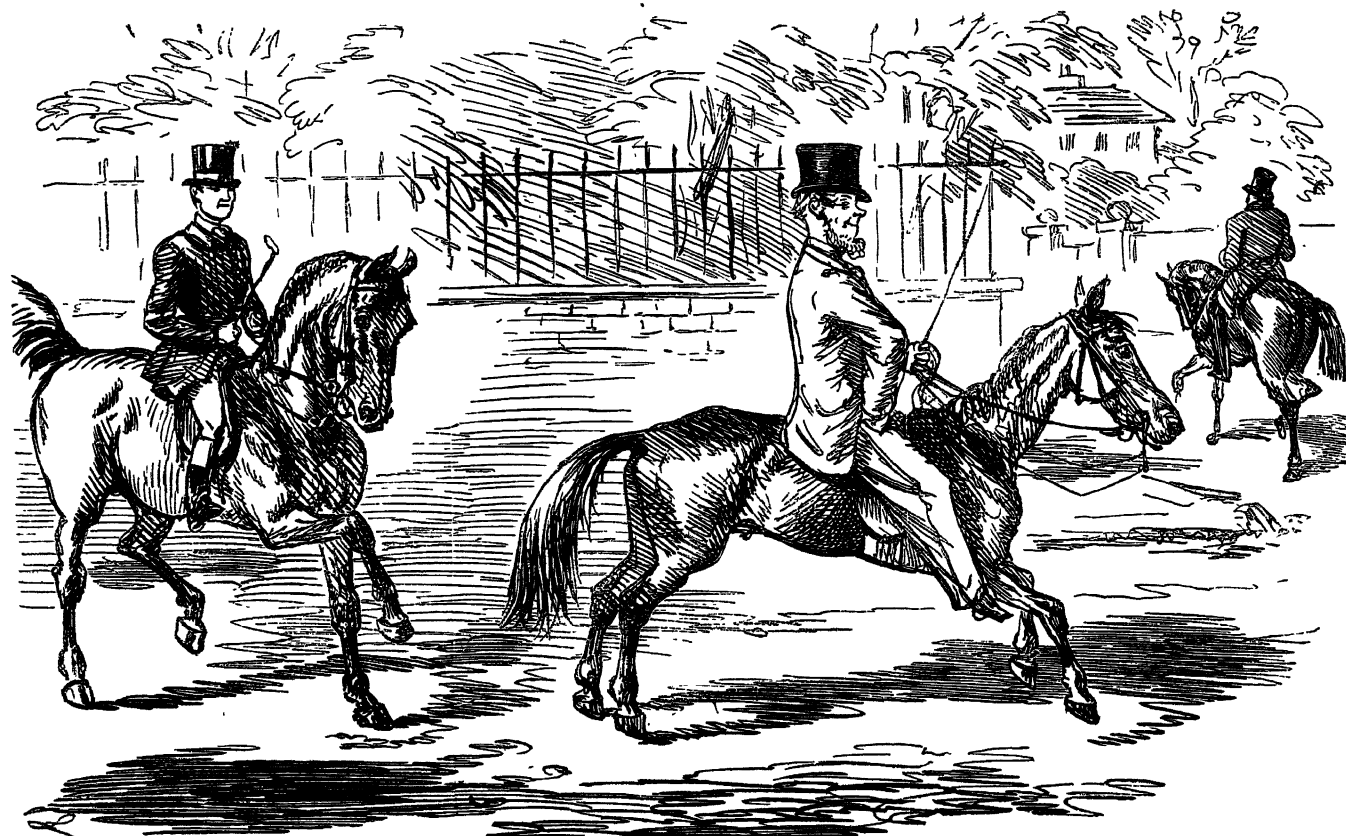


A SOU-WESTER IN A SEA-SIDE LODGING HOUSE.



THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

Brown. "SO, YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY OLD MRS. YELLOWBOYCE. WELL, I THINK YOU'RE A DOOCEED LUCKY FELLAH!"
Jones. "BY JOVE, I DON'T THINK THE LUCK IS ALL ON MY SIDE! IF SHE FINDS MONEY, HANG IT, I FIND BLOOD AND—HAW—BEAUTY!"



PORTRAIT OF TOMKINS, UNDER THE DELUSION THAT THE PUBLIC TAKES THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S GROOM FOR HIS.



THE NICE LITTLE DINNER.

Tommy (who is standing a feed to Harry). "OH, HANG IT, YOU KNOW, FOURTEEN BOB FOR A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE! THAT'S COMING IT RATHER STRONG, AIN'T IT?"
Waiter (with perfect composure). "WE HAVE SOME CHEAP WINE, SIR, AT HALF-A-GUINEA!"



THE FASHION FOR NEXT SUMMER.

Flora. "THERE! I DON'T THINK THE STUPID MEN CAN LAUGH AT US NOW!"



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

AUGUSTUS THINKS CRINOLINE A DETESTABLE INVENTION.



A HINT TO THE ENTERPRISING.

Boy. "HERE YOU ARE, SIR. BLACK YER BOOTS, AND TAKE YER LIKENESS FOR THE SMALL CHARGE OF THREEPENCE!"

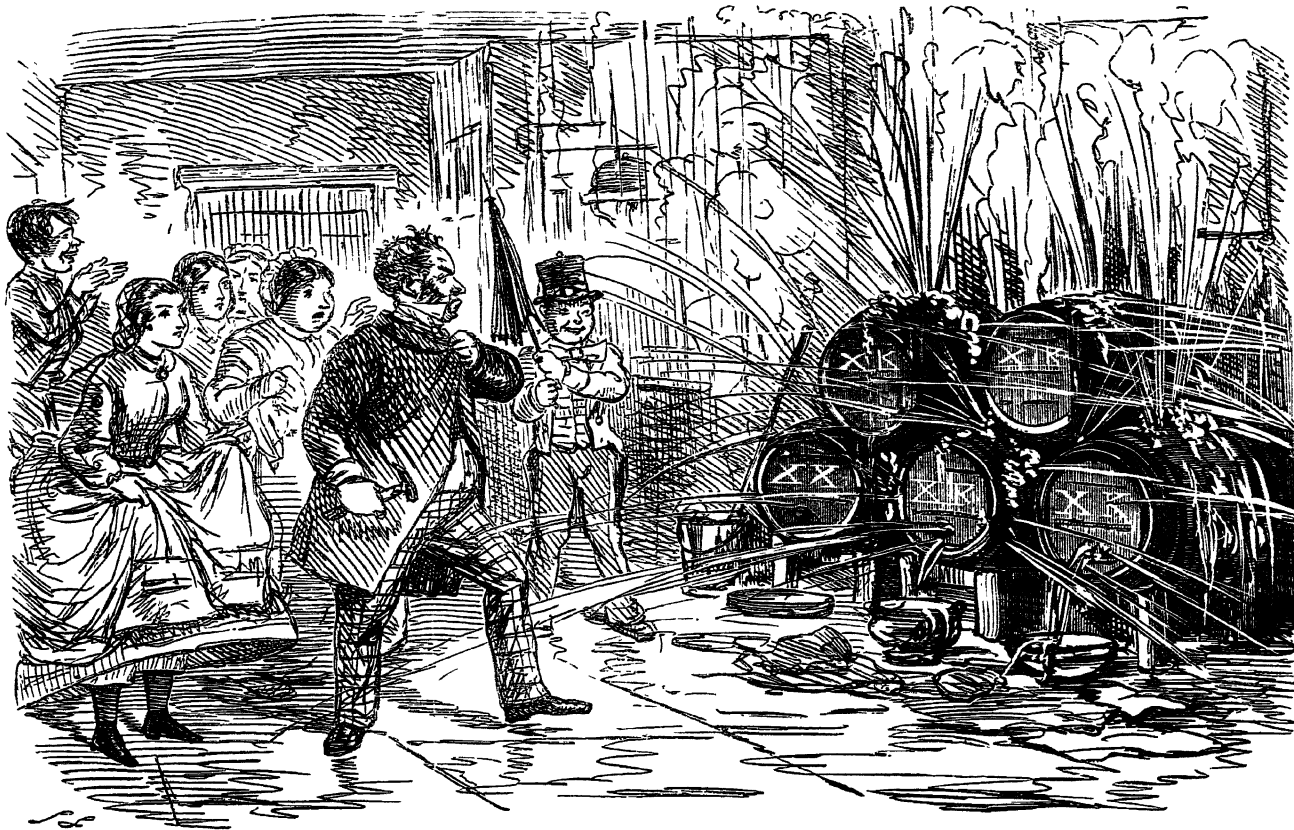


Bus Conductor (slamming the door). "FULL INSIDE!"
Facetious Driver. "FULL INSIDE! WELL—SO YER OUGHT TO BE; YER HAD A SIRLOIN OF BREAD AND CHEESE FOR YER TEA!"

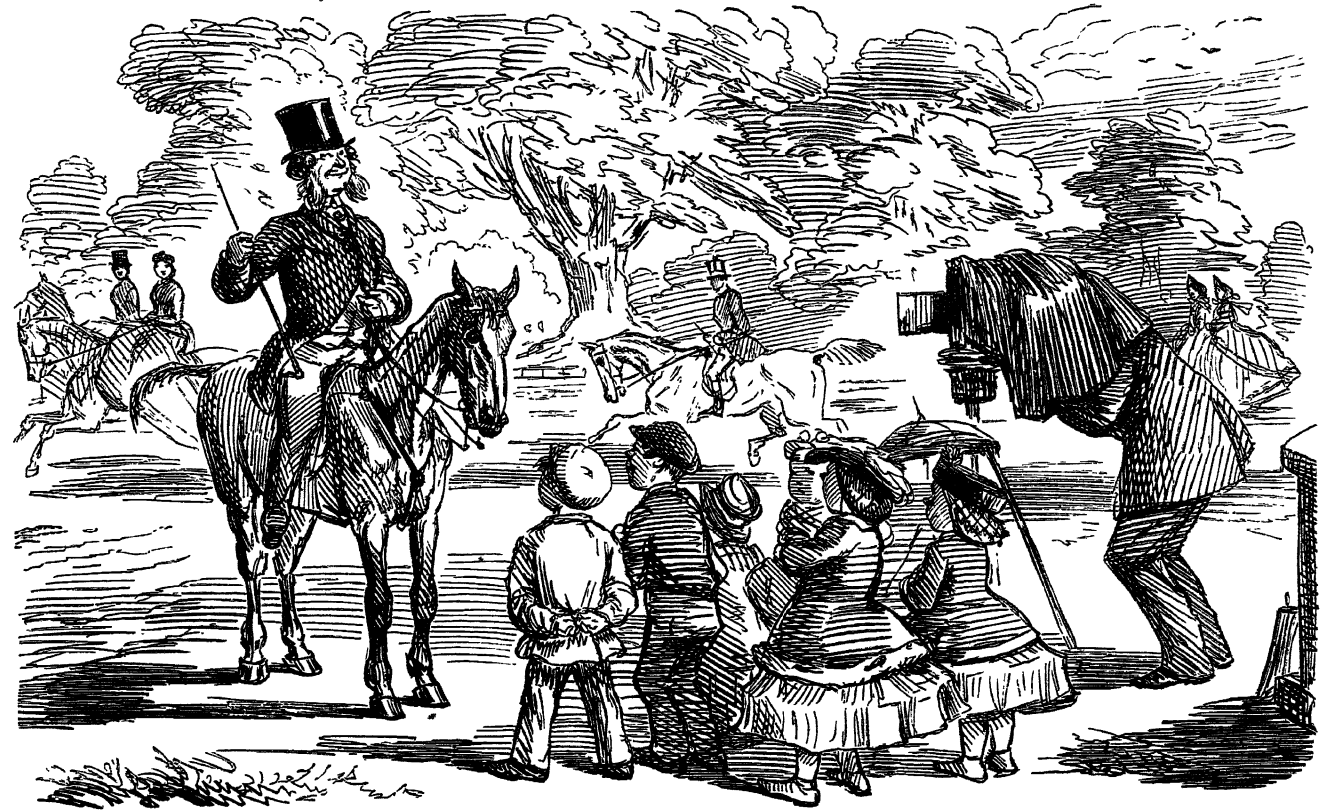


OFFENDED DIGNITY.

Small Boy (to Ex-Cook, who has come about a place). "IS THERE A FOOTMAN KEP? WHY, O' COURSE THERE IS—I'M THE FOOTMAN!"



PATERFAMILIAS, WITH HIS USUAL PRUDENCE AND FORESIGHT, ORDERS A QUANTITY OF BEER OF THE OCTOBER BREWING. HE HAS JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT ALL THE BARRELS ARE "A-WORKIN' AND A-BUSTIN'!"



JONES PREPARES A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIS MARY ANN, AND HAS HIS EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT TAKEN. HE REMARKS, "ANG IT, YOU KNOW, IF I DO HAVE MY CARTE DONE, I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T 'AVE MY 'ORSE!"



PRUDENCE.

Matilda (with the hat). "WELL, DEAR, NO ONE EVER PRESUMED TO ADDRESS ME; STILL, AFTER ALL THE LETTERS IN THE PAPERS, I THINK NO GIRL OF PREPOSSESSING APPEARANCE SHOULD EVER GO OUT UNPROTECTED; SO I ALWAYS TAKE THOMPSON NOW!"



THE CROWDED STREETS.

Boy. "NOW, MISSUS, THERE'S NO BUSSES, KITCH 'OLD OF MY HARM, AND I'LL TAKE YE: OVER!"



THE CLERICAL BEARD MOVEMENT.

WE DO NOT FOR ONE MOMENT PRESUME TO SAY WHETHER IT IS RIGHT OR WRONG,—ONLY, IF THIS SORT OF THING IS TO PREVAIL, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF CAPTAIN HEAVYSWELL?



Frederick (who, we are sorry to say, is rather fond of chaffing his Brother-in-Law). "OH! LOOK HERE, ROBERT, WILL YOU HAVE THIS WITH YOU IN THE CARRIAGE, OR SHALL I PUT IT INTO THE VAN?"



OFFICIOUS URCHIN RUSHES TO OPEN CARRIAGE-DOOR. JOHN AND THOMAS, TO USE THEIR OWN PHRASE, ARE "COMPLETELY NONPLUSHED!"



Augustus. "HAW! NEAT STYLE OF COB THAT, CHARLES!"
Charles. "Y-A-S! SEVERE, AIN'T IT? YOU SEE I'M WEADING FOR EXAMINATION. A'VE GOT A DOOCED GOOD COACH, AND WITH A CLASSICAL PONY THINK A SHALL PULL THROUGH!"



Jones (who is naturally proud of his first-born). "A LITTLE DARLING, AIN'T HE?"
Bachelor Friend. "H'M, HA! I SEE—YOUNG GORILLA! IS HE REAL OR STUFFED!"



AN EAST WIND JOKE.

Brown, "AH, TOMKINS! HERE'S A MERRY SPRING TO YOU."
Tomkins, "THE SAME TO YOU, BROWN, AND MANY OF THEM, IF YOU COME TO THAT!"

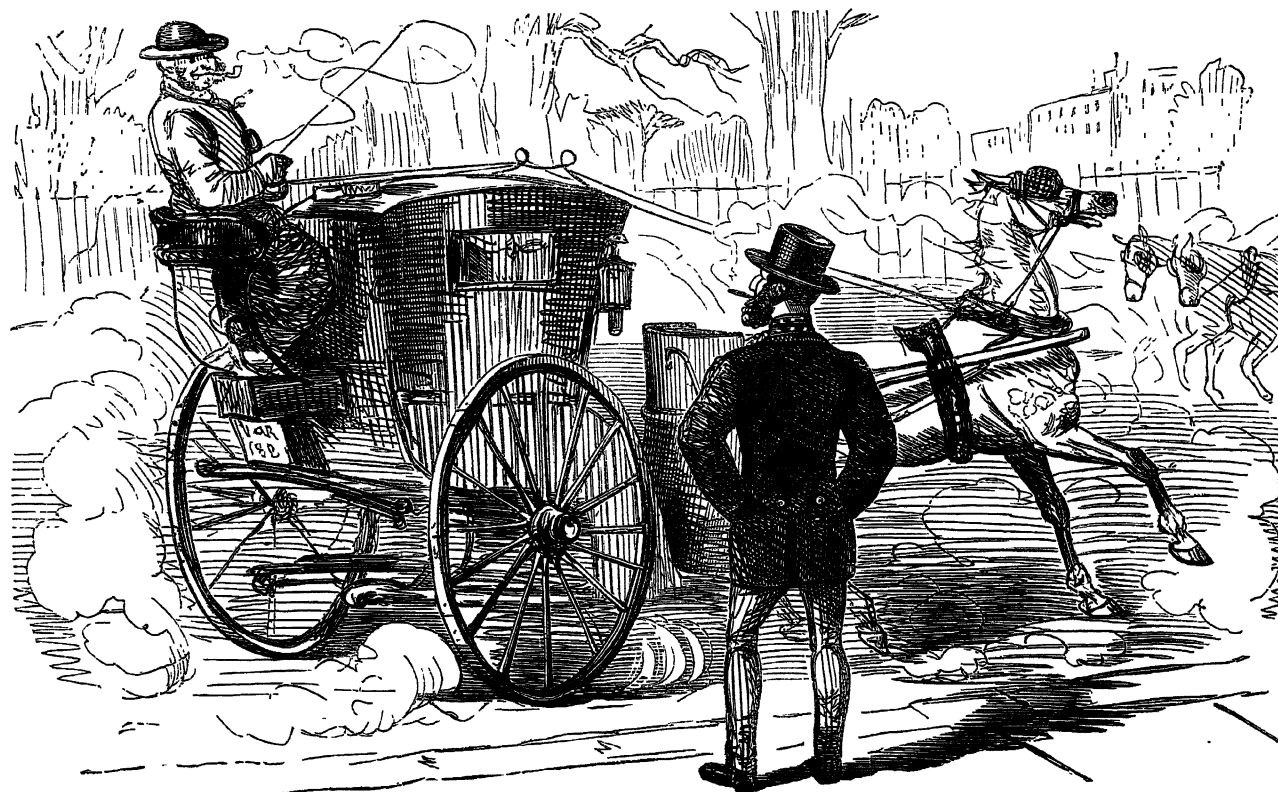


Street Boy. "I SAY, COOKY? THEY JUST ARE A-FININ' OF 'EM ALL ROUND THE SKVARE—GIVE US A SHILLIN' AND I'LL SWEEP YOUR DOOR AFORE THE PLEECUMAN COMES."



DELICATE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Tailor (measuring). "TRIFLE WIDER ROUND THE CHEST, SIR, THAN YOU WAS!"



FELLOW FEELING.

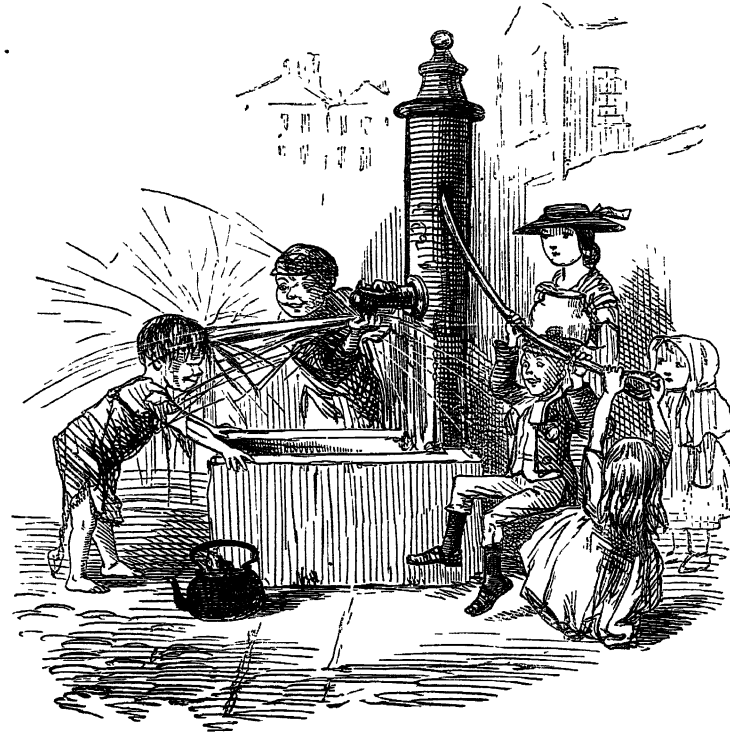
Cabby. "NOT GOT NO MONEY?—NEVER MIND, SIR,—JUMP IN! I CAN'T STAND SUCH AN OSSEY-LOOKING GENT AS YOU TO GO ABOUT A-WALKING!"



Boy. "I SAY, SIR—HEAVE US UP TO HAVE A LOOK AT THEM PICTURES!"



JEMIMER HANN'S LAST SWEET THING IN HEAD-DRESSES.



OH, HOW JOLLY!



A BOUNCER.

Mamma (who won't appear old if she can help it). "YES, DEAR! ARABELLA DOES GROW, CERTAINLY. BUT, BLESS YOU, MY DEAR, SHE'S A MERE CHILD—A MERE CHILD!"



A PICTURE FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

Photographer. "NOW, SIR, STEP IN AND HAVE YOUR LIKENESS TAKEN. IT MIGHT BE USEFUL TO YOUR FAMILY!"



LAST REFUGE OF A BANISHED SMOKER.

First Juvenile Swell. "JUMP IN, OLD FELLAH!"
Second ditto. "WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"
First ditto. "OH! NOWHERE! I'VE ONLY HIRED HIM TO HAVE SOMEWHERE TO SMOKE!"



WELL (?) BROUGHT UP.

First Juvenile. "MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF DANCING WITH YOU, MISS ALICE?"
Second Juvenile. "A, NO—THANKS. NEVER DANCE WITH YOUNGER SONS!"



OUR LITTLE FRIEND TOM NODDY DETERMINES TO HAVE A DAY'S HUNTING IN A FRESH COUNTRY.

T. N. (log.) "WELL NOW, OLD FELLOW, WHAT SORT O' COUNTRY IS IT WHERE WE ARE GOING TO-MORROW?"
His Friend. "OH, BEAUTIFUL!—VERY EASY. BIGGISH BULLFINCHERS WITH A DITCH ON ONE SIDE. TIMBER OF COURSE, SUCH AS POSTS AND RAILS, AND THAT SORT OF THING; AND IF WE GO TO MUDBURY, NOTHING BUT RAZOR-BACKED BANKS AND—WATER!"



FEARFUL PRACTICAL JOKE, PLAYED WITH A CHILD'S BALLOON UPON A SWELL.



Old Mr. Dibbs. "WHY, GEORGE! YOU NEVER RIDE HERE IN THE AFTERNOON—HOW'S THAT?"
Young Swellington. "NO-O-O. IT LOOKS AS IF ONE HAD SOME OCCUPATION, YOU KNOW, AND COULDN'T WIDE OF A MORNIN'. I ALWAYS W.I.E BEFORE BREAKFAST, BETWEEN ELEVEN AND ONE!"



Officious Little Gent. "HOLLO, CABBY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR 'ORSE?"
Cabby. "WELL—THAT'S JUST WHAT I DON'T KNOW, AND I BRED HIM. YOU'RE ALWAYS WANTING TO BE BEHIND THE SCENES, YOU ARE! SUPPOSE YOU GET INSIDE AND SEE!"

